

# MODERN SCREEN

September

10

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*Merle Oberon*

**GENE TIERNEY'S**

AMAZING EXPLANATION  
OF HER ELOPEMENT WITH

**COUNT CASSINI!**





# Love Dawns

WHEN YOU'RE  
APPLE BLOSSOM SWEET  
and SOFT ALL OVER

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*Even if your Face is not your Fortune—*

**HEARTS WILL SKIP.. if your Smile is Right!**

**Smiles gain sparkle when gums are healthy. Help keep your gums firmer with Ipana and Massage.**

COMPLIMENTS and popularity—a solitaire for your finger—phone calls, dances and dates. Even without great beauty they're yours to win and possess. Just bring your *smile* to its *sparkling best* and eyes and hearts will open to you!

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Get an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today. Help keep your smile charming, attractive, winning.



**"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"**

*Beauty Experts of 23 out of 24 leading magazines agree*

Yes, of the nation's foremost beauty editors, representing 24 leading magazines, 23 agreed that a sparkling smile is a woman's most precious asset.

"Even a plain girl," they said, "takes on charm and glamour if her smile is bright and lovely. No woman can be really beautiful if her smile is dull and lifeless."

*Start Today with*  
**IPANA**  
**TOOTH PASTE**



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S  
**LION'S ROAR**

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

How many of you are Greer Garson conscious? Last year about this time she came into her own in the charming "Pride and Prejudice." This year, she is fulfilling every golden promise in "Blossoms In The Dust."



Together with the personable Walter Pidgeon and supported by such deft delineators as Felix Bressart of "Ninotchka", Marsha Hunt, Fay Holden and Samuel Hinds, Greer's portrayal of Edna Gladney becomes a performance to press in a book.

★ ★ ★ ★

The film itself is an ambitious undertaking. It is the story of a glorious woman whose contribution to humanity provided a fountain source for Ralph Wheelwright's pen.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the gallant Edna roams the Lone Star State and "rings every doorbell in Texas" we are alternately moved from despair to joy, sharing her heartaches, cheering her triumphs.

★ ★ ★ ★

What a fighter she is! The battle she puts up for the problem-child is as heroic and thrilling as any battle in a famed war picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

But then, of course, Mervyn LeRoy directed it. He brings to "Blossoms" the same ept understanding that marked his "Waterloo Bridge".

★ ★ ★ ★

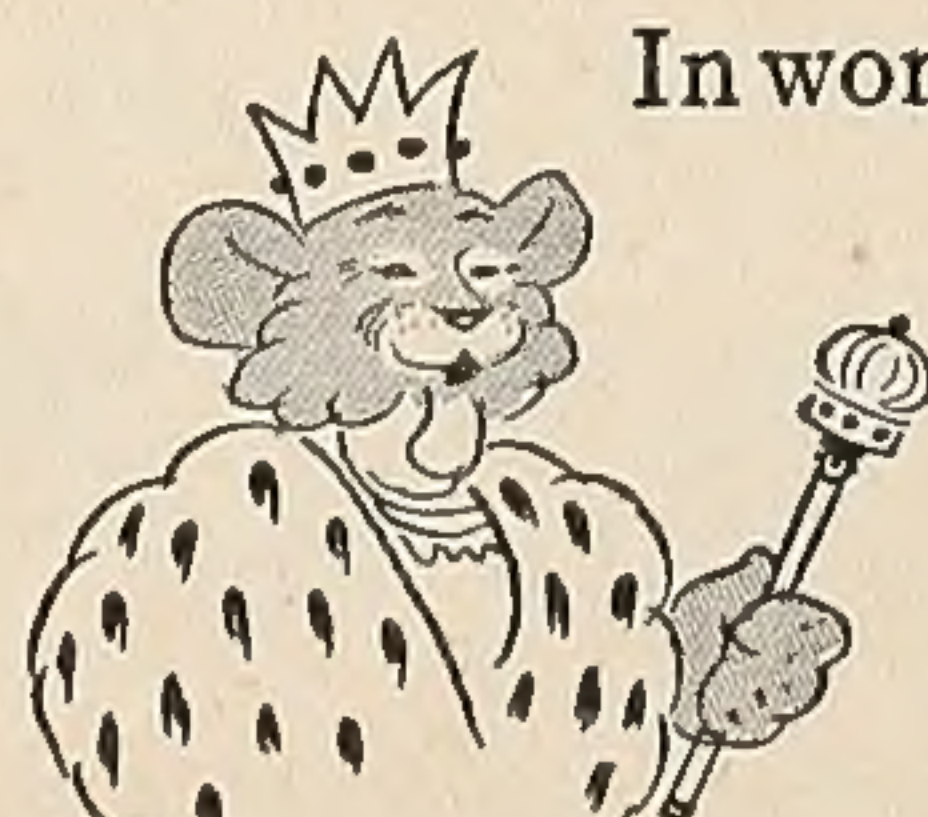
Here it is—the august presentation of August. "Blossoms In The Dust". Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under the guiding hand of Irving Asher.

★ ★ ★ ★

Anita Loos wrote the screen play. Indeed, the best requisites for the good scenario are that it be fast—and loos.

★ ★ ★ ★

In wondrous Technicolor  
for added majesty.



King Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

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# MODERN SCREEN

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PEARL H. FINLEY, Editor

SYLVIA KAHN, Hollywood Reporter

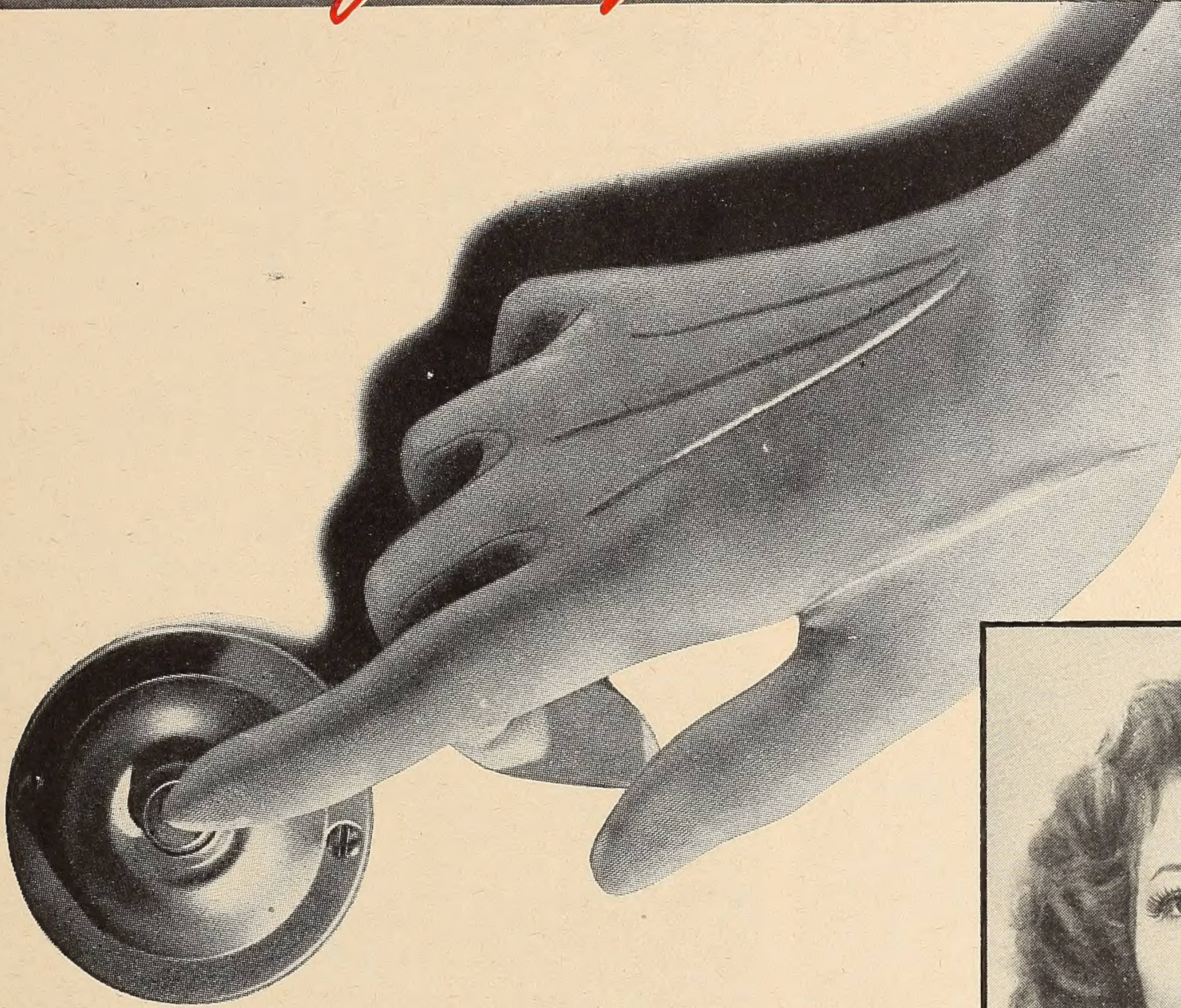
CONRAD W. WIENK, Art Editor

Cover Girl: Merle Oberon,  
appearing in "Lydia," a  
United Artists Picture

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*She rang every doorbell in Texas!*



● This fictionized drama is inspired by the career of a living woman, Edna Gladney of Texas. Her battle is as heroic and thrilling as any battle in a famed war picture. Only the talents of glorious Greer Garson and handsome Walter Pidgeon could do justice to this exciting, romantic story.



**HIGHEST PRAISE FROM  
ITS WORLD PREMIERE AT  
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, N. Y.**

"Tender affecting story... Miss Garson is a vision of loveliness... Mr. Pidgeon an adoring gallant." —*N. Y. Times*

"Splendid... a beautiful, utterly inspiring photoplay... played to perfection by Greer Garson, a ravishing redhead in Technicolor, and a magnificent supporting cast." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"Deeply moving... intensely interesting drama... best color film to date." —*N. Y. News*

"Beautifully told true story... honest—daringly so." —*N. Y. Mirror*

"It must pull at the heart of anyone... rich with comedy." —*N. Y. Sun*

"Ranks among the best... Lovely Greer Garson gives one of the finest performances I have ever seen." —*N. Y. World-Tel.*

*Blossoms in  
the Dust*

*starring*

**GREER GARSON**

*and*

**WALTER PIDGEON**

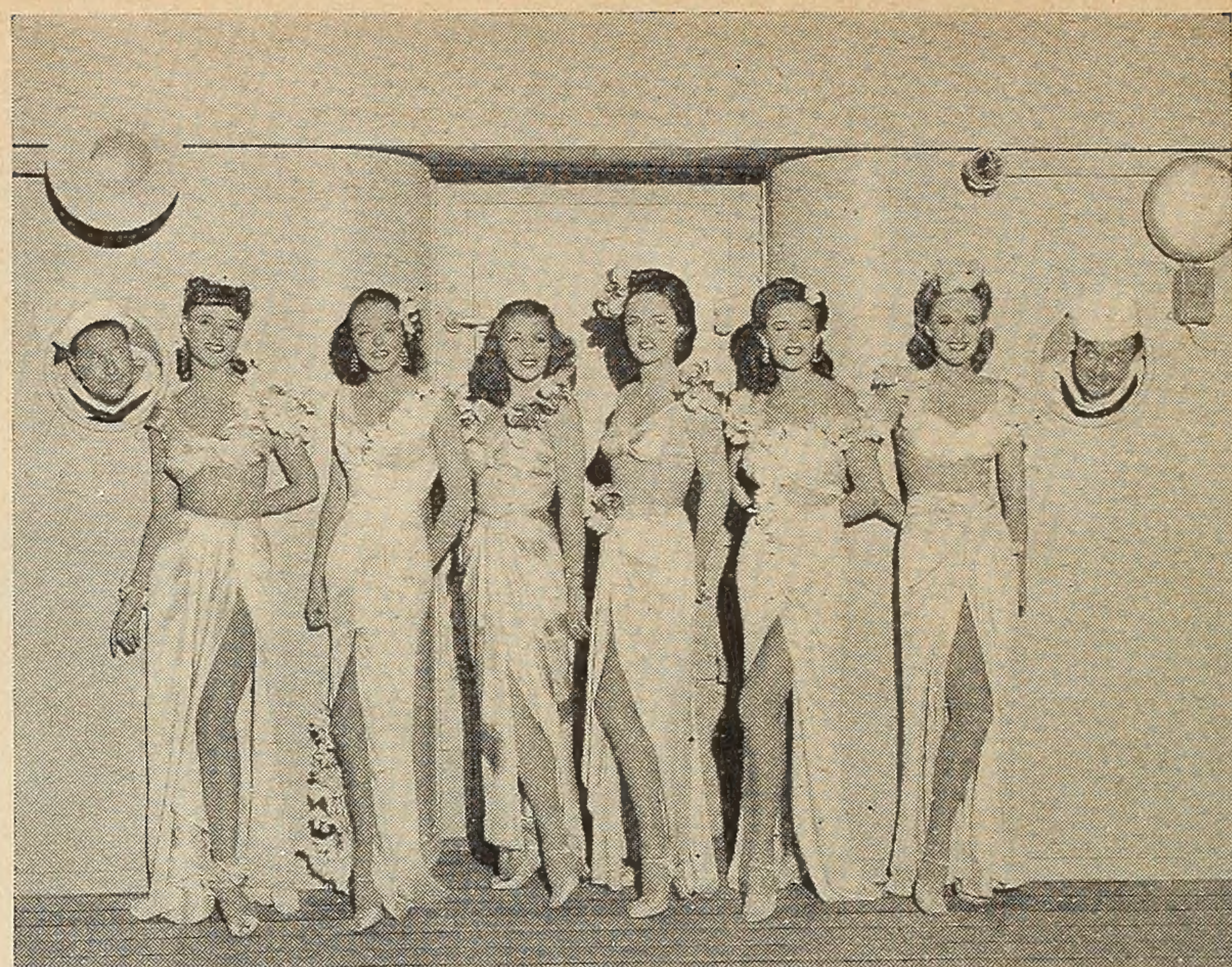
A MERVYN LEROY PRODUCTION  
PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR

with FELIX BRESSART • MARSHA HUNT  
FAY HOLDEN • SAMUEL S. HINDS

Screen Play by Anita Loos • Story by Ralph Wheelwright • Directed  
by Mervyn LeRoy • Produced by Irving Asher • An M-G-M Picture

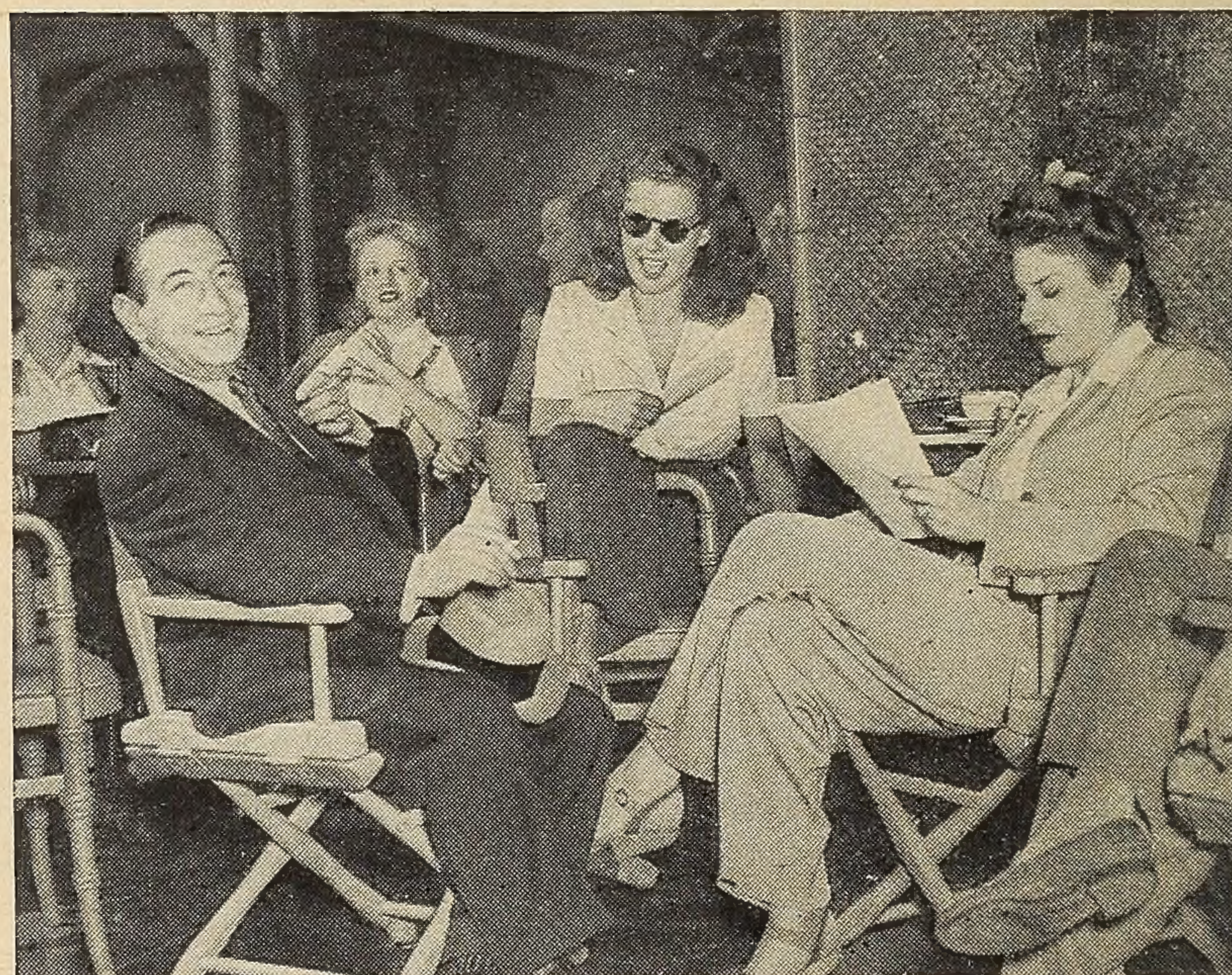






U. S. Navy tars chose girls for Navy Blues Sextette from a raft of photographs sent out by the studio. Comedians Jack Oakie and Jack Haley play irrepressible, slap-happy gobs.

**SEAFARING SET MAKES BIG SPLASH  
ON WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO LOT!**



Set was so popular with guests they had to post a "no visitors" sign and hire extra police! Studio dance director Seymour Felix put Martha Raye and Ann thru their paces.



All the extras adored Annie Sheridan. She clowned with them and ordered 50 cases of Pepsi daily for the entire cast of 150. Extras had first choice before cast members!



Toughest technical problem was getting a rooster to lay an egg in Oakie's hand! He and pard Jack Haley said they've never worked so hard in a pic. Temp was 110 in the shade!



# Your January Face Powder is a "Beauty-Thief" in Summer!



Last winter's powder was right with your fairer winter skin. But as the summer sun deepens the tone of your complexion, don't cover its rich, new summer-time beauty with a pale winter-time powder!



Dramatize your summer skin... wear a powder that seems part of your new beauty. Put away that old winter face powder. Find your lucky summer shade now in Lady Esther Twin-Hurricane Powder!

## Find your Lucky Summer Shade In My Twin-Hurricane Powder

HAVEN'T you noticed how your complexion has changed in the past weeks—how it has deepened, taken on rich new tones?

Summer brings an exciting beauty of its own to the skin! But so many women innocently spoil this new beauty by fading it out with a winter-time powder.

This summer, be fair to your new beauty. Be *dazzling* instead of drab. Wear a powder that does things for you—that

really dramatizes your summer skin!

Years ago I was first to use a mighty air-current to refine face powder, to make it more enduring in its cling, more flattering to you.

**Blown to Exquisite Softness—  
by my Twin-Hurricane Method!**

Today, Twin-Hurricanes buff and smooth my powder to almost unbelievable fineness—making it softer and more even-textured than any I've ever known.

That's why my powder goes on so smoothly—why its clinging flattery stays with you 4 long hours or more.

Women by the thousands tell me that my Twin-Hurricane powder brings out all the natural beauty of the skin—makes

it look softer, smoother, fresher—yes, and even younger... sometimes *much* younger!

**Try all nine shades FREE**

Every shade of Lady Esther Face Powder is a miracle of color perfection. One particular shade will help to bring a magic glow to your face... new light to your eyes and hair... new loveliness to you! That is your *lucky* shade. Wear it gaily, happily. Send the coupon right now—and receive all nine shades FREE!



*Lady Esther*  
**FACE POWDER**

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,  
7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (71)  
Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your  
9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of  
your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



**OLD KING COLE**  
calls it  
"something worth  
calling for"



Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and he called for his pipe, his bowl, and fiddlers three. Then he shouted *extra* loud for Dentyne—(that delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

That made the fiddlers hopping mad. "How come you call *extra* loud for Dentyne?" said they.

"Because it's extra good," laughed Old King Cole. "You see, it has a really *different* flavor—a warmly satisfying goodness, and it's mighty refreshing. Besides, Dentyne's pleasant firmness helps keep your teeth naturally sparkling. Try some."

And the fiddlers, sampling delicious Dentyne, were so delighted they played the merriest tune imaginable.

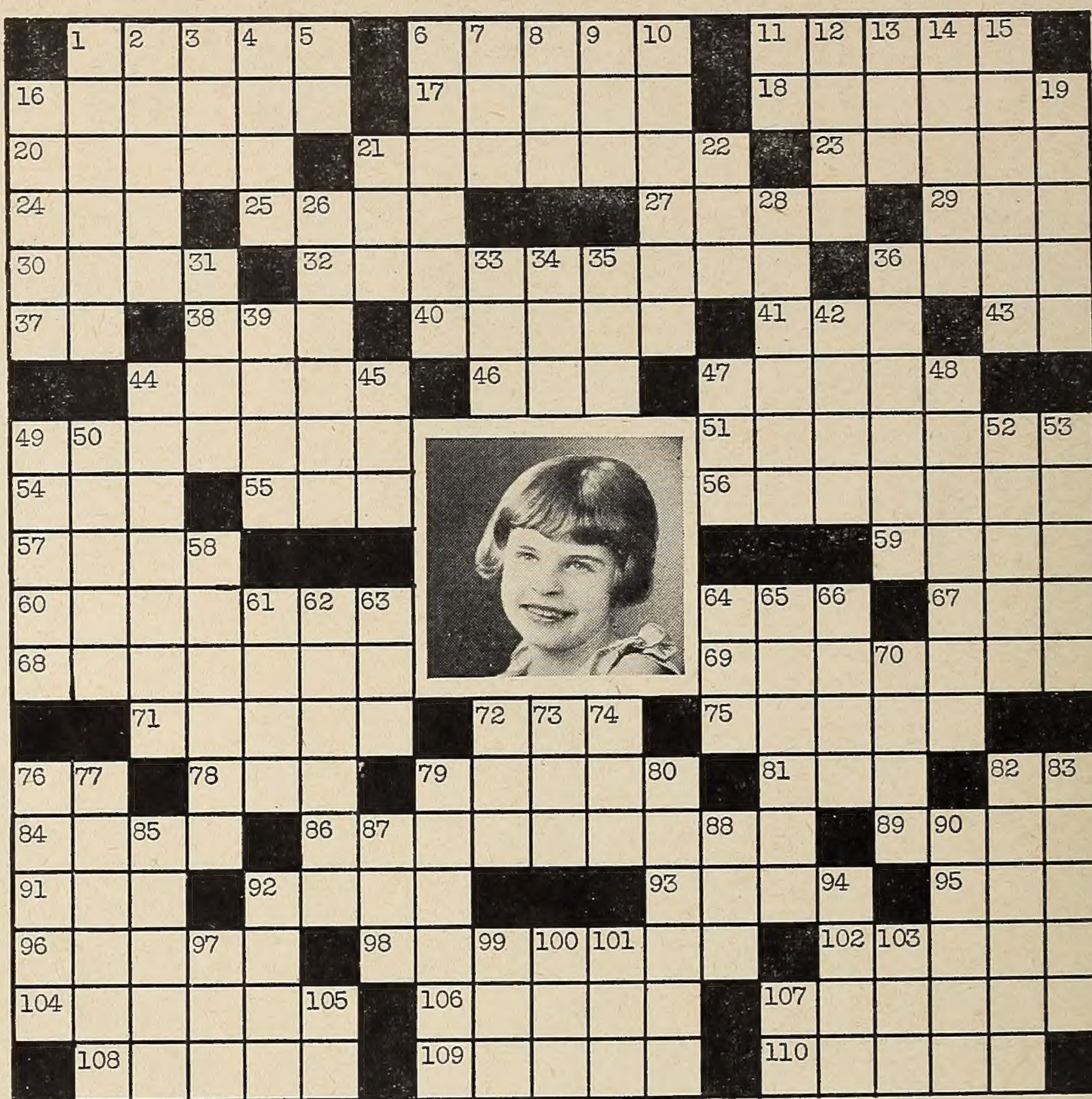
(Moral: You will feel merry too when you chew Dentyne. You'll enjoy its sparkling flavor—and the way it helps keep teeth bright. Notice Dentyne's handy flat package too).

**6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE**



**HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE**

## OUR PUZZLE PAGE



**Puzzle Solution on Page 83**

### ACROSS

1. Star of "Affectionately Yours"
6. Singer in "New Wine"
11. Beauty in "Blossoms In The Dust"
16. Heroine in "Power Dive"
17. Marshall's role in "Adventure In Washington"
18. He'll star in "Texas"
20. Hero of "Dive Bomber"
21. Comic, Luis
23. Avoid
24. Roscoe --- s
25. "West Point Widow"
27. Plain where Olympic games were held
29. Letter
30. Frees
32. What motion pictures do
36. Listen
37. "Michael Shayne, Private Detective"; init.
38. Meanie in "A Woman's Face"
40. Slug
41. S. African ante-lope
43. Heroine in "So Ends Our Night"; init.
44. Claudette's hair-do
46. George Arliss was "Dr. ---"
47. Presses
49. Male lead in "Lady Be Good"
51. Soils
54. B --- Lugosi
56. Things added
57. Facial twitchings
59. Wreck
60. Untidy
64. Air: comb. form
67. "The --- Barn Dance"
68. Shabbier
69. "----- Of Coming Attractions"
71. Describes William Powell
72. Ray's name for Mrs. Milland
75. Woody shrubs
76. Harry in "Tom, Dick, And Harry"; init.
78. Mound
79. Other man in "One Night In Lisbon"
81. Sum up
82. Major Hollywood studio: init.
84. Comedienne in "Navy Blues"
86. Producer of "Pot O' Gold"
89. On the deep
91. Exist
92. Brother of Abel
93. Fuel
95. Male lead of "Escape To Glory"
96. Top-notch film players
98. She plays "Belle Starr"
102. Frank Buck "Brings 'Em Back ----"
104. Sacred place
106. Sedate
107. Traps
108. Heather's last name
109. Bird of prey
110. Roman military road

### DOWN

1. Opposite Hedy in "Ziegfeld Girl"
2. Blundered
3. Hollywood studio: init.
4. Ginger Rogers' mother
5. "Unholy Part-n--s"
6. Small islands
7. Tennis stroke
8. Johnson's partner in comedy
9. Janet Gay ---
10. Harden
11. Hu -- Herbert
12. Female deer
13. Measure of length
14. Draw forth
15. Compensate
16. Silent day "Serial Queen"
19. Requires
21. Star of "Navy Blues"
22. River in Turkestan
26. "Sunny"
28. Femme in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde"
31. Fly
33. Life in the abstract
34. Principal in "I Wanted Wings"
35. Container
36. Actor in "Billy The Kid"
39. Pretender to gentility
42. Department in France
44. Hope's pal in "Caught In The Draft"
45. Clever
47. Girl in "Out Of The Fog"
48. Slinky
49. Equatorial constellation
50. Miss MacMahon
52. Roman official
53. Stretches of beach
58. Quiet
61. Particle
62. Carole Lombard's real name
63. Attempt
64. Liable
65. Errors in printing
66. Real name of 84 Across
70. She came back in "The Penalty"
72. Term for "a silent shot"
73. "Sun Valley Seren ---"
74. Bulgarian coin
76. Copper-zinc alloy
77. First name of 84 Across
79. Her last name's Fazenda
80. Withdraw
82. Lovely girl in "For Beauty's Sake"
83. Myrna's mother in "Love Crazy"
85. Crave
87. Cereal grain
88. With Powell in "Love Crazy"
90. Pinnacle
92. Serf
94. Husband of 84 Across
97. Equip
99. Greek letter
100. Tatter
101. --- s Asther
103. Loiter
105. Dialect comedian
107. Carmen Miranda's home-land: abbr.



**WATCH THEM WHEN THEY COME**

**...WATCH THINGS BEGIN TO HUM!**



**EDWARD G.**

**ROBINSON · DIETRICH · RAFT**

*(He's mad about Dietrich!)*

**MARLENE**

**GEORGE**

**RAFT**

*(He's mad about the whole thing!)*

*(She's mad about Raft!)*

Filmdom's most dynamic threesome fuse all their  
force to tell the mighty story of

**'MANPOWER'**

The Sensational New Warner Bros. Hit

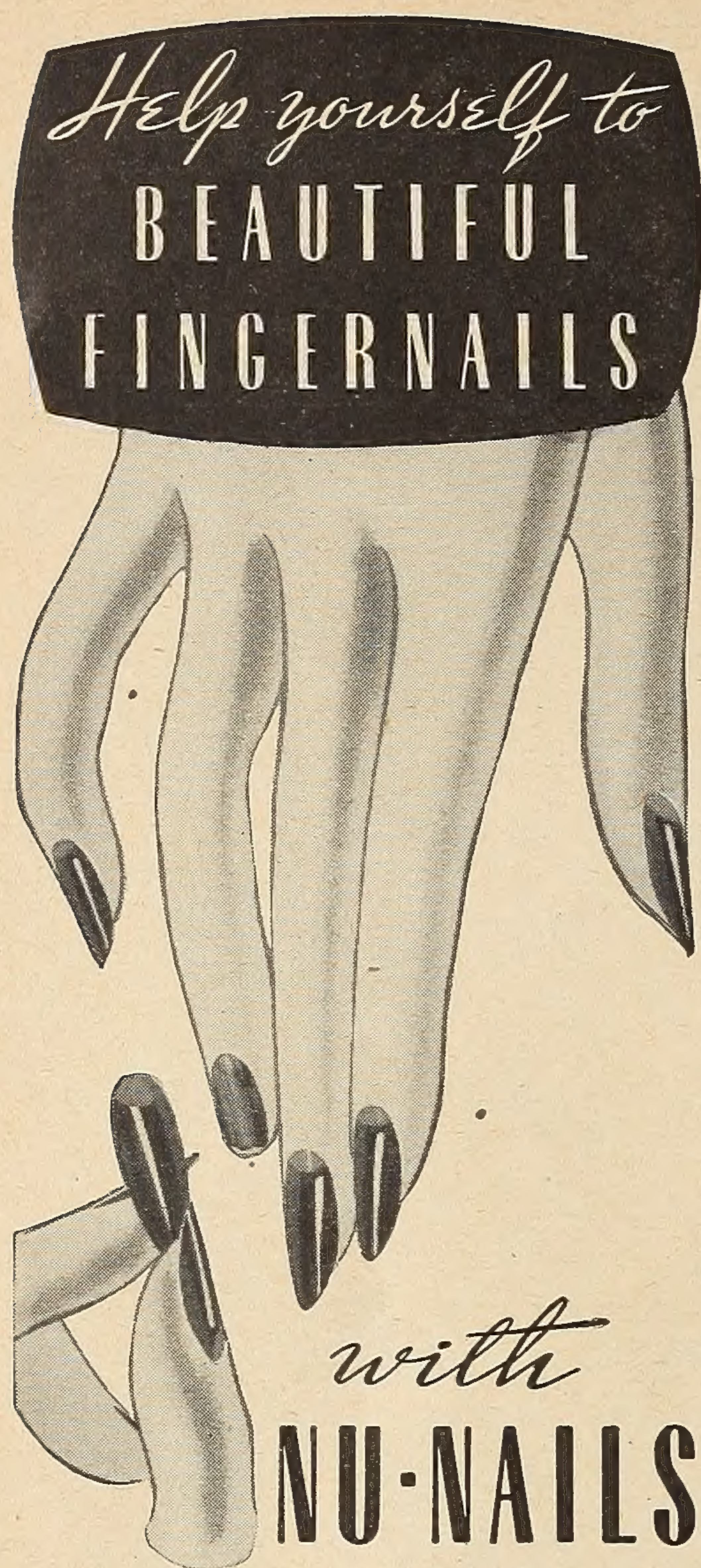
with  
**ALAN HALE · FRANK McHUGH**

Directed by **RAOUL WALSH**

Original Screen Play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald

See it girls—and see it  
now... it'll be ages be-  
fore there'll be another  
picture this exciting!





### Artificial Fingernails



"My hands must always look lovely. So when my nails are short or broken, I use artificial Nu-Nails to lend that long, tapering look."

*Gloria DeMala* Popular Model

**W**HY be ashamed because your fingernails are short and broken? At a moment's notice, you can have long, lovely nails that everyone admires.

It's easy to cover unsightly nails with NU-NAILS—the artificial fingernails that bring new beauty to hands! Incredibly natural looking, they even have half-moons! Worn any length and polished with your favorite enamel, they cannot be detected.

NU-NAILS protect fragile nails while they grow strong again. They remain firm, even in soap and water. Removed at will. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Be sure to get a set soon!

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Set of 10  
with Adhesive

**20¢** at all ten-cent  
stores

# SCREEN ALMANAC

Continued from August issue

HERE'S WHAT YOU'VE ALL BEEN ASKING FOR—

LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL-KNOWN FACES!

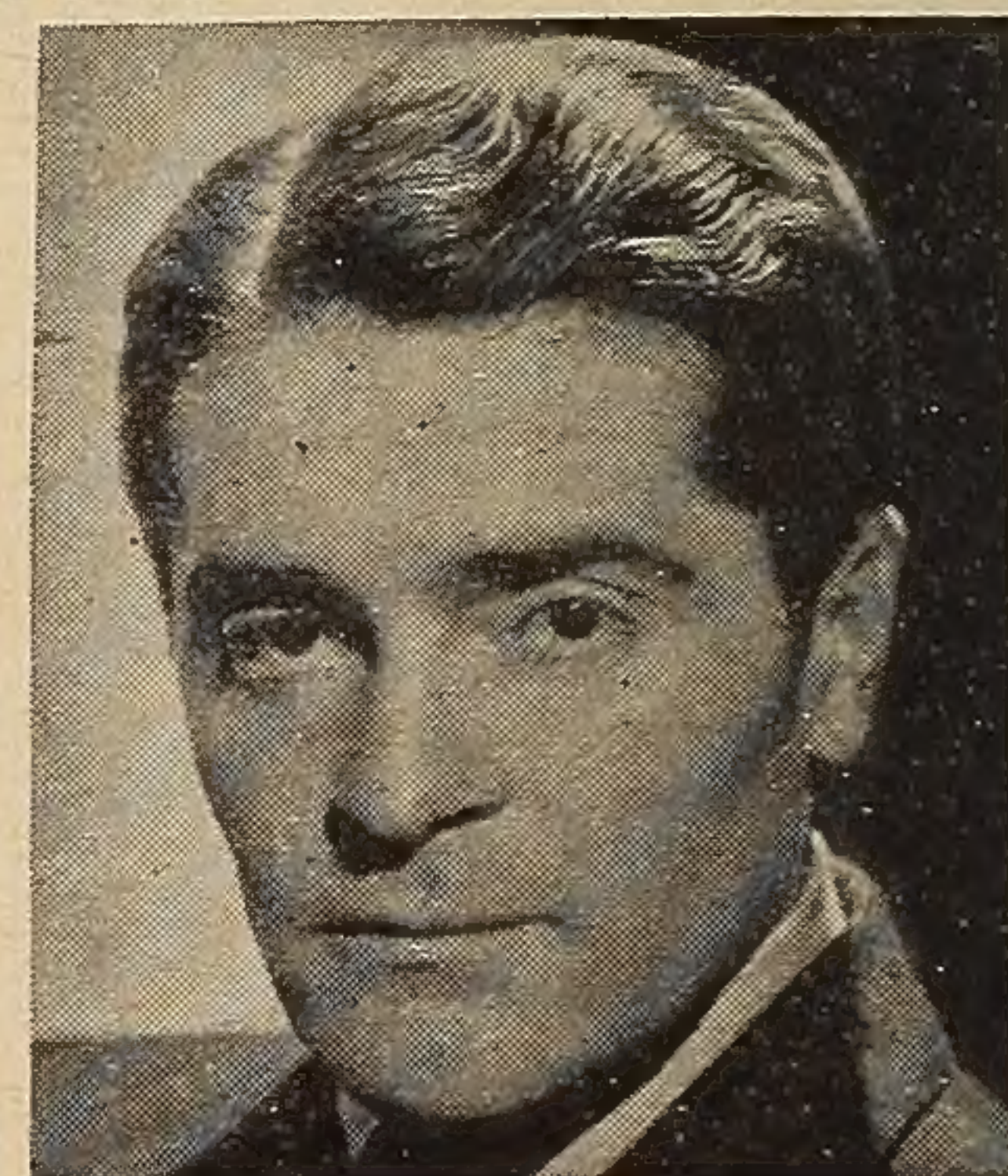


### Charles Laughton

Born Charles Laughton, Scarborough, Eng., July 1, 1899. Shy, sensitive and nervous . . . started out in hotel business where he studied human behavior from a cashier's cage; assets: meat for future character portrayals . . . champ income tax foe . . . everlastingly baggy trousers . . . hipped on department store toy bazaars . . . goes a-hunting in the Rockies week-ends.

### Francis Lederer

Born Franteseck Ornstein, Prague, Czech., Nov 6, 1906. Son of a poor leather merchant . . . washed windows, swept floors and did display work to finance his education in dramatic school . . . first American role was that of an Eskimo . . . keeps fit in completely equipped gym . . . mad about music . . . neither drinks nor smokes . . . fells listeners with his Czech accent.

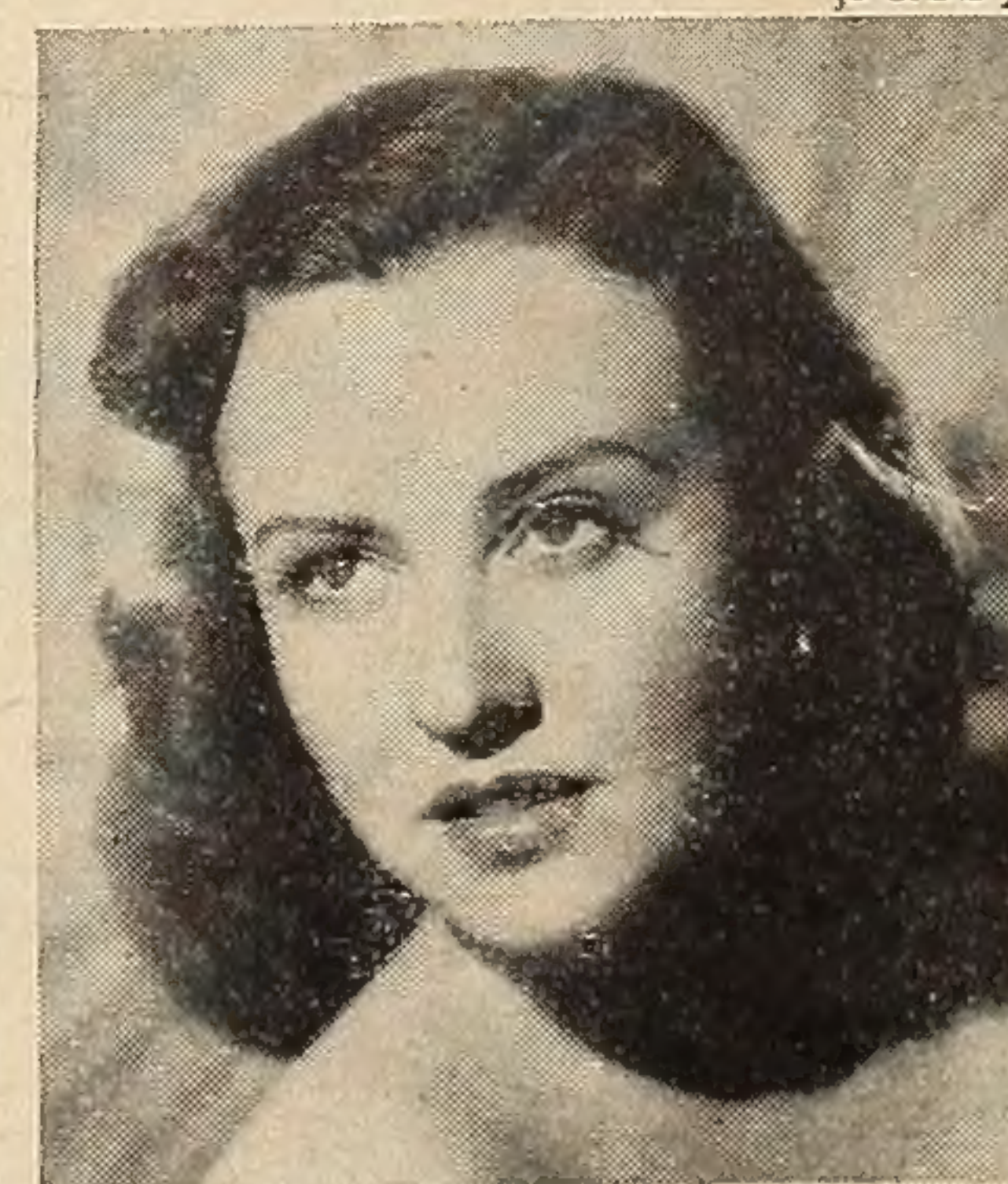


### Vivien Leigh

Born Vivien Harley, at foot of Mount Everest in Darjeeling, India, Nov. 5, 1913. Never walks, always runs. Collects classical records. Always plays Bing Crosby discs while learning her lines—says it calms her. Owns only one evening gown. Has naturally curly hair. Hates street make-up. Wears only lipstick. Never drinks except before going on stage—then sips champagne for courage.

### Diana Lewis

Born Diana Lewis, Asbury Park, N. J., 1919. Wears three-inch heels to make her look taller. Eats too many sweets but never puts on an ounce. She's wed to William Powell who brings her a present every night after work—usually jewelry. In return she stuffs him with his favorite strawberry shortcake! Wears white to show off her fabulous collection of jewels. Loves pussy willows, coconut and dancing.



### Margaret Lindsay

Born Margaret Kies, Dubuque, Iowa, Sept. 19, 1914. Attended American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. Broadway was in a lull, so she left for London. Got experience and an English accent, with which she stormed Hollywood where she played in "Cavalcade." Still gets a thrill out of giving autographs. Is always on time. Hates frilly clothes. Adores greyhound races.

(Continued on page 76)



**ALOMA... LOVE PRIZE OF THE ISLANDS!**

Men fight for her heart . . . kill for her kisses! Romance that sends your heart racing . . . excitement that thrills you to the marrow . . . in the screen treat that brings together again the stars of "Hurricane"...the love team you never forgot!

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS  
**DOROTHY LAMOUR**  
and **JON HALL** in

# "ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"

IN GLOWING **TECHNICOLOR**

with  
**LYNNE OVERMAN • PHILIP REED • KATHERINE DEMILLE**  
**FRITZ LEIBER • DONA DRAKE** • Directed by **ALFRED SANTELL**

Screen Play by Frank Butler, Seena Owen and Lillie Hayward

Story by Seena Owen and Kurt Siodmak

From the Play by LeRoy Clemens and John B. Hymer

**SEE** the pagan rites of a South Seas wedding... ceremonies never before seen by white men!

**SEE** in exciting Technicolor, all the wondrous, lush beauty of a tropic paradise.

**HEAR** the pulse-racing rhythms of Dotty Lamour singing "The White Blossoms of 'Tah-Ni!'"

**SEE** the eruption of the huge volcano... a whole town buried under a sea of red-hot lava!

**ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING**



# MOVIE REVIEWS

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN



Greer Garson as Edna Gladney and Felix Bressart as Dr. Breslar with one of the babies in "Blossoms in the Dust." The original Mrs. Gladney devoted her life to finding homes for Texas waifs.

## BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST . . . ★★★★★

Here's some of the most poignant acting of the season, a brilliant performance by Greer Garson and a picture that you won't forget.

It is difficult to tell you about this movie in a capsule synopsis and make it sound anything except maudlin—which it is not. The producers have managed to tell you a sob story full of every old homily that ever was—and yet make it sound like brand-new stuff. A lot of it will appeal directly to the tear ducts, but it is not bathos and all of it is in good taste.

It is a screen biography of Mrs. Edna Gladney of Texas . . . how she lost her baby, learned she couldn't have another and devoted her life thereafter to finding good homes for parentless children. Later she broadened the battle, managing to do away with the legal stigma of illegitimacy on birth certificates, marriage licenses, et cetera. It was not an easy fight, but Mrs. Gladney lived to see herself victorious.

What makes it a worthwhile film is that the writers managed to tell their story in terms of human drama. It is never a preachment; all the steps of the yarn are related via homey, human interest anecdotes that string together into one whole. It is a dramatic biography and a good one.

Outstanding in the acting division is the work of Greer Garson who undoubtedly will win—or come very close to winning—the Academy Award for this job. Not far behind is Walter Pidgeon in the male lead. There's strong support by Felix Bressart, Marsha Hunt and Sam Hinds. The Technicolor photography is exceptionally lovely. And save a nod for the sure, discerning and tasteful direction by Mervyn Le Roy.—M-G-M.



In "Lady Be Good," song writer Ann Sothorn gets hearty congratulations on her latest song hit from Reginald Owen. Beside her is Robert Young, who plays her on-again, off-again spouse.

## LADY BE GOOD . . . ★★★★★

This one adds up to a swell show, a great performance, a new star, and a heck of a good time all rolled into one. The new star is Ann Sothorn. She sings—and how!—and acts in a brand new way; there simply isn't anyone on the screen today to compare with her.

You will recall that "Lady Be Good" was a one-time musical. Well, Metro has thrown away the old story and shoved in a new one. It's a synthetic but amusing story, and it moves along at a very fast pace.

The plot is a very simple one. Ann Sothorn and Robert Young are married. They also write songs together—Bob dishing up the tunes and Ann the lyrics. They are a perfect team and their songs click. They click so well that Bob gets a swelled head, goes for the society racket and doesn't do any writing. Ann gets a divorce. They both go to pieces. They get together again. They click again. They get divorced again. They are both unhappy again. They get married again.

Doesn't sound like much? Well, it is. And swell fun! Especially as handled by Sothorn and Young. Eleanor Powell is right near the top in honors as Ann's faithful girl friend, and John Carroll is not far behind as Eleanor's boy friend. Much better than average acting support is turned in by Red Skelton, Lionel Barrymore, Reginald Owen, Rose Hobart and Phil Silvers.

Miss Sothorn does most of the singing. She's best in the title song, "Lady Be Good," but does very well, too, by "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

In the dance end, there is Eleanor Powell in top form and the Berry Brothers, a surprisingly agile negro trio. A deep and sincere bow goes to Norman McLeod who deserves praise for his intelligent direction.—M-G-M.



### ★★★½ In The Navy

There's no sense trying to detail the plot of a comedy film and even less so with one of these Abbott and Costello goulashes. It is simply a great big blob of humorous routines wound around the two funny men, plus some singing by the Andrew Sisters and Dick Powell—and some romancing (none too seriously handled, thank goodness) between Powell and Claire Dodd.

The picture starts with a very good gag and ends with another one. A lot of laughs are sandwiched in between, the outstanding hunk of business probably being when Lou (the fat boy) dreams that he is captain of the ship and in charge of naval maneuvers.

Just to prove that we are critics, always wanting fudge sauce on our ice cream, it might be pointed out that the musical score is not very much and that there isn't a single outstanding song in the film. That's a handicap for the Andrew gals. Dick Powell is excellent in support, Claire Dodd is a luscious dish who ought to be seen more frequently, and Dick Foran stands out among the other players. Very neat pacing by director Arthur Lubin.—*Universal*.

### ★★★½ Man Hunt

Sheer melodrama from the first minute to the last, this is the picturization of a grim narrative competing with the blaring headlines of your daily newspaper. It establishes instant suspense and an intense pitch when a big-game-hunting gent (Walter Pidgeon) becomes the object of a deadly hunt by the Gestapo after he almost potshots at Hitler successfully.

The picture has a strong sense of actuality throughout its greater part, traceable almost directly to the magnificent acting of Pidgeon and George Sanders, plus the sure skill of Fritz Lang's direction. Some of the suspense is so astonishingly taut as to almost hurt—and is most reminiscent of the suspense in "M," an earlier picture of Lang's made in once-happy Germany.

It is an eight-reel chase, really; the picture starts off with Sanders, head of the German police, chasing Pidgeon and continues until he gets his man—though not as successfully as he had anticipated. There's a startling finale with a timeliness that cannot be described.

In all departments the picture is outstanding. Beyond the unbelievably good work of Sanders and Pidgeon, there is a surprisingly good piece of acting by Joan Bennett as a Cockney girl. You've never seen her in such a good role. An interesting and important screen debut is that of Roddy McDowall, an English lad who seems destined for a very important future. Very fine support is handled by John Carradine, Roger Imhof, Frederick Worlock, Heather Thatcher and Egon Brecher.—*TCF*.

### ★★★½ The Big Store

In order to take this reviewer's word about a Marx Brothers picture—any Marx Brothers pictures—you've got to reach for your salt cellar. Because as far as we are concerned, the Marxes just can't be bad. We're suckers for their every little movement and gesture. So when we tell you that this is the best Marx picture in a long time, you can shrug your shoulders and sniff if you want to—but it's still a doggone good movie.

"The Big Store" is not an arty movie.

## Guard your Charm all Day with quick, convenient Mum



**WHAT IS MUM?** Mum is a creamy deodorant that prevents underarm odor *without stopping perspiration*. So soothing you can use it immediately after underarm shaving.

**IN A HURRY?** Mum's speed is a marvelous help. Use it even after dressing. Mum in your purse or desk means quick protection for impromptu invitations—surprise dates.



**HELPS BATH FRESHNESS LAST.** Even the most glorious bath can't prevent risk of offending. A quick dab of Mum under each arm protects charm all day or all evening long.



**MUM HELPS SOCIALLY.** What use is your most glamorous make-up, your loveliest frock, if underarm odor is a constant threat? Play safe! Guard charm every day—with Mum.

### Prevent underarm odor—make a daily habit of Mum!

**YOUR CLOTHES,** your hats and your cosmetics. How careful you are to choose the alluring line, the smartest style, the most flattering shades to enhance your attractiveness. But are you as careful about choosing your deodorant—the safeguard of your daintiness and popularity?

Why take chances with your job—risk popularity—when Mum is so *quick*, so *safe*, so *sure*. One quick dab of creamy Mum under each arm after your bath—even after you're dressed—and your charm is protected all day or all evening.

Ask for Mum at your druggist's today. See if Mum's convenience, Mum's speed, Mum's effectiveness don't give you greater protection, a greater confidence.

**SO HANDY!** Only 30 seconds are needed to smooth on Mum, yet it guards bath-freshness all day or all evening.

**DEPENDABLE!** Mum is *sure*—prevents risk of offending—does *not* stop perspiration.

**SAFE!** Harmless to skin. Use it right after underarm shaving—after you're dressed. It won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

**FOR SANITARY NAPKINS**—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

# MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



It is plain, ordinary, down-to-earth, up- (but not far)-from-the-gutter comedy. A laugh a minute. If that's the way you like movies, this is your dish.

The story? Ah, yes, the story. The Marxmen are turned loose in a department store where they are engaged to protect the life of the owner. They nab the villain for the finale, and Wolfe J. Flywheel (Groucho Marx) turns to the audience and says, "See, I told you in the first reel that this guy is a crook."

So that's the story and you can imagine some of the antics this involves. Anyway, it's all fun. And sprinkled in between, in healthy sashes, is a lot of swellegant music. The direction by Charles Reisner is fast-paced and top-notch.—M-G-M.

### ★★★½ Moon Over Miami

This is a remake of "Three Blind Mice," which you probably don't remember, and it shouldn't worry you. It's pretty hard to recognize in its new finery. It is an outstanding musical comedy, almost all the credit going to the exceptionally fine musical score. An excellent cast headed by Don Ameche, Betty Grable, Robert Cummings, Charlotte Greenwood, Jack Haley and Carole Landis doesn't hurt, either.

The story is not too much, but serves the purpose. Only trouble with it is that it has been used so many times before. Nevertheless, the writers have stuck some very amusing dialogue into it, and it won't annoy you.

Betty Grable and Carole Landis are car hops who decide to go on the make for a million. They get a small bankroll and blow it all on a fancy set of duds for Betty, while Carole hides her beauty

in shabby clothes and specs. Charlotte Greenwood is their aunt and gets a lot of laughs out of her role when she poses as their servant to fool the doughboys.

Both girls are fine, although Betty gets the best of it because of better material and a couple of extra special hotcha dance numbers. Don Ameche and Bob Cummings are the lads who are picked on by the designing dames as the most likely marital prospects, and both are okay. Jack Haley is amusing as a waiter. Directed by Walter Lang.—TCF.

### ★★★½ Underground

Heavy, harsh melodrama, this, spun at a gripping pace. It is an intense yarn of today and whether you enjoy it or not, you will remember it.

Located in Germany, the story has to do with the underground movement whereby a brave few of the German people are trying to deliver their brethren from slavery. Now all this may be wishful thinking; there may be no such movement in Germany, and there may be no such brave and daring souls—but it is nevertheless good, solid and frequently shocking movie material. It has an authentic ring which, perhaps, is even stronger than the truth. Movies have a way of doing that on occasion.

The story tells about two brothers in modern Germany. Philip Dorn is the chief of the underground movement, while his brother, Jeffrey Lynn, is a loyal party member who lost an arm at the battle of Dunkirk. The climax is reached when Jeff unknowingly turns in his own brother to save a female member of the renegades, with whom he is in love. He hadn't realized that his brother was mixed up with the movement. When

he sees the brother tortured and beaten, the full impact of his deed strikes home. He takes his brother's place in the secret work.

Kaaren Verne, the girl, is a recent Austrian import, and this is her first American movie. She has looks and she seems to have intelligence, too. We'll have to see more of her work before we predict, but she is apparently headed for important parts. Mona Maris does an excellent supporting job, and Martin Kosleck turns in another of his frighteningly cold jobs as the Gestapo agent. He can get more meanness into his eyes without even trying than anyone since Joe Von Sternberg in his heyday.—W. B.

### ★★★½ Out of the Fog

For about half an hour at the beginning of this picture, it looked as if it were going to be the top film of the year. The possibilities were there—a good audience movie with real artistic merit. Then the writers and producers began cheating on the story and it winds up just a good movie.

Why the title was changed from the original "The Gentle People" will always remain a mystery. It was a good play under that title, and the subject matter still concerns itself with some lovely, meek, gentle folks who can take just so much—and then they stand up and punch back.

John Garfield is the tough hombre who exacts bitter and nasty toll from Tommy Mitchell and John Qualen, a couple of peace-loving citizens. When he drives them to the very brink of desperation, they decide to kill him.

Ida Lupino is as good as you know she can be in the role of the girl although

## How GIRLS GET AHEAD in Hollywood!

FACTS make Hollywood even more fascinating—and facts are what you get in SCREEN GUIDE—the independent picture magazine of motion pictures. In September SCREEN GUIDE, learn how girls suddenly become starlets, then stars. This is the inside story, with sensational pictures, about Linda Darnell, Marjorie Woodworth, Jane Russell and others who have gone up the Hollywood way.

### Other Scoops in September Screen Guide:

**Why Stars Hate Each Other:** The truth about Robinson and Raft. The real "inside" revealed at last.

**Priscilla Lane's Million Dollar Love:** Here's her hidden romance. See her most glamorous four-color portrait.

**The Stars Squawk:** Low-down on Bill Holden, Number One mistreated star. What's happened to the "Golden Boy?"

**Clark Gable, Perpetual Motion Picture Star:** The Brutal Truth!

**Dorothy Lamour's Adventures in Love:** Where will they end?

**Why Charles Boyer Hides from Hollywood:** His refuge revealed! What makes "The Great Lover" that way?

COLOR PORTRAITS: Priscilla Lane, Charles Boyer, George Raft, Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable and Carole Landis!

PLUS pages of gossip, fashion news, beauty hints, movie reviews!



# SCREEN GUIDE

SEPTEMBER ISSUE  
Now on Sale  
at ALL NEWSSTANDS

# 10¢



her characterization is too neurotic to arouse the audience sympathy she deserves. Garfield is as good as he has ever been, and a bit meaner as the toughie than most toughies are. A change of pace would do him good; why don't they give him a comedy or romantic role for a change? Mitchell and Qualen—well, you know how very good they both are. Eddie Albert is just himself as Ida's boyfriend and George Tobias steals his usual allotment of scenes in comedy support.

The direction by Anatole Litvak is tasteful and discerning, and there is a special nod due the exceptionally fine photography by James Wong Howe.—W. B.

### ★★★ Tight Shoes

Here's a neat surprise item, a picture that didn't figure to be very much from advance indications but turned out to be a swell time-killer. Good, amusing nonsense with plenty of action and a few sweet performances. Binnie Barnes and Brod Crawford are the names you will go away with.

Anything goes for laughs in this screwball affair based on an incredible Damon Runyan yarn. The fact that you never stop to realize how silly the story premise proves that the going's good. You never get a chance to think.

The story tells, in flashback form, how a pair of tight shoes changed a gangster into a shoe clerk and a shoe clerk into a successful politician. In the sequel, another pair of tight shoes pairs off the right couples at the altar after they seem to be headed the wrong way.

Crawford as the gangster is unbelievably good, the only member of the cast (or in the world, for that matter) who can talk Runyonese and make it sound like it's a language used by humans somewhere. Binnie Barnes, playing without restraint as the moll, is delicious. We didn't know she was anywhere near as good as this. John Howard is cast against type and is fine as the clerk, and Anne Gwynne supplies decorative romantics. Neat directing by Albert Rogell.—*Universal*.

### ★★★ They Met In Bombay

Here is an interesting example of an old, old theory of ours: it's not what the movie's about that counts; it's who's in it. If this movie had been made by some other studio or with less important stars, you would have said, okay, so what? But it happened to be made with Roz Russell and Clark Gable, so it's super-elegant.

The two stars are in top form here, playing throughout with a neat tongue-in-cheek, let's-have-fun effect. They're both jewel thieves in the Far East, and a slicker pair of flimflam artists you never saw. Working independently, they are hot on the trail of a fabulous gem owned by Jessie Ralph. Naturally there's a great deal of now-you-see-it, now-you-don't. Naturally, also, love rears its beautiful head from out of the plush jewel boxes and they both reform. And live happily ever after.

It's a fairy tale, sure, and not a very convincing one, but it's a lot of fun because the two leading actors are so very much at home in their roles and seem to be having such a good time. They occupy most of the footage, by the way, the best support being offered by Matthew Boulton as a Scotland Yard agent and Reginald Owen. Directed by Clarence Brown. *M-G-M*.

## New Loveliness can be yours— Go on the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



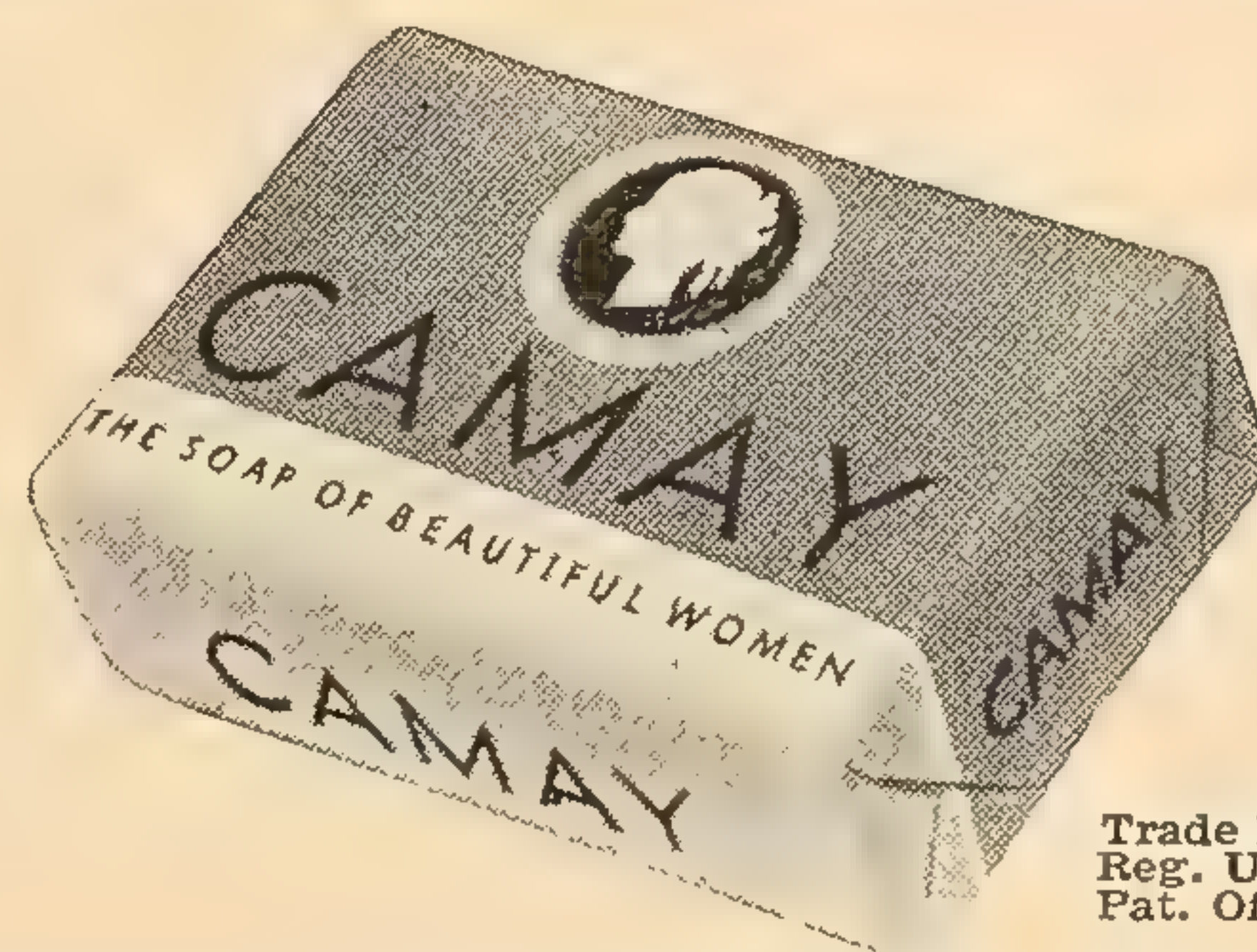
This lovely bride, Mrs. Frank Morell, Jr., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., says, "I'm really thankful that I went on a 'Mild-Soap' Diet. All my friends tell me how lovely my skin looks—and I'm sure it's largely due to Camay and the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

**Try this exciting beauty idea—  
praised by lovely brides—based  
on the advice of skin specialists!**

SO MANY WOMEN dim the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. Others use a beauty soap not as mild as it should be. "My constant beauty care is Camay and the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says Mrs. Morell, a bride whose lovely complexion makes her an expert.

Leading skin specialists we've consulted advise a regular cleansing routine—daily cleansing with a *fine, mild soap*. And Camay is not only mild—but milder! Yes, milder by actual test than ten other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say, "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Every single day—twice a day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. Don't miss a single day. It's the regular cleansing that will help you in a few short weeks to see a more appealing skin.



Trade Mark  
Reg. U. S.  
Pat. Off.

**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**



Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the  
**CAMAY**  
"MILD-  
**SOAP**"  
**DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay. Follow this routine faithfully.



# "SUGAR and SPICE"



Bette Davis lunches at the studio commissary while finishing Warner's "The Bride Came C.O.D." She'll top off that vitamin-filled beet salad with quick pep-giving pastry, pineapple flavor.

**—THAT'S WHAT THE STARS EAT ON THE SET,**

**REVEALS ROY EARL, WARNER'S PASTRY CHEF**

BY NANCY ARCHIBALD

Rich chocolate fudge cakes and brightly-iced pastries are eaten by such slender charmers as Olivia de Havilland, Rita Hayworth and Brenda Marshall at Warner's studio commissary. Even the more serious stars like Bette Davis and Ida Lupino indulge their liking for sweets while working on pictures, reveals Roy Earl, Warner's famous pastry chef.

This culinary artist modestly declares the girls go for his delicate creations because they seek quick-energizing sugar to replace the vitality consumed while emoting on the set. It seems that, far from fearing fat, the stars must guard against the loss of several pounds a day while at work. But a glance at one of Earl's tempting trays of fluffy cream-puffs and glistening éclairs assures us it is more than dietary interest that appeals to these de-lovelies' appetites.

Chef Earl is kept mighty busy catering to the various

tastes of his pet actresses, and like any master chef, he outdoes himself for those who really appreciate his delectable desserts. Bette Davis prefers a selection from among his French pastries, particularly those with a pineapple-glaze topping. A fine fruit tart will make Olivia de Havilland happy, while walnut cake trimmed with a scoop of pistachio ice cream delights too-thin Ida Lupino.

Priscilla Lane falls for fudge cake every time. And it's chocolate éclairs—often two of them with a glass of milk—for Brenda Marshall. Ann Sheridan likes to finish a salad-plate luncheon with one of Roy's extra-special charlotte russes. The calories in this dessert really mount up, but remember, Ann is an active young woman, filling her free hours with tennis during the day and the more muscle-exercising types of rumba in the evening.

If you lead a strenuous life and manage to pack in



plenty of exercise each day (simple housework is better than any sport or course in setting-up exercises you could name), you can safely include a rather rich dessert in your menu. The government's recent nutrition survey shows that we have not been eating enough vitamin-content food in the past few years. So take this opportunity to have the goodies you long for—but don't forget fruits, green vegetables, meat and fish dishes.

#### CHOCOLATE SPICE CAKE

- 2½ cups flour
- 4 scant teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon each of nutmeg, cinnamon and mace
- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- ½ cup shortening
- 1¼ cups sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup milk
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

1. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and spices together.

2. Cream shortening thoroughly and blend in sugar and well beaten eggs. Melt unsweetened chocolate over double boiler and add to sugar mixture. Add vanilla and stir in well.

3. Add flour alternately with milk to egg mixture and beat until batter is smooth.

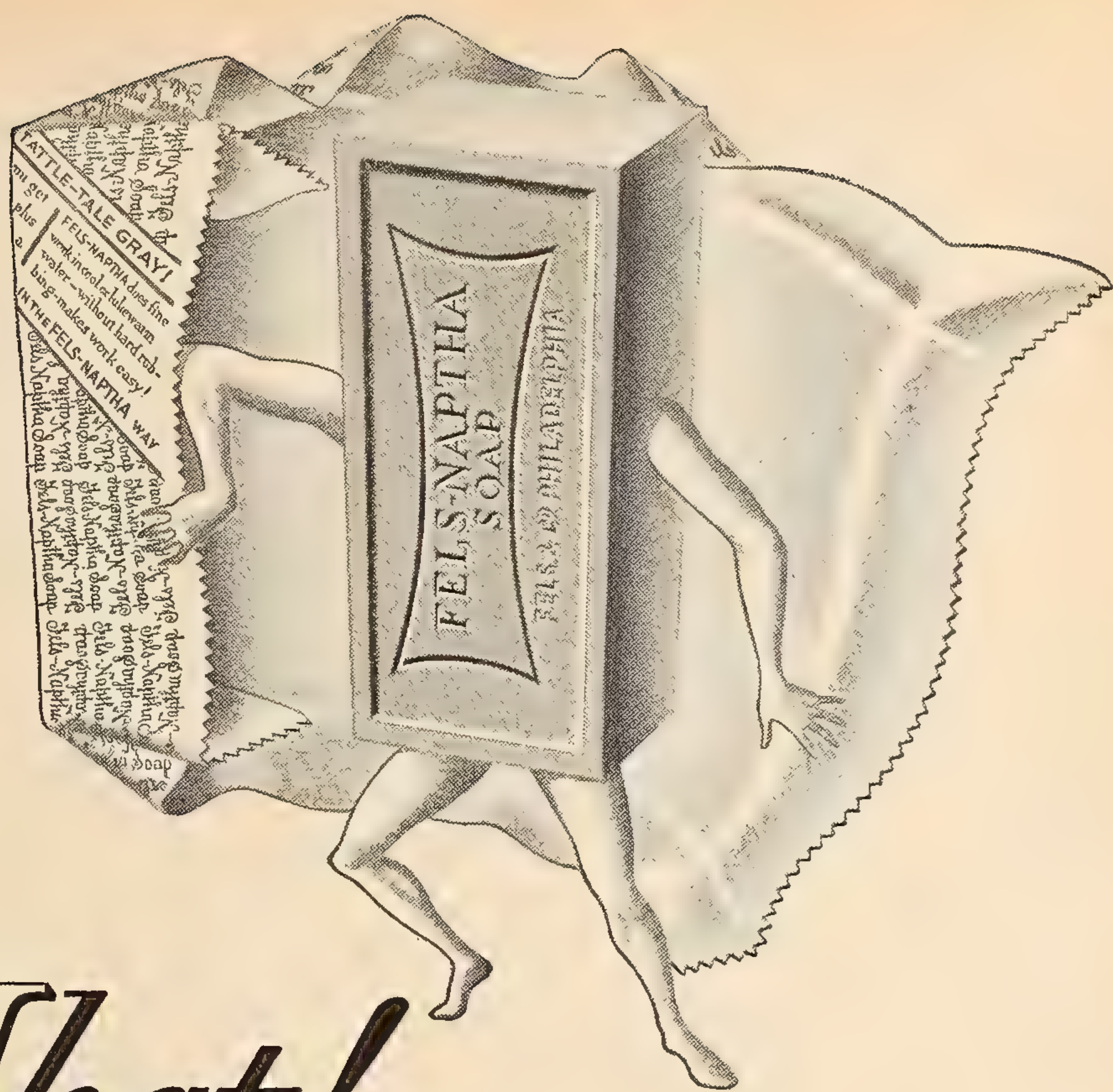
4. Line greased baking tins (using 2 fairly deep tins or 3 shallow tins, according to the number of layers desired) with wax paper, making "ears" with which to lift out cake when it is baked and cooled by cutting 2 strips of paper about 2" wide and putting beneath lining paper so they cross in the middle and hang over the sides about an inch.

5. Fill prepared tins with batter and bake in a hot oven, 375° F. for 15 minutes. Turn the oven off and allow to bake from 3 to 5 minutes more. Remove, cool and ice.

#### MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. Add water and vanilla. Spread over cake and serve when cool.



# What! NO DISHES?

You have just bought a piano, a living-room rug, a fine watch, or some similar, substantial adjunct to your home or your scheme of living. What extra inducement was "thrown in" to influence your choice?

The answer, of course, is—*nothing*. In fact, you'd be suspicious if something extra had been offered! You are satisfied the article itself is worth the price you paid.

**Most Fels-Naptha Users** feel the same way about laundry soap. They know that a bar or box of Fels-Naptha Soap is worth every penny of the purchase price—in *extra washing energy*. They don't want any other *extras* "thrown in."

As one woman aptly puts it, "the soap that's cheapest at the counter isn't always cheapest when the washing's done."





For more entertainment—  
**FOUR NEW SEASON HITS!**  
 Ask your local theatre when they're coming your way!

**JACK BENNY**  
 in  
**"Charley's Aunt"**

with  
**KAY FRANCIS**  
**JAMES ELLISON**  
 and Edmund Gwenn • Reginald Owen  
 Arleen Whelan • Laird Cregar  
 Ernest Cossart • Anne Baxter • Richard  
 Haydn • Directed by Archie Mayo  
 Produced by William Perlberg  
 Screen Play by George Seaton

**TYRONE POWER**  
 in  
**"A YANK IN THE  
 R.A.F."**

with **BETTY GRABLE**  
 and

John Sutton • Reginald Gardiner  
 Associate Producer Lou Edelman • Screen  
 Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg  
 Original Story by Melville Crossman  
 Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK**  
 Directed by **HENRY KING**

**SONJA HENIE • JOHN PAYNE**  
 in

**Sun Valley  
 Serenade**

with **GLENN MILLER** and his  
 Orchestra  
**MILTON BERLE • LYNN BARI**  
**JOAN DAVIS • NICHOLAS BROS.**

Produced by **MILTON SPERLING** • Directed  
 by **H. BRUCE HUMBERSTONE** • Screen Play  
 by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Story by  
 Art Arthur and Robert Harari • Lyrics and  
 Music by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

**"BELLE STARR"**

THE BANDIT QUEEN  
 with

**RANDOLPH SCOTT • GENE TIERNEY**  
 and

Dana Andrews • John Shepperd  
 Elizabeth Patterson • Chill Wills  
 Directed by Irving Cummings  
 Produced by Kenneth Macgowan

**IN TECHNICOLOR!**

*You'll be seeing them...*

He's the girl  
 of the year →

Jack Benny as  
 "Charley's Aunt"

Tyrone Power as  
 "A Yank In The R.A.F."  
 with Betty Grable

Sonja Henie and  
 John Payne in  
 "Sun Valley Serenade"  
 with Glenn Miller  
 and his Orchestra

Randolph Scott  
 and Gene Tierney  
 in "Belle Starr"







## STIRLING HAYDEN

Nine out of ten American girls would give an eyetooth to be stranded on a South Sea Island with handsome 6' 3", 210-pound sailorman Stirling Hayden. Lucky Madeleine Carroll, his co-star in Paramount's "Bahama Passage," is sole gal to score thus far! Born 24 years ago in Montclair, N. J., Hayden lost his heart to the sea during summer vacations along the Maine coast. When family fortunes dwindled, he turned to fishing with Gloucester salts and shipping out to all four corners of the earth. Highlight of his career was buying the ex-Kaiser's yacht for a passenger service between Boston and Panama. A shipwreck off Cape Hatteras and financial low tide brought this venture abruptly to a close. Hollywood doesn't faze him one bit, and he looks upon it as just another adventure of which his life has been full. He still likes the sniff of salt air and wants to make his home aboard a boat in Santa Monica harbor, from whence he'll commute to his studio.



# MARLENE DIETRICH

She may be "Legs" to you and you—but Marlene Dietrich is "Mamma dear" to her 16-year-old daughter Maria. Maria can't remember when her famous mother came over from Germany in 1929 and started the vogue for emerald green fingernails and mannish suits—for zombie-like make-up and slinky foreign cars—but if she could, she'd just say, "How cute." In Maria's eyes, Marlene—in spite of a 12-year separation from her husband, in spite of Mrs. Josef von Sternberg's \$600,000 alienation of affections suit, in spite of innumerable studio feuds—can do no wrong. She knows her too well; knows what good cookies she can bake and what fine stitches she can sew. She's seen her digging in the garden sans phony eyelashes, her two-inch nails covered with old gloves. She's worried with her about the citizenship exams, been thrilled when Marlene got all the names of the presidents straight on the test and became a full-fledged American in 1939. She knows she'd even break a date with Jean Gabin for the premiere of her Warner Brothers' killer-diller, "Man Power," if Maria's school play were on the same night—which is going some—for there's a man, and *there's* a picture!







WELBOURNE

# ANN SHERIDAN

At 12, chubby, freckle-faced Clara Lou Sheridan was the Texas terror. A war-whooping tomboy, fiercely proud of her Indian blood, crazy about baseball, disobeying everyone but her adored dad, whom she called the "Boss Man." Now she's 27. The face is familiar, so're the freckles—but the torso's terrific and the name is Annie. She's got oomph and a new something called "televoomph." She wears a slew of expensive barbaric jewelry, drives a shiny Cadillac, wears black and white orchids, gets a hundred proposals a month and has a beau who's rich and handsome. She's glamour on the half shell, but she's still Clara Lou at heart—afraid of only two things in the world, flying and cops. It'll take more than that cataclysmic jump from sophomore at Texas State Teachers to Hollywood star (via a beauty contest) to turn that carrot-top of hers. In spite of a \$4,000 mink coat and a lot of diamonds, she's the same noisy, unsophisticated kid she used to be—a screaming maniac at a baseball game, a ten-year-old at a Gene Autry movie, a dirty-faced "crew" on boy friend George Brent's boat—but, nevertheless, a gorgeous power house in her latest film for Warner Brothers, "Navy Blues."





## MICKEY ROONEY

If you ever find a phone message saying Rhett Butler called, you can bet your boots it was Mickey Rooney! If and when you go out with him, you'll step out in style on Mick's \$50-a-week allowance (salary: \$5,000). You'll meet gobs of his non-pro chums and autograph hounds and leave the night club on the stroke of 12. Back home, get him to give out with one of his original compositions on the piano or drums. If you have a daytime date, you're in for some stiff competition, whether it's at cards, golf, badminton or tennis. He's tops at 'em all! You'll have a slick time cruising around in his station wagon or custom-built blue job, riding his horses and paddling in his pool. Warning: You're expected to join him in 5 hearty meals, then trot around 36 holes of golf to counteract the ravages. If it's romance you're after, there's not much chance—at the moment he's Valerie Thou's. By the way, don't forget to mention his new picture, M-G-M's "Life Begins for Andy Hardy."





## GLENN FORD

Today critics hail him as a "young Paul Muni," and he nonchalantly lunches at the White House and "21" club. Yet not so long ago, Glenn Ford was twirling a searchlight atop a theatre in return for free passes to the movies. When he entered films in 1927, his total salary of \$20 barely covered the cost of a dress suit for his role! Twenty-five years ago he started out prosaically enough in Quebec, an only child burdened by a prissish name, Gwyllyn, and an indiscreet capacity for ice cream. During high school he wrote and announced for radio, and upon graduation simultaneously joined 7 group theatres and provided his daily bread by modeling and selling paint. He's never had a vacation and is now working in Columbia's "Texas." If there's anything in this world he hates, it's theatre-goers who rattle candy wrappers and those Hollywood dandies who prance down the street in ascot scarves. Unwed, he lives with his mom, who keeps his rangy six-foot frame up to its 165-pound quota.





CLARENCE BULL

## ANN RUTHERFORD

Ann Rutherford's a showgirl from way back! She made her stage debut in kindergarten, retired at 9 and made a comeback at 13! She was discovered for movies by her present manager, who liked her radio sound effects (from baby's gurgle to wild screams). He gave her a screen test which resulted in a myriad of rough-ridin' Westerns when she was only 16. Her efficiency is absolutely unparalleled—she designs her own togs, does her hair and manicures her nails. Hunts down antiques and cooks the world's best potato pancakes and sausages for her famous Sunday morning feeds. On the set of M-G-M's "Life Begins for Andy Hardy" she doesn't stay put a minute; models in clay in her dressing room and knits all over the place. She keeps things moving in the duplex she shares with her grandma, mom, sister, 12 canaries, 9 parakeets and an assortment of turtles. Drives neighbors crazy practicing on her trap drums. When she's positively physically exhausted, she turns to poetry-writing!



# Ronald Colman TELLS ALL!

DOES THE WIFE  
GIVE FOR CHARITY  
-BUT **GIVE!**

(Like that  
\$500 kiss!)



The Cutest Little  
Bundle ever to come  
from Britain  
**ANNA LEE!**

DOES SHE FIND IT HARD  
TO GIVE ARTISTS THE  
**BRUSH-OFF!**

(That sculptor  
guy frinstance!)



TAKE A TIP ON  
**HOW TO RUN  
YOUR WIFE'S  
AFFAIRS**

FROM THAT  
SMOOTHIE THREAT  
TO HOME-WRECKERS...

*"That's Caroline...  
in love again  
with the last man  
to kiss her!"*



## RONALD COLMAN

IN A MODERN-DAY, ROMANTIC COMEDY  
FRISKY AS A FRENCH FARCE...

### *My Life with Caroline*

Introducing **ANNA LEE**

with **CHARLES WINNINGER** and **REGINALD GARDINER**  
**GILBERT ROLAND • KATHERINE LESLIE**  
**HUGH O'CONNELL**

Produced and Directed by **LEWIS MILESTONE**

Screen Play by John Van Druten and Arnold Belgard



A United Producers Production  
**WILLIAM HAWKS**  
Executive Producer





# The Countess Explains.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Socialite Alexis Thompson was a one-time suitor. Gene always wanted to marry a "nice guy" regardless of his social or financial status.



Night of their elopement she signed her name in the plane register as "Miss Belle Starr," title of her current picture with Dana Andrews. Next day she had to leave on a location trip to Acoma Rock.

"I married my husband because I loved him. I waited to be sure and I am sure. I knew what I wanted and now I have it. I wanted my own life, the husband of my own choice and my own home.

"I love my parents dearly. I wish they'd understand. I think they will eventually—when they know my husband as I know him. But until then our happiness comes first. That's all that counts."

Of course, it's the oldest story in the world. Shakespeare cribbed it from ancient yarn-spinners and sang the sweet sorrows of Romeo and Juliet. Héloïse and Abélard had the same classic trouble. So did Young Lochinvar and his bonnie bride. Getting more up-to-date, so did the Duke and Wally.

So the other day it happens right in Hollywood. And here I am listening to the old, old story from a young lady who is telling her side of it. Not the side in the daily newspapers. Not the family side. Not the "Gene has gone Hollywood" side. But a love's-eye version from jubilant Juliet herself. I mean the Countess Casini. Née Gene Tierney.

She is sitting on the floor in slacks blithely ripping up love letters from old beaux (and the stack is high), while across the rumpled room sits her Romeo, a pleasant, likable, mannerly guy who just doesn't look like the dark, sinister pictures he takes. It's a three-way Information, Please, between Count Oleg Loiewski Casini, his bride and your inquiring reporter. And the Countess has never glowed more beautifully, never looked happier, never seemed surer of herself. What's more, she has never sounded more sensible.

Now that may seem a spot preposterous in the face of the outraged family scene which has been stormed up in headlines. Especially since all the scene's props stack smack up against the lovers in favor of the family frown. For instance:

Here is a twenty-year-old American girl, notably willful and headstrong, who has tossed over the approved conventions of Eastern Blue Book society to seek a beglamoured Hollywood career against her parents' wishes. And there she meets a suave foreign sophisticate, title, accent, dark moustache and all, who turns her silly young head with his treacherous wiles and marries himself into reflected fame and a fortune.

"You want the true story?" repeats Gene Tierney



**A BLOW-BY-BLOW ACCOUNT OF THE MOST  
STARTLING ELOPEMENT IN HOLLYWOOD REC-  
ORDS — GENE TIERNEY AND COUNT CASSINI!**

after me. Her gray French-Irish eyes are flashing a bit now, but she can't keep them that way. Because every time she gazes at Oleg, they turn soft and dreamy. If it isn't love, it's an Academy performance. I cough discreetly, and the Countess returns to earth, the stale love letters and the business at hand.

"This wasn't any hurry-up marriage," she states with a misunderstood sigh. "I wasn't swept off my feet. Our marriage was thought over, talked over and pretty thoroughly analyzed before we took the plane to Las Vegas. In fact, we were almost married once before, but we decided we were being hasty.

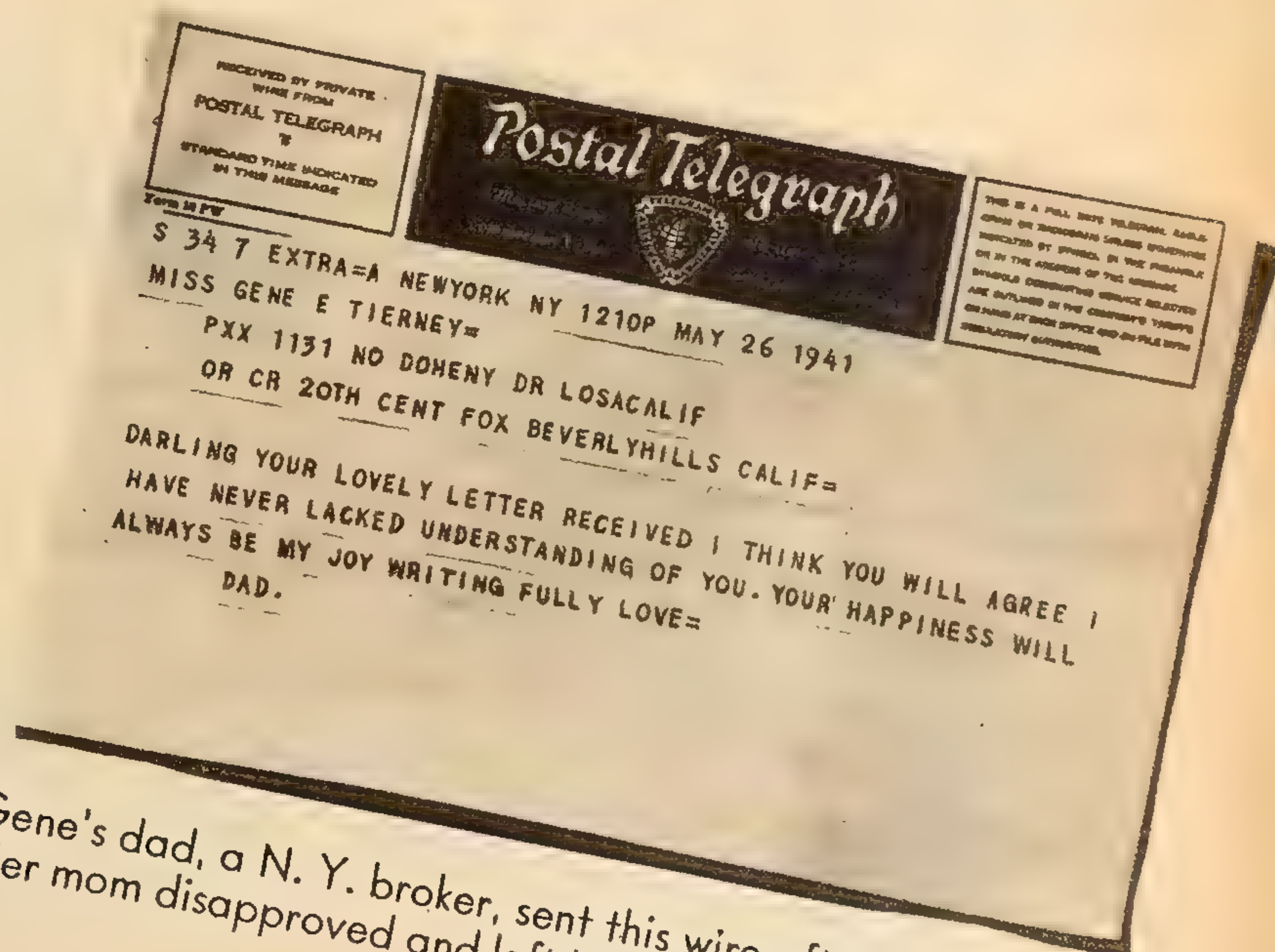
"Why," asks Gene, knitting her pretty brows, "do people insist on treating me like a child? I've been going out with men since I was fourteen. I've known all kinds—Yale boys, New Yorkers, actors, business men and playboys. Americans and foreigners, too. Which, by the way, aren't so awfully dazzling to me. I was educated abroad, you know, and I've traveled a lot. I've been in love before. I've been engaged before, too. I've had lots of dates and lots of beaux in Hollywood. Why not? I'm young and I like fun. But men, polished or unpolished, don't leave me breathless. Only the man I've been waiting to find. He does. Darling," says the Countess Cassini in French to her groom, "maybe you'd better leave the room. You might be embarrassed."

So Oleg smiles and strolls out. That leaves us alone, and I quickly learn a few things about this Count Cassini, which I will right gladly pass on. He isn't Italian as his name sounds. He's Russian. His folks are from the Ukraine. His grandfather, Count Arthur Cassini, was the Czar's ambassador to Washington when Teddy Roosevelt was head man there. His mother was a friend of Alice Roosevelt's. His brother is a Capitol newspaper columnist today. Oleg himself was born in Paris, educated in Florence and pursued a designing career all over the Continent, ending up with the famous Patou in Paris. Then New York and now Hollywood. He has been there a year. So has Gene Tierney, almost to the day.

"We met over eight months ago," recalls Gene, ripping up a note from Mickey Rooney, "and I think we've loved each other ever since. I knew I loved him, because when I got home at (Continued on page 89)



Count Cassini, who was the 4th husband of patent medicine heiress, Merry Fahrney, was divorced last year. He and Gene, 21 this Nov., plan to remain in Hollywood.



Gene's dad, a N. Y. broker, sent this wire after her marriage. Her mom disapproved and left Hollywood for home in Conn.!



# Fred Astaire's

# 'THREE

BY JERRY ASHER

FROM DAVID NIVEN, NOW SERVING

A little over a year ago David Niven answered his country's call. Today he is serving as a Major in the British Army. Despite the darkness of the hour, in David's letter there still remains evidence of the nostalgic humor that so endeared him to all his friends in Hollywood. And especially to Fred Astaire.

FROM LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH,

The tradition of the Astaires is now theatre history. Adele and Fred teamed in childhood and danced their way up to world acclaim. Nine years ago Adele became Lady Charles Cavendish and went to live in Ireland and England. Brother Fred came on to Hollywood and remained to further his brilliant career.

FROM GEORGE GRIFFIN,

Over fifteen years ago, George Griffin applied for the job of valet. Fred was doing "Gay Divorcée" on the London stage at the time. Except at interrupted intervals, George remained on. A World War leg injury brought on recurring hospitalization. Rather than be permanently bedridden in a strange country, George asked to go home to his people. Fred Astaire, with his usual loyalty, has kept the contact alive. The blank spaces in George's letters are the deletions made by censorship.

*Boodles.*

Dear old Fred

Many thanks for your lovely long letter from Litter and damn and blast you for the picture of the sail fish!

I am afraid I have been simply terrible about waiting. I have been in the one tempo

Oh! God know I miss you both terribly.  
Yours age.  
David.

Telephone: Mayfair 7777.  
Telegram: Mayfair, Piccadilly, London.

The May Fair Hotel,  
Berkeley Square,  
London, W.1.

Darling Fred -

Well, a nice "Blitz" was staged for me last night - I know what it is like, now!

MAIL

SHEPHERD  
9 10 PM  
2 MAY  
1941  
W.12



Astaire, Esq.  
Summit Drive,  
Beverly Hills,  
California.

U.S.A.



# LETTERS FROM LONDON''

Since that first day eight years ago when Fred Astaire arrived in Hollywood, he has remained reticent about publicizing facts on his personal and private life. Not that there have been any deep, dark secrets. Any great unsolved mysteries. On the contrary, Fred has remained singularly untouched by the vicissitudes that oftentimes flourish with fame and fortune. In all modesty Fred has never believed that people are really interested in things that concern only himself. However, being in a position where he receives many letters from the other side, he feels that there are those who might be interested in some first-hand information. In selecting these particular "Three Letters From London," Fred reveals a cross section of life that is a great lesson in courage to us all.

## THE ARMY IN GREAT BRITAIN . . .

Boodles

Dear Old Fred:

Many thanks for your lovely long letter from Aiken and damn and blast you for the picture of the sailfish!

I am afraid I have been simply terrible about writing lately, but I have been in one terrific rush. Married life I just couldn't enjoy more. Prim is a wonderful girl. I know you both are going to like her. Incidentally, she has been to about a dozen pictures in her life and has only seen me in one movie—"Wuthering Heights!"

Since Dunkirk we have been reinforcing the battalion. And being one of the old boys with some experience, I

was taken away and put into a special job with M.I. (don't laugh) Military Intelligence. Naturally I can't tell you anything about it as I have not yet been intelligent enough to find out what I am trying to do! At least I have managed to be in all the worst Blitz we have had, including three months in London without a day or night off during the worst period.

Prim is working in an aircraft factory, which is quite a big step from the Quorn and the Cottesmore. Things are getting pretty interesting again right now and we are all set to be invaded. I think he is bound to have a crack at it and if he does he will use (Continued on page 94)

## FORMERLY ADELE ASTAIRE . . .

The May Fair Hotel  
Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

Darling Fred:

Well, a nice "Blitz" was staged for me last night. I know what it is like now. This is my first and I must say I've never had such an opening night in my life. Really Fred—it was hell!

I arrived in town from Derbyshire and dined with Foxie, Dotty, Averill, Tony and an American journalist named Greig. We had our dinner in a private dining room on the 9th floor of the Dorchester and in the middle of eating, a waiter came in and said that if we would like

to see some fireworks to look out of the window.

So we switched off the lights and at first I thought it was a 4th of July display—the flares first and the red glows in the distance. Then explosions. Anti-aircraft guns booming and the whole works. But when two or three huge fires were started—enormous red glows in the sky—I began to get jittery. And even more so when one of those suction bombs exploded nearby and my ears went funny. That all took place between 10 and 12. So we decided to go below.

The lobby was full of people. Everyone we know. They all go there because it seems safer (Continued on page 94)

## FORMER VALET, NOW CONVALESCING IN LONDON . . .

White City Estate, Westway,  
London, W. 12, England

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for letter received this week. It certainly is a great help to me and I appreciate it very much. Have now been in hospital for just on two months. I do a lot of walking but the knee just won't bend. Mr. Turlong told me my hip was okay and that I would be walking ordinary if the knee had not gone wrong. Am feeling in very good health otherwise. If I could just be back working for you again that's all I would ask.

The family and myself do not go to any shelter. We

sleep on the floor, as do many other people. We have all our glass, china, etc., packed away. The bombers have been pretty active around here. Mother was pretty sick once when a bomb dropped across the road and shook this building just like a quake. Incendiary bombs have dropped just outside our window and on our roof, but they were soon put out. They don't explode—just like a firecracker of the roman candle type. About fifty were dropped in less than ten minutes. If they had been proper bombs, well, I would not have been writing this letter. Last Saturday people were arriving for the dog racing meeting when the warning (Continued on page 95)



# Gloria the glamorous

BY IRVING WALLACE

**Gloria Swanson—that sweet tradition blaster—has put a bomb under Hollywood's long-cherished ideas about oomph!**

Hollywood had an unshakable idea of what a glamour girl should be until just a few months ago when Gloria Swanson came along.

According to the best movieland tradition, the perfect glamour girl was supposed to be the frosting on the cake of entertainment—very young, largely decorative and certainly unserious.

The appearance of Gloria Swanson, back to the cinema wars with her wares, has changed all that. For, though a glamour girl is supposed to be very young, Gloria is already forty-three and still a dazzler. And though a glamour girl is expected to be largely decorative and certainly unserious, Gloria Swanson possesses shocking ideas about a woman's mind being as vital to her future as her appearance.

When she came out of New York, via the Panama Canal, to Hollywood, she brought with her the new definition for glamour—herself. That, and not her so-called comeback, was the news.

Yet, while Hollywood was willing to revise its old ideas about glamour, Hollywood remained positive about one thing—there could

never be a glamour gal who had worked in a factory. And Gloria Swanson walked into town admitting she not only worked in a factory, but Allah be praised, she owned one!

This is no "comeback" story, for after all, how could Swanson come back when she'd actually never been away? In 1920 she was "Zaza." In 1929 she was "Sadie Thompson." In 1934 she was the "Music In The Air" with John Boles. In 1941 she is Adolphe Menjou's wife in RKO's "Father Takes A Wife." But in these two decades she'd never been entirely out of the public eye. Year in and year out, the Swanson legend remained. New York's best-dressed woman. America's most outstanding woman. Et cetera. Always newsworthy.

So, students, instead of the "comeback" stuff—this is merely an experiment—a word effort with a live subject to show you that it is possible to be glamorous though brainy.

The most amazing thing about Gloria Swanson, of course, is that darn factory. We asked her about it the other day.



Gloria's ditched her famous slinkiness for animation. Veteran of four marriages and innumerable romances, she's currently fascinating Danny Winkler, Jean Rogers' ex.



Back in the '20's, tremendous headdresses made Gloria look skyscraper-ish, but she's Hollywood's tiniest actress. Spike heels jack her up in RKO's "Father Takes a Wife."

"Well, maybe it is a trifle odd," Miss Swanson admitted. "But, of course, it doesn't seem so to me. You see, when I was just a youngster, I would go driving with my girl friends. On one such afternoon we were all making wishes on objects we would like to possess in life. We were driving through a town, and the girl on my right said, 'I'd like that.' It was a home. Today she is happily married and has a home. The girl on my left said, 'I'd like that.' It was a window of clothes. Today she has her clothes. At the outskirts of town I pointed and said, 'And I'd like that.' It was a huge smoking factory. . . . And today, in Queens, New York, I have my factory! Simple?"

Well, it wasn't so simple to us. We demanded an explanation. First of all—why a factory?

"I've always been natively curious," admitted Gloria. "Believe it or not, but for years my favorite magazine was Popular Mechanics. It must have been in my blood, this attraction to the mechanical. My grandfather was a great experimenter. (Continued on page 81)





"Mummy"—as her chums call her—has been front-page stuff since 1917, when she eloped with Wally Beery. She's had more newspaper lineage than any star.





Nowadays Deanna and Vaughn Paul can talk of nothing but their new Brentwood roost overlooking the Pacific. Her favorite topic's their playroom papered with giant postcards from her fan clubs!



Sturdy (6' 1", 175 pounds) Bob Preston and his young actress-wife, Catherine Craig, whom he wed in Nov., 1940. Bob's the most generous soul alive; always grabs the check!



During tiffs with "Big Boy" Williams, Lupe Velez frequently dates John Shelton. She always surprises strangers with her husky unbroken English, so unlike the shrill gibberish in her movies!

## CANDIDLY

**HOLLYWOOD'S BIGTIME EXTRAVAGANZA—**



Carol Bruce has a corner on the silver fox wrap market these days—she owns three! Above with boss Matty Fox, Vice President of Universal Studios, where she made "This Girl Is Mine."



It's news when Mr. and Mrs. John Wayne invade the night spots, what with their four offspring to entertain them at home. Their youngest's Melinda, born last February.





Wayne Morris and fiancée Pat Stewart will have to take a rain check for their wedding. Wayne's been called into the U. S. Navy as an ensign. He never sits—he sprawls!



Latest Hollywood twosome to set tongues to wagging is Marlene Dietrich and Jean Gabin, who've been dating nightly. Jean goes home early to keep in trim for the West Coast bike races.

# YOURS

INUS GREASEPAINT AND KLEIG LIGHTS!



Magik trickster Chester Morris and socialite wife Lillian Kenyon Barker at the Cocoanut Grove. Still very much smitten, they'll celebrate their first wedding anniversary this December.



Brattish Mitzi Green has grown up into a 20-year-old blonde smoothie! Between personal appearances, she discussed wedding plans with Hollywood body-builder Terry Hunt.



Just out of the hospital and about twenty pounds lighter, Maureen O'Hara tossed a joint birthday party for Will Price and Bill Lundigan. The big doin's were at the Cocoanut Grove.



# A YANK IN HOLLYWOOD



Besides his New York farm, Bob owns a Cal. estate complete with riding horses and station wagon!



**DON'T LET MONTGOMERY FOOL YOU—HE'S CASUAL ONLY ON THE SURFACE!**

Bob Montgomery talks lightly, feels deeply and acts by the measure of his feelings, not his words. His mockery is idealism in reverse. A passionate champion of social justice and the democracy of his forefathers, he hates with bitter intensity the forces working against both. He translates his bitterness into irony, his ardor into action. With nothing to gain and everything to lose professionally, he led the organization of the Screen Actors' Guild and remained its president during the first three critical years of its existence. He's still a member of the board, although he can't devote as much time to it as in former days.

In 1940 he joined the American Field Service Corps in France and drove an ambulance under fire in twenty-hour shifts till that country fell. To vent an intolerable anger, he transferred one of his war experiences to paper in the memorable "Letter to a German Hero," which Collier's was proud to print. Now he's absorbed, heart and energy, in the fight for freedom. President of British War Relief in Hollywood, on the board of Free French War Relief, he also campaigns for the American Field Service and the Red Cross. Hatred of Hitlerism drowns any minor hates.

Love of what this country stands for is rooted in the old American stock of which he was born. For generations the Montgomerys lived in New York's Putnam County. The family home was lost when Bob's father died, but the son's nostalgia for the scenes of his childhood endured. Twelve years ago he bought an old farmhouse of the salt-box type, built of white clapboard in 1810 and standing a few miles from his own birthplace in one hundred and eighty acres of woodland. A kitchen wing was added, elec-

tricity and plumbing installed, farmhouse furniture of maple and pine ordered from Virginia. To Bob this is home as no other place can be. He spends three or four months a year there—in the fall, if he can manage it. The true Easterner, what he misses most in California is variety of season. He can stand a springless year in the land of eternal spring, but to lose out on autumn with its sparkle and riotous color is to lose an essential part of the color of life. "I could wax lyrical on the subject," he says, "but allow me to spare you." Traveling with two children, two servants and two dogs, the Montgomerys call themselves Sanger's Circus on the March. The children are Elizabeth, eight, and young Robert, three. The servants are Connie and Otis. The dogs are a French poodle and a Labrador retriever, both males, but they get along fine, thanks. Last year they stayed East till after Thanksgiving, celebrating with all the old-fashioned ritual. During their absence, the place is left to a caretaking couple who have an apartment over the garage.

To create an illusion, the house they built in Holmby Hills is as nearly as possible a replica of the Eastern house—early American of white clapboard and stone, with a fireplace modeled after one of the vintage of 1620. The houses have twin weather vanes in the form of a pheasant—the form having originated in Putnam County, famous for pheasant shooting. Robert, Jr., has already been entered for the Pawling school which his father attended. Both he and Elizabeth are blonde and blue-eyed. "Part of the time," says Bob, "they look like me, part of the time like their mother, depending on which of our (Continued on page 68)



Cause-man Montgomery carries the banner for Screen Actors' Guild along with Red Cross and Am. Field Service. Above, with wife Betty (wed in '28) and Rog Pryor.



Co-stars of Universal's "Unfinished Business," Bob and Irene Dunne, on a war relief broadcast with Jean Hersholt. 36-year-old Bob's a student of criminology.



# ACKGROUND FOR ROMANCE



Lamour with Mitch Leisen, who directed one of her few films with a U. S. A. setting. She's been in so many sarong sagas, she's learned to speak Malay!



Dottie married Maestro Herbie Kay in 1935. They separated in 1938; he sued for divorce on the grounds of desertion a year later.

If Dorothy Lamour returns from Hawaii as Mrs. Gregson Bautzer, she won't surprise her friends. Those who know her best say she's in a "marrying mood."

If she returns ring-free from her month-long vacation in the Islands, they won't be surprised either. Apparently nothing this sarong girl does is s'wrong, so illogical that her friends can't understand it. And her.

That's one of Dorothy's special talents, the ability to develop strong partisanship in her friends. Sex, they tell you, isn't Dorothy's prime appeal. To them, she is the perennial, incorrigible child. And they cherish her for that.

The truth in what they say is best proved by the reaction to Dorothy's native-girl screen characterizations. Give any other girl the nude deal Dottie's had, and she'd find herself with a burlesque queen rating. Not Lamour. That childlike quality, which her friends know so well, keeps her torriddest antics out of the Hays office.

But to return to Dorothy and her private life. Hers and Greg's is the story of two people who are good for each other; two people who at the time they met felt a great need for the friendship, the affection that they could give each other. That they could laugh

and dance and dine together was the finest thing that could have happened then to either of them. Whether they marry or not, these things are beyond conjecture, and these are our story.

No matter what happens, one thing stands out above all else in the Dorothy Lamour-Greg Bautzer romance, and that is that for the past year or more Dorothy has known the kind of happiness she wouldn't willingly trade for her whole star-spangled career. She has been the focal point for the undivided attentions of young Bautzer, and his rating as one of Hollywood's better beaux is absolutely blue ribbon. His routine—flowers, phone calls, more flowers, the theatre, the clubs—is the envy of his fellow bachelors.

He came into Dottie's life at a moment when she needed romantic diversion, relaxation from the demands of career and personal heartache. She did as much for him with her childlike gaiety and charm. He, too, had tasted bitterness. Just the comradeship and fun that Dorothy could give was what he needed.

To reconstruct the scene of their meeting, visualize the plushy interior of *Ciro's* on a crowded night in May, last year. The crimson-satined dining booths with



BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY



Dot and Greg Bautzer call each other "Mommy" and "Poppy." Both adore Chinese food, rumbas and travel books. Lamour reads 20 a month!

their seven-foot backs were filled with diners, all engaged in the confidential chatter of the table-for-two. The suede-walled foyer was alive with the crackle of taffeta and the swish of silk, and into this perfumed melee walked the Lamour, exquisitely gowned, perfectly coiffed, on the arm of suave Wynn Rocamora.

By definition, Wynn is Dorothy's personal manager. But that's a feeble phrase to express an interest in Lamour that stretches from plans for her future (he'd like to see her do a modern, stylized "Carmen") to the kind of clothes that she should buy. He even worries about her personal happiness.

It was this subtle Pygmalion who saw in the milk-mild Lamour of 1935 eloquent proof that there'll always be a Cinderella. Here was the embodiment of all the film success stories, he reasoned. A girl who had known the pressure of poverty in her New Orleans youth and who had worked in an office and as an elevator girl in Field's Chicago merchandise store to support her mother.

Here was a girl whose first glimpse of the tinsel heaven of the theatre came when she won an audience singing contest at the supper (Continued on page 79)

THE LOWDOWN ON HOLLYWOOD'S  
MOST TALKED ABOUT TWOSOME—  
GREG BAUTZER AND DOTTIE LAMOUR!





# it's no fun to be

## THAT TOP-SALARIED RADIO COMIC JACK BENNY'S A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE OF LAUGHS!

"Look," said Buck Benny, the pride of NBC, "couldn't you change the title a little? Like 'It's No Fun to be Funny Except Once in a While When They Fall for a Gag You Didn't Think Was So Hot or on Sunday After the Show When You Feel Relaxed and Want to Stay Up All Night?'. No? Too long, huh? Why don't you use initials?"

Benny's reputed one of the most brilliant worriers in the business, a non-stop nail-chewer, a chronic crosser of remote bridges, the pessimist par excellence. He even worries over the charge of worrying. Unable to refute it, he tries to play it down, as witness his attempt to tamper with our title. Get him cornered, and he'll admit that he worries exactly as much as he ought to worry, no more, no less. "If I didn't," he explains, still on the defensive, "I'd be in the ash can."

There are those who would have you believe that, shorn of the capacity to harass himself, he'd pine away. In proof of which, they offer a story of the days when he formed the fiddling half of a vaudeville team. One morning the phone jangled him out of slumber. His agent was on the line reporting an engagement. Only half awake, Jack heard the name of a town thirty miles away and mumbled okay. At the booking office later, he learned that another state boasted a town of the same name, that it lay some three hundred miles from

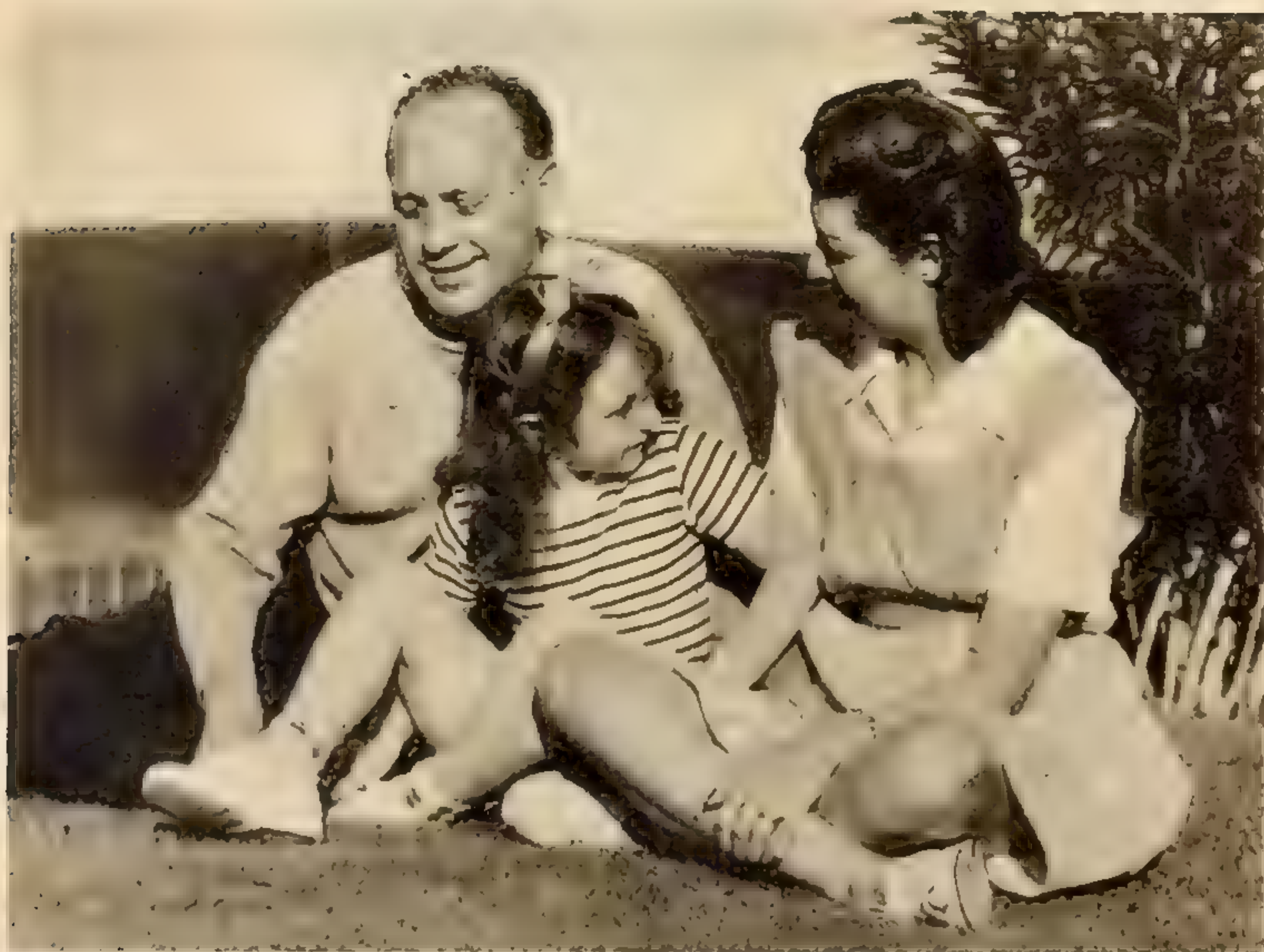
Broadway, and that he'd committed himself to board a train for the hellhole that night.

He returned to the hotel, packed violin and bag and marched like a herald of doom into the room of his friend, George Burns, where the gang forgathered. There he paced for two hours, biting his digits and the dead end of a cigar, fulminating on the eccentricities of agents who couldn't talk English, city fathers who lacked the wit to invent their own names for their own one-horse burgs, phones that rang or didn't, trains that moved and stopped, jackasses who went into vaudeville for a living. At the end of two hours, Burns picked up violin and suitcase, deposited them in the hall, propelled his friend out by the back of the neck, locked the door and yelled, "Now enjoy yourself."

Legend has it that the last heard from Jack was a plaintive, "All right for you—" floating back through the transom as he trudged trainward.

He says it's a canard. I found him at Twentieth Century-Fox, his head in Kay Francis' lap. Recumbent on a garden bench, the capacious skirts of "Charley's Aunt" fell back from his trousered legs where he'd crossed them. Kay's white hand cradled his gray-ringleted wig. Gorgeous in rosy chiffon, sparklers at ears and throat, she bent to kiss him. One. Two. Three. Cut! She lifted her head. He stayed where he was. "Again?" he suggested. He didn't seem to be worrying.

As a matter of fact, he can take his movies in stride. They hand him a ready-made script. If a scene isn't right, they do it over. Physically wearing, he still



Jack met wife Mary (christened Sadie Marks) through her kin, the Marx Bros. They idolize adopted Joan Naomi, 6.



Jack appeared as an old-maid extra on the neighboring set of "A Yank in the R.A.F." starring Betty Grable.



# funny . . .

BY HUGH ROBERTS

considers movie-making a lazy man's dream of paradise compared with the nervous strain of putting on a radio show. For that show he's responsible—to NBC, to Jell-o, to the agency, to his cast, to millions of listeners. It's his baby, his headache and his crown jewel. He's built it into a national institution of six flavors, which he carries on his back. To the world at large he is J-E-L-L-O.

All week long the show goes on in his head. You may think you see him driving his car or swallowing his dinner. Actually his mind is writhing somewhere in gagland. A friend buttonholes him in a parking lot. Jack mutters an absent excuse me, I didn't mean to bump you. Mary's private game is to count how many times she can ask him a question before he hears it. The record to date is thirteen. They were in bed one night, Mary reading, Jack thinking. She closed the book and asked him to turn out the lights. He got up, touched the switch and went back to bed drawing the covers round him. Her wild burst of laughter finally roused him to awareness.

"What's the matter?" he cried in alarm.

"The lights," she could only whimper between spasms. "You went to the switch—and got back into bed—and the lights are FULL ON!"

Seven days and six nights of the week are haunted, leaving one evening clear. With the termination of the second broadcast on Sunday, Jack's spirits soar, and he wants to stay up all night. First to be sure, there are always post-mortems. (Continued on page 73)



In 20th Century-Fox's "Charley's Aunt," Jack's surrounded by Ann Baxter, Arleen Whelan—and a whalebone corset!



Mary (next to Rudy Vallee) was so jittery at NBC's dinner for her \$10,000-a-week spouse, she couldn't rise to bow!



Mrs. Hank Fonda's dinner partner, Benny, has topped the list in radio popularity polls for the past 6 years.



Imprints of his volin and Rochester's shoes insure Benny's immortality in the concrete of Grauman's Chinese.





The Brodels (that's Joan Leslie's real name) have a perpetual ping pong match going. The weekly winner—usually Joan—acquires 7-day ownership of the gold cup Joan was given at last year's National Orange Show. They also bowl a lot, but poorly.



They've lived in this tiny house 3 years; plan to build a new one with more room. Mary (tall and dark) shares a room with Betty (the oldest but smallest Brodel), and Joan shares one with her mom.

## SIXTEEN

and

## UNKISSED!



Joan's impersonations are priceless. She used to wear fake bangs to do her Hepburn one, but a comedian chum borrowed them to use as a beard—that was the end of them. These bangs are real.

Lank-limbed Gary Cooper stalked across a Warner sound stage in the hobnailed boots of Sergeant Alvin York and paused to stare gravely down at the girl who smiled back at him with dancing, 16-year-old eyes. "Don't let them glamourize you, Joan," he said quietly.

That's one bit of advice Joan Leslie will treasure most among her memories of the fabulous period that began with her 16th birthday on last January 26th. A long-term contract, a sleek new car and, best of all, a chance to play Gracie Williams, Gary Cooper's lovely Tennessee child bride in "Sergeant York"—coming in one ecstatic lump, they might have addled older heads than Joan's. But hers is safe. Breath-taking, overnight stardom has done nothing to spoil this cinematic Cinderella who's made one of the hardest grades in the world without benefit of Hays-tabooed sweaters, leg art or jumping through publicity hoops.

To understand why this is so, you've got to go back 14 years to a night when a 2½-year-old toddled onto the stage of a big Detroit theatre and brought the house





She was an accordion virtuoso at 5 but is now out of practice. In spite of the elegant, brilliant-studded instrument, can only remember 2 pieces—"Dinah" and "When a Gypsy Plays His Violin."

**WARNER'S NEWEST WHITE HOPE IS A  
CUTE YOUNGSTER WITH AN IRRESISTIBLE  
GIGGLE AND A WICKED PING PONG SERVE!**

down piping "Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella." The baby Thespian was Joan Brodel, youngest daughter of an Irish bank teller. Sisters Mary, 6, and Betty, 8, were already kiddie show veterans, and the revelation of Joan's precocious talent made a family trio inevitable.

For the next few years, proud Mother Brodel lavished all spare family funds on singing and dancing lessons, convinced that some day her brood would be famous. And a wise investment it was. When Mr. Brodel and his bank job parted company in the '29 crash, the girls were able to cash in on vaudeville offers. The family unstaked and struck out, first for New York, where bookings were skimpy, then to Canada, where the three sisters played, sang and danced before Toronto, Montreal and Quebec night-clubbers. Joan unleashed a flair for mimicry with amazing impersonations of Hepburn, Garbo, Zasu Pitts, Jimmy Durante and Luise Rainer. No one suspected the tall, pretty youngster of being only 9.

From Canada, the family made a long jump to Miami,



Warner's fashion editor christened her "Leslie" last year, but she's still not used to it. Averages about 100 letters a week—mostly from West Point and Annapolis. She was just voted National Buddy Poppy Girl and given an overseas cap.

where an Eastman Kodak scout got excited over Joan's lovely bronze hair and hazel eyes, featured her in a series of color ads. And that temporarily spelled doom for the Brodel sister act. Back in New York a year later, M-G-M's Ben Altman strolled into Ben Marden's Riviera where the three youngsters were busy entertaining, singled out 11-year-old Joan, signed her up for six months and whisked her out for a bit in Garbo's "Camille" before the family could catch its breath.

That looked as though part of Mrs. Brodel's dream might be taking shape, but it wasn't. M-G-M told Joan to go home and grow up. They would send for her in a few years. She went, glad to be back with Betty and Mary. But vaudeville was dying, engagements scarce for a girl trio. Betty began taking solo jobs. Mary modeled for Powers. Joan puttered around for two years, made a few movie shorts, then, tired of waiting for M-G-M, trekked back to Hollywood with Mary and Mrs. Brodel.

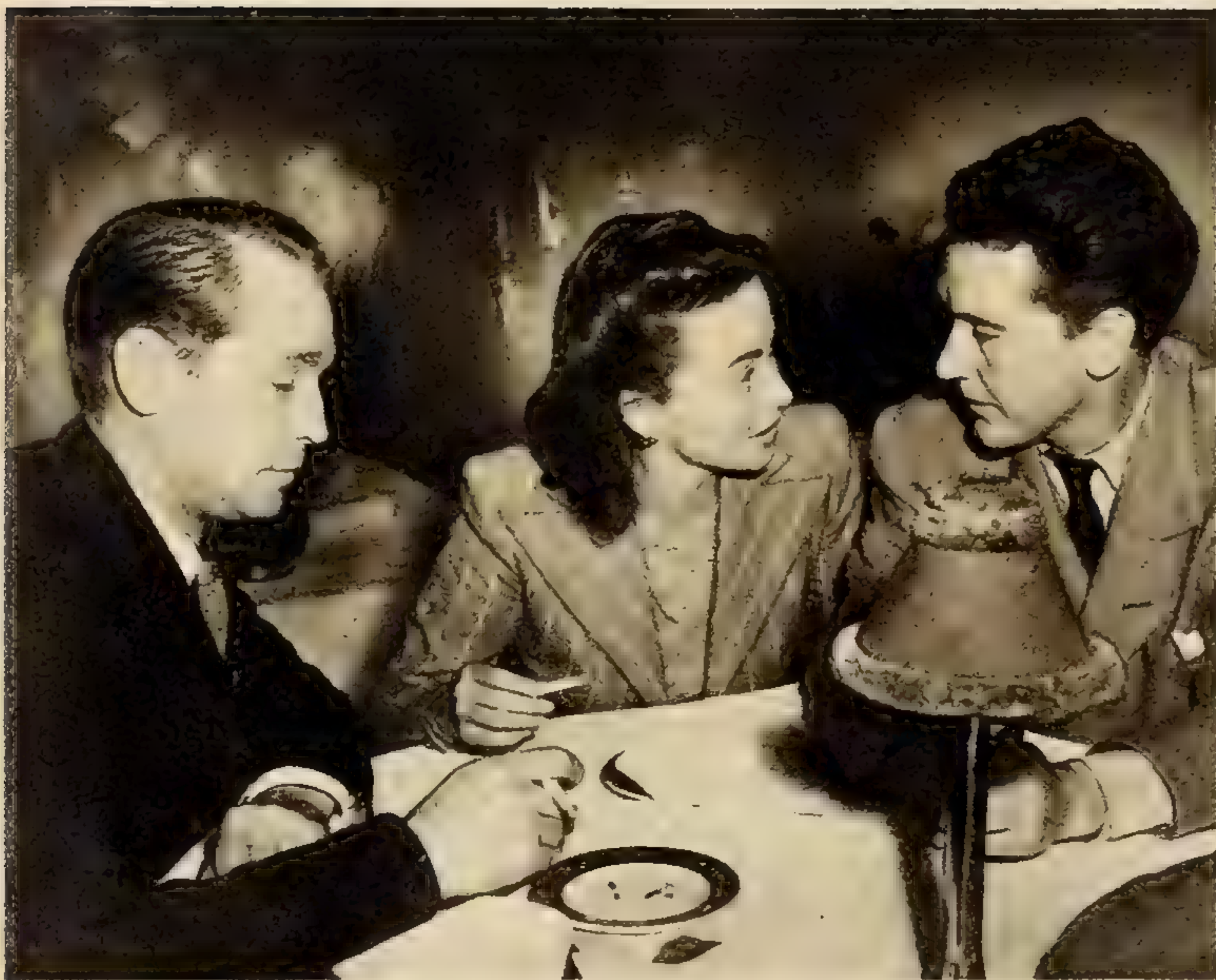
A mistake? They all thought (Continued on page 87)





THAT

Meredith's latest flicker is "Tom, Dick and Harry" with Ginger Rogers. Before turning actor, he sold neckties in Macy's, wrote obituaries for a Conn. newspaper and sailed the sea as a gob!



MEREDITH

BY JAMES RICHARDSON

Franchot Tone, Olivia de Havilland and Meredith are a constant trio about Hollywood. Buzz rarely carries money with him. Has two valets, Woods and Malcolm, to take charge of finances!



MAN

Buzz's phobia to cameramen is second only to Garbo's! Above, caught off-guard with Fay Wray, Cesar Romero and Mrs. Lewis Milestone. Only 33, he's twice-divorced and plays a wide field.



On the subject of B. Meredith, his past, present and personality, B. Meredith is very realistic and bitingly frank. Which is rare and unusual in a profession where most men prefer back-slapping to any other form of exercise, swallow their own press notices daily instead of food and consider the best music to their ears their own names.

Burgess Meredith, on the other hand, doesn't think he's much. He has a candid picture of himself, how good he is, how bad he is and what to do about it. As a consequence, he has become a great performer with the stratosphere the limit to his future.

For example, most thespians regard their directors as one regards an appendix, a useless object which should be removed. But not Burgess Meredith. He puts almost his entire performance in a director's hands. He feels that in any debatable decision the director of a movie or play should be dictator. "I think," he has said, "the less creative an actor is and the more he obeys his director, the better off he will be." And following this credo Meredith has come along from success to success.

On the subject of his personal appearance, Meredith, is again realistic and candid. He knows his head is physically big for his body, that his hair is longish, unruly and scrambled. He knows his eyes are wide and questioning. A friend was once asked to describe Meredith. The friend flipped, "Buzz Meredith? He looks exactly like a startled chrysanthemum!" And he does.

## A FIVE-YEAR DIET OF HOLLYWOOD POWER AND GLORY HASN'T TURNED BUZZ'S HEAD ONE FRACTION OF AN INCH!

I recall recently sitting in the backyard of the sprawling home Meredith rents with Jimmy Stewart. We got to chatting about appearance, about the importance of the facial contour to the average actor. I expected a bit of goo from Meredith, but instead he sat up in his beach chair and gave it to me from the shoulder.

"When I was on the New York stage, I never had any special handicaps," he said. "Everything was darn smooth. It was one hit play after another, which was lucky. But in Hollywood after my first few pictures, I learned I *did* have a handicap. My face.

"Well, look at my face. Not exactly pretty in the accepted cinema sense. Oddly enough, my looks weren't important on the stage where the audience was at a distance, but they got in my way in the movies. You see, the camera suddenly replaced the audience; it moved to within a few feet of my face and enlarged it many, many times. And, alas, not being as handsome a fellow as Ty Power or Bob Taylor or Errol Flynn, I learned I wasn't the leading man type and soon ran into difficulties obtaining suitable roles. In fact, honestly, I think I've done quite well out here considering my so-called limitations."

Very true. From "Winterset," which he did with Margo in 1936, to "Tom, Dick and Harry," which he did with Ginger Rogers in 1941, Burgess Meredith, wonder boy of the New York legits, has run the gamut from putrid to peachy pictures and emerged with his record and his talents and his modesty surprisingly unscathed.

Finally, though Burgess Meredith is today residing in the lap of material luxury, and though it is rumored

his RKO contract will be paying him \$3,500 a week by 1945, Meredith has not lost his head. He has not forgotten the old days when he sold cheap neckties in Macy's in New York, and when he lived for seven days on a diet consisting of free samples of shredded wheat.

"In those days when I didn't have a nickel for a cup of coffee, I knew it wasn't going to last," reflected Meredith, and then with a wave at his expensive surroundings, "and now I'm not so sure this is going to last either!"

For the key to Meredith's personality, one must first unlock the door to his past and take a hurried peek at the events, natural and unnatural, that went into his development.

Today Meredith is referred to variously as Buzz or Bugs for no reason at all. Those names were adhesived to him about the time the first big milestone in his life occurred—his entrance into Amherst College, where noses were rumored to be as high as scholastic standards. With his tuition and his room rent paid by an affluent uncle, Meredith thought school would be easy sailing. He was interested in dramatics and thought he would have time to devote to it. He was wrong. Because money was necessary for food, for books and for other survival expenses. And there were no jobs available. So Buzz Meredith quit Amherst, determined to earn enough to return and study acting. Somehow, he wangled a job on the staff of the Stamford Daily

Advocate. To say at this late date that he was the star reporter would be a plunge into fiction. He worked as a newspaperman until the afternoon he was sent to cover a sensational suicide and came racing back with a front page saga—all the facts, all the details, all the bloody information—everything, except the name of the man who killed himself! That was when Buzz Meredith's journalistic career ended.

To this day, however, Buzz has retained much from his adventure as a reporter. In his acting it has enabled him to detect good and bad writing, which few actors are capable of doing. It has helped convert him in his workaway life into a lucid thinker and a bright talker. Above all, it has given him a great talent for describing things. In 1936 he was asked to describe his first visit to Hollywood. His journalistic training came in handy, and à la Ben Hecht he went to town, to wit:

"The greatest moment of excitement came (he wrote) when we sailed in our airplane past the Sierras, and there below us was the endless, grassless, geometrical stage set that is Los Angeles, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Greta Garbo and Mickey Mouse. Thrilling it all was, rimmed about by the foaming, cudgeling Pacific Ocean, which expressly cools the perspiring brows of California's cinematic giants.

"California's airplane landing fields are immeasurably long. But later on we learned that California malted milks are bigger, California hopes are higher, fruits are riper, breasts are fuller, limbs are tanner, art is lower, but sales are mightier than any like area in the world!"

After a series of odd jobs, (Continued on page 96)



LUCKY FOR JANE RUSSELL

THAT THE HAYS OFFICE CAN

NEVER CENSOR DAYDREAMS!



Before she was cast as Jack Buetel's sultry "kiddo" in "The Outlaw," Jane's sole claim to fame was that she'd been Class Historian in 1939.

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

When a girl's really in love, she can take Hollywood or leave it. That is, if she's a girl like Jane Russell.

Of course, right now the shoe—Jane's Cinderella glass slipper—is on the other foot. The question at this point is: Will Hollywood take Jane Russell, or leave *her*?

Because the brunette beauty whom multimillionaire Howard Hughes found in a dentist's office, starred without further ado in "The Outlaw" and touted as a new raven-haired Jean Harlow, is tied up in the doghouse along with her debut picture. Hollywood's Hays Office says Jane's costumes are too revealing (just as "Hell's Angels" Harlow's were too "comfortable"), and they're holding back the necessary stamp of approval.

All this will probably be ironed out before you read these words (million dollar pictures just don't land on the Hollywood shelf, low necklines or not). But even if Jane Russell's buxom charms are discreetly veiled enough to earn a Hays blessing, that's no guarantee she's headed for Hollywood fame and fortune. Both "The Outlaw" and the well-photographed Jane Russell may be hits—or they may be strike-outs. Such things have happened before in Glamourland.

Either way, it's all right with Jane. She's twenty and in love. And that is all that matters.

Jane Russell's nails are unbitten, and her thick, wavy hair is sleek and unshorn. In fact, she's in the pink and just as happy as a lark. Why wouldn't she be? It's the good old summertime, she's not working, and her

## CENSORABLE JANE

best beau, Bob Waterfield, is with her every single spare minute that he has.

"I've got plenty of time to daydream," Jane sighs with a white, luscious smile. "And I'd rather daydream than do anything in the world." Jane doesn't dream about star dust, either.

The last time I saw her, she was stretched out on the beach, a honey-tanned Venus lost in her favorite sport. The Pacific breeze played with her long, dark hair, and her brown eyes languidly watched Bob Waterfield, a husky six-foot UCLA quarterback, as he worked out on the beach rings and parallel bars.

"What are they going to do about your picture?" I asked. The whole town was talking about the Hays ban on "The Outlaw."

"I don't know," said Jane, not even turning her gaze. "Isn't Bob graceful?" she said.

Another time I ran into Jane on the shores of Lake Sherwood, high in the Malibu mountains. It was on a holiday, and a bunch of girls and boys in old clothes were picnicking and fishing, giggling and eating hard-boiled eggs and watermelon. Lake Sherwood is no plush movie resort; it's a popular picnic ground, and the bass fishing is swell. Southern California's hoi polloi dotted the banks, and right among them I spotted Jane. Her hair was bunched on top of her head. She had on a rumpled old skirt and sweater and was padding around barefoot while this same tall, husky guy cast flies into the lake.

Jane was just finishing "The Outlaw" then. (Continued on page 70)

The ex-\$10-a-week stenographer has just turned 20. She's unimpressed by night clubs and the fact that she lives practically next door to Clark Gable.







# CALL ME "DUTCH"

RONNIE REAGAN BLACKENS THAT  
BOY SCOUT REPUTATION OF HIS!



"Nice Guy" Reagan has pangs of conscience when he neglects his fan mail and has never refused an autograph in his life.

BY DAVID CHANDLER



Mrs. Reagan (Jane Wyman) was christened Sarah Jane Folks. Is nicknamed "Dynamite." She paints, plays tournament tennis—is writing the Great American novel.



The Reagan baby is blonde with china blue eyes. She's god-mothered by Louella Parsons, who fostered Jane's and Ronnie's romance.



This fellow Reagan is a hard one to peg.

He's been in Hollywood for three years, so you'd think people would begin to have a fairly definite idea of what he's like. But all you're sure about is that everybody is fond of him. "Reagan's a swell guy," they say. "Ronnie's such a nice boy," they declare. Or, "He is the sweetest lad."

Now these are mighty poisonous words to utter about any young actor in Hollywood; they make him sound so insufferably dull. It were better that it be bruited about that the guy breaks every promise he makes, drinks to excess, is unbearably conceited and beats his wife.

The "good boy" legend probably grew out of the fact that in all his early films he was inevitably cast as the spotless hero. He was so shining and virtuous that one captious critic maintained that the strongest thing Reagan ever drank was a glass of buttermilk in "Code of the Secret Service," and at that he left half the glass untouched.

This, of all the snide attacks on Ronald Reagan, is what hurts him most. It was not so long ago that Ronnie was known from coast to coast as Dutch Reagan, one of the National Broadcasting Company's top sports announcers, and in that capacity Ronnie not only had to broadcast the big sports events but hold his end up in the customary celebrations after the event. Pat Rourke, the barkeeper, in Jack Dempsey's bistro across the street from the Madison Square Garden in New York, still recalls how Dutch Reagan, shy three dollars and forty-five cents for his bar bill, insisted upon offering a slightly-under-the-weather companion as a deposit till he had returned from his hotel, where he had forgotten his wallet in another pair of jeans. Dutch thereupon calmly lifted up the friend as if he were as light as a Teddy bear and handed him over the bar to the cashier's high stool.

Part of the blame, Ronnie thinks, for his purity boy reputation can be placed directly on his name. "There's something about the name Ronald that tickets me as a nice boy even before people know me. When I went on the air as a sports announcer, I took the monicker Dutch. The trouble with Ronnie is that it suggests a lad in velv-

teen knee-pants and a silk shirt with a dainty lace collar. But when I went to work for Warner's they wouldn't let me be billed as Dutch Reagan, so back I went to Ronald."

But most of the blame rightfully belongs to the man himself. Perhaps what Ronnie needs is a nice big dose of temperament. Maybe if he could storm into the boss's office one fine day and demand something outrageous—anything—and threaten to do something drastic and get himself suspended, it would help. He has never been known to turn down a part. "So-and-so is replacing Ronald Reagan in 'Saga of Tenth Avenue.' Reagan is now on suspension," is a story that has yet to be released. Ronnie has rated an A-plus in deportment at Warner's all his life.

And he deserves it. The afternoon we had lunch with him, for example, Ronnie had just spent a nice hot California morning posing in a full-length, fur-lined suit under a battery of lights for stills for "Flight Patrol." He had been living in the un-air-conditioned suit for the twelve weeks the picture was in the making, but now that it was over he had to make a few stills. All right. This is the end of it. Okay. So they kept him under the relentless lights for hours; they had him climbing in the plane, they had him climbing out; they posed him by the wings, by the tail, by the propeller and just looking up at the sky. And not a peep out of Ronnie Reagan. Well, at last it's over.

So along comes a photographer to Ronnie's table while he is munching a ham and cheese on whole wheat and says he's got an advertising tie-up picture he wants to shoot with Ronnie. "Why, of course," says Ronnie in that sweet, cooperative way of his. "What do I wear?"

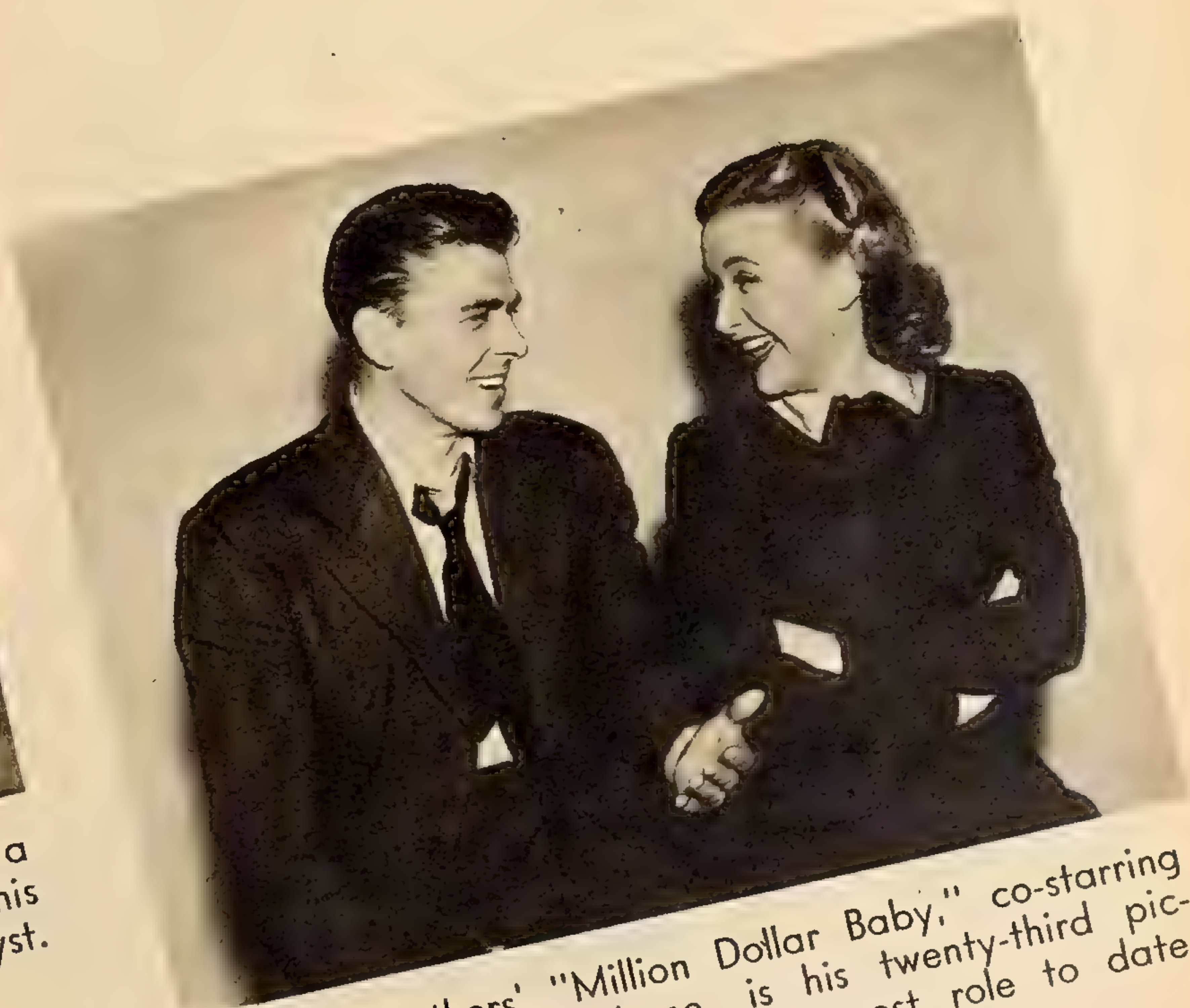
"Your flying suit from 'Flight Patrol.'"

Ronnie uttered one tiny word of dismay, but one pretty-please from the photog and he promised to jump into that nice hot suit all over again.

Perhaps one of the reasons so few people know what Ronald Reagan is like is that he is not given to tooting his own bugle. If he got lost in Mexico (*Continued on page 84*)



The Reagans were married in January '40, after a whirlwind courtship. It was her third altar-trek, his first. Her engagement ring was a 52-carat amethyst.



Warner Brothers' "Million Dollar Baby," co-starring Dutch and Priscilla Lane, is his twenty-third picture in three years. It's his largest role to date.



ON THE SET WITH

# "The Men in Her Life"

BY GREGORY RATOFF



65-year-old actor Otto Kruger's a professional violinist and pianist in real life.

**LORETTA YOUNG AND CHORUS TWIRL AND WHIRL IN COLUMBIA'S NEW MUSICAL OF THE 1850's, ADAPTED FROM LADY ELEANOR SMITH'S BEST-SELLER, "BALLERINA"**

"The Men In Her Life" is more to me than just another picture—more than an \$800,000 gamble with film and expensive costumes of the 1850's and truly great talent. It is the realization of a dream I have had since 1932.

Let me explain.

Since childhood I have been insane about ballet. To me it has always been the most moving of arts. And unconsciously I had always been looking for just such a story as this. Here, I thought, was a great opportunity for my wife, Eugenie Leontovich, to interpret the role of Polly Varley, the London slum child who became Varsavina, most celebrated danseuse of her generation.

I myself was an actor then, and I wanted desperately

to play the part of Rosing, creator of Varsavina, who loves and marries her, then dies tragically at the height of her career.

But that was nine years ago. I had no money for such an undertaking. Instead, I laid aside make-up and began directing pictures. I, who had been an actor, learned to handle actors. I learned how a camera and lighting can create moods. And always in the back of my mind was "Ballerina." I made "Intermezzo" and a picture called "Wife, Husband and Friend"—during which I first met Loretta Young.

Loretta, I found, had always wanted to be a dancer. Her hands and feet were amazingly graceful. I gave her a copy of "Ballerina"; told her that some day she would bring Lina Varsavina to life on the screen.

That day finally came five months ago when I took my cast and technical crew to an RKO lot in Culver City borrowed for the picture by Columbia. My stars were hand-picked: Loretta, whose 30 costumes (de-



Dean Jagger plays Loretta's rich American husband. Director Ratoff, by nature a hard master, took a liking to Dean and frequently encouraged him with "Zat is fine, Deanie!"



Sergei Tamoff, Loretta's personal dancing instructor, coached her for six months in N.Y., then came to Hollywood for the picture.





Conrad Veidt and Loretta became fast friends during production. Most of the cast and crew were in awe of Veidt's reputation as one of Europe's top actors.

Sandra Lee Richards did her schoolwork between scenes under guidance of a \$16-a-day tutor. She memorized her lines in a jiffy. Wouldn't let her mom stir out of sight.



signed by Walter le Maire) and hats (Lily Daché) cost \$21,000; Conrad Veidt, whom I met 21 years ago; Dean Jagger and John Sheppard; Otto Kruger and my own Eugenie.

Our cameraman was brilliant Harry Stradling, borrowed from Alfred Hitchcock. Adolph Bolm handled ballet scenes.

With such a set-up, shooting went smoothly. True, Loretta had to stagger through 79 scenes under the weight of iron hoops. And in one scene little Bonnie Dane broke off her lines to point at a dog on the set and ask: "Now can I pet him?"

Cast and crew may tell you that I was a hard taskmaster coaxing and fuming until every shade of expression was right. But to me, details are important.

Have we made a good picture? I cannot tell. Of that you readers must be the judge.

Loretta receives around \$75,000 for her work in "The Men In Her Life" and wears gowns valued at \$1500! When she first took up dancing, Mae Murray staked her to lessons.



Eugenie Leontovich, Director Rafoff's wife, says she can cook better than she can act; demonstrated by cooking borsch for lunch on the set.





M-G-M's "Blossoms in the Dust" (in which she's a feminine "Mr. Chips") is her first Technicolor film. Above, with Walter Pidgeon and Pat Parker.

# GAY DIVORCÉE

**GARSON, THE SUPER CONVENTIONAL,**

**HAS GONE A LITTLE BIT WACKY—**

**AND YOU'LL LOVE HER FOR IT!**

"Down and stay!" Greer gave the command as I came in. She was seemingly speaking to me; I didn't see a dog around.

Slightly startled, I sat down. I had expected to stay a while anyway. After all, I had been invited to tea. And unless you have eaten cucumber sandwiches by Garson, your palate has been cheated.

"Ohhh," Greer was laughing, "forgive me, I thought you were . . . I mean, I was thinking about my white poodles."

Was I in the right house? I was, of course, but this couldn't be the grave Greer Garson. It was Greer all right, but changed, I thought. Really sensationally changed.

It's not her body that has changed; it's her mind, her spirit, her attitude towards life. It's the gay and colorful gowns in her wardrobe; the cup of champagne she uses for a shampoo. It's that Hollywood has made her clothes-conscious, luxury-conscious, fun-conscious as she never was before. It's because she recently got

her divorce and is free. Fundamentally, I am sure, it's because she is in love—with M-G-M executive Benny Thau.

Emerging from reverie, I came to and heard Greer saying energetically, "... the most exhausting morning. I'm literally leading a dog's life training those two white poodles of mine! Recently I sent them to a training school in the Valley where they are taught to do everything but cook. Now that I've finished 'Blossoms in the Dust,' I've been going to school with them. One of my jobs is to give commands in the tone of voice used by the trainers. I have to keep practicing the 'down and stay' command, so that I'll get the proper authority in my tones. That's what I was doing when you came in! I also have to climb ladders and canter across fields so that they will get the idea that they must obey me whatever I do. The upshot of it is," Greer laughed, "the dogs lie relaxed under the shade of an old pepper tree, while I take the rigorous part of the training. I also plan their diets," she added, "and design their haircuts, with the result that they usually look like anteaters!"

Seizing the question that was uppermost in my mind, I said, "Greer, you've changed a lot, haven't you?"

"Quite a lot."

"Why? How come?"

"Well, for one thing, I'm a lot happier than I was when I first came to Hollywood. I was ill then and worried about whether I would ever get a break. I had reason to worry. I didn't even see a camera for over a year. I began to believe no camera would ever see me!

"I came here on the strength of my London stage role as Mrs. Chips, but I didn't have too much hope that she would help my chances. The part was too gentle, I thought, not exciting enough—not glamorous.





Greer (with Colonel Kimbrey) used to go in for "sensible clothes." Now adores ultra glamorous get-ups, featuring floppy millinery, giddy shoes and impractical gloves.



She was legally married to a British Government attaché for 7 years, but they separated 5 weeks after the marriage. Current serious beau is Benny Thau, Louis Mayer's assistant.

BY GLADYS HALL

"But now, according to Mervyn LeRoy who directed me in 'Blossoms in the Dust,' no one has to worry about glamour any more. He says that glamour, as we have commonly understood it, is dated, gone. The movies are now ushering in a new type in which feminine appeal, the bosomy, womanly kind, will be ninety per cent of glamour. Out go the vamps and sweater girls! In come the simple housewives!"

I recalled then what Mervyn had told me a few days before. "As Edna Gladney in 'Blossoms in the Dust,' Greer is just as alluring as was the old-time siren who heaved a sigh, stretched herself on a tired tiger skin and swooned when the man of her choice hove in view. Greer plays the majority of her scenes in a gingham dress and apron, up to her chin in babies. Yet she has two men madly in love with her and is admired by men of every description. It's all perfectly believable because she is more genuinely feminine than any type of woman you've ever seen before on the screen. And men will react to her because femininity to man is glamour."

"Last year," Greer continued, "I wouldn't let myself become attached to Hollywood. I'd keep telling myself, 'Don't be silly. There are other places just as important as this. If you don't stay here, what do you care?' Now, I can be honest with myself and admit that I would have cared terribly!"

"If," Greer said gravely, "it weren't for the trouble on the other side, I would be completely happy now. I'm afraid, however, that my success and my feeling of satisfaction is ill-timed. You just don't feel you have a right to be happy these days. But," she smiled, "such amusing things have happened to me in the past months. The roof story, for instance . . .

"A few weeks ago I came home to lunch to find the roof of my house lying in the garden, a neat pile of tiles. Of the five people in the house at the time, only

our butler knew anything about it. It seems a man came to the back door and asked if he might work on the roof. Thomas, assuming I had ordered some minor repair, gave his permission but didn't think to get the man's name or that of his company.

"We regarded each other with dark brown looks. Had the man made a mistake? Was it some other house whose roof he should have removed? We didn't know what to think. But the most amazing part of the whole affair occurred in the late afternoon while we were out. Just as silently as the roof had been removed, it was put back again. We can only conclude that it was either a mistake or that someone played a costly joke on us. I didn't dare leave the house for a week lest the same sense of humor get prankish with the plumbing.

"Then there's been the fun of redecorating and refurnishing the house. Mother and I did it all alone, entirely without benefit of a decorator. For four months we prowled around antique shops to find what we needed. But that wasn't work because we both love those old shops! Our greatest treasure was Napoleon Bonaparte's silver dinner service, with the imperial "N" and the Napoleonic coat of arms on each piece. Those cupids on that carved wood mirror over your head I found in an old soapbox in the back of one of the stores. Old clocks are my hobby. So we planned our entire dining room scheme around an old Empire clock we brought over from London.

"But," Greer laughed, "those four months nearly suspended our social activities. We couldn't very well ask friends to come and sit on the floor, even though it was covered with rose petals from the bouquets we placed all through the house.

"My new white carpets have been a pleasure, too, in spite of the problems they (Continued on page 86)



# SCREEN SPECIALISTS

A foundation of specialized wizardry underlies Hollywood's routine miracle of daily creation. But in a town where no talent entitles you to be self-conscious, the specialists allow the Garbos and Gables to reap the spotlight. On the following pages, MODERN SCREEN contests the needless obscurity of such abundant gifts, presents three of the people whose inspiration helps oil Hollywood's sensitive machinery.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

**headman**

BUDDY DE SYLVA



Hollywood wondered why a man of independent wealth like Buddy De Sylva should let himself in for the nerve-racking job of executive producer, which he took on at Paramount last February. He had three bulls-eye hits running on Broadway—"Du Barry Was a Lady," "Louisiana Purchase" and "Panama Hattie." He collects royalties from the countless hit tunes he started writing at twenty—among them such Tin Pan Alley classics as "April Showers" and "A Cottage Small." He could sit on feathers and watch the world go by, but he doesn't like feathers. His reasons for taking the job were two. He enjoys living in California and tackling tough propositions to see if he can lick them. His wife thinks he's silly to work so hard. But layoffs drive him crazy.

His Portuguese father was an actor. His mother was so young that people took her baby to be her brother and called him Buddy, which stuck. His real name is George, and he uses the initials B. G. as a sop to formality. He's responsible for twenty-four big budget pictures a year, decides on the film possibilities of stories, assigns script writers and associate producers, approves the selection of directors and stars, sees tests and rushes, attends sneak previews—which keeps his finger in the pie and his nose to the grindstone from start to finish. With Warners bidding against Paramount for "Lady in the Dark," he had an hour to report on the script. He closed his office, read it and reported yes. \$283,000 were involved. That's not as high as it seems, because Paramount backed the stage show and got a kickback

from it. Four nights a week he's at the studio till midnight but hopes to relax when the job tames down.

He has none of the stodginess of the traditional big-shot. His speech is brisk, his manner simple, his vitality stimulating. He's profoundly interested in world affairs, a discriminating reader who loves the subtleties of Ambrose Bierce and Max Beerbohm and a Sunday painter like Rousseau. Only Rousseau, he says a shade ruefully, didn't have to take scripts home to read on Sundays. His sole exercise consists in stretching what he calls a little rubber thing for a couple of minutes in the morning. He smokes not more than three packs of cigarettes a day and gravely attributes his success to a liking for Black Label and plain water. He loathes dancing and night clubs where music drowns out talk. His idea of a good social evening is food, conversation and Black Label at Chasen's in Hollywood or Moore's in New York. Now forty-four, he's been married for sixteen years to Marie Wallace, who used to be a Ziegfeld girl. She couldn't get him to stop working but did persuade him to give up driving because he went too fast. Though he never had an accident, he achieved the astonishing feat of driving all the way to Malibu once with his brakes on.

He thinks good films depend on good writers, actors and directors in that order. "The story," he says, "is all-important. How else can you get people interested?" The theory isn't revolutionary, but its practice is. Acting on it, Buddy, has started a revolution at Paramount!



Small, slim and brown-eyed, she looks like the kind of woman men protect and rank with the top males in her profession. Blanche Sewell's the only woman at Metro who edits the big A's. Right now she's cutting "They Met in Bombay" and "Honky Tonk"—both Gable pictures, which gives you an idea. She works in slacks or dark skirts, with a white glove on her left hand to protect it from the thousands of feet of oily film that pass through her fingers in the course of a day. Celluloid being as explosive as TNT, she has to step outside when she wants a smoke.

As a high school kid, looking for a summer vacation job, she got it by bluffing. A couple of friends who worked in a film laboratory brought home some negative and showed her how to clean it, so she could say she'd had experience. Once she got experience, she knew what to do with it. From negative cutter, she became assistant to Allan Dwan's cutter, then to Marshall Neilan's. Neilan took her to Metro with him. Her boss was made head of the department, "so he made a cutter of me," she says with characteristic modesty, her greatest fear being that people may think she's more important than she is. She's pretty important. It's an axiom of the industry that a picture can be made or ruined in the cutting room.

She does for the film what a book or magazine editor

does for a story. The daily rushes are run for her and the director; he selects his takes, she assembles them, shifts, adjusts, rearranges, times, goes over the first rough assembly with director and producer and so on *da capo* through the final sneak preview. She thinks the cutter's greatest hazard lies in dealing with people, and his greatest blunder in upsetting them. So she stays as far away from the set as she can, and when cornered by players who ask her how the rushes look, remains noncommittal. On a deadline she works through the night, and in any case never gets home before 8:30. Too tired to eat, she bathes, takes a glass of wine and reads herself to sleep.

She's married to Leon Bourgeau, a cutter at Metro. They spend Sundays riding, weeding the garden of their home in the valley and not talking shop. He scorns the red geraniums she raises; she points out in retaliation that the horses refuse to eat the carrots he planted for them. Mike, the darling of their joint hearts, is a schnauzer, called Pointer because he points at the icebox. Once every two weeks or so he parks himself beside Miss Sewell's car in the morning and refuses to budge. That means he wants to go to the studio and be fussed over by the whole personnel. She always takes him—afraid, if she doesn't, that he may not be there on her return. It's her sole superstition, believe it or not.

BLANCHE SEWELL



she cuts the stars



LIONEL BANKS



**columbia banks on him**

This is the man who designs the sets that Columbia builds. Next time you see the name Lionel Banks on "Penny Serenade," "Mr. Jordan Comes to Town," "Our Wife" or "Ladies in Retirement," you'll know what he looks like. The face is ruddy, the fringe round the bald spot sandy, the moustache red, the eyes behind the specs blue and merry. He beams in order to keep out of trouble—especially when dealing with business managers. They can't hit you, he says, while you're smiling at them. The scar on his nose was left by a windshield that got in the way of his face. He can't do a thing with his eyebrows.

In designing sets, his principal aim is to create the proper atmosphere for the picture. His principal headaches are not enough time and money. He consults with producer, director, cameraman and the business manager aforesaid. Told to build a fifty-room castle for \$1000, his automatic rejoinder would be, "Nonsense, gentlemen, I need \$1100." Twenty-five trained draftsmen work under his supervision, and he's responsible for the set from the time he makes his first layout till the time it's struck. This sometimes keeps him at the studio till 2 A.M. There were so many demands for the plans of his Blondie house that a replica was built in Los Angeles, from which orders were taken. Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan are modeling theirs on the house he designed for Roz Russell & Mel Douglas in "This Thing Called Love."

He says he started training for his job at two, by drawing pictures on his fingernails. He continued in the School of Architecture at U.S.C. and after graduation worked with George Washington Smith, outstanding residential architect. Through a friend he met Jack Warner, for whom he designed a house, a golf course, swimming pools and—for the family—the Sam Warner Memorial. His first studio assignment was a sound set for the first talkie, "The Jazz Singer." During a periodic shutdown at Warners, he moved to Columbia for two weeks and has stayed eleven years.

His own house is U-shaped, designed for outdoor living, with French doors leading from every room to the patio. He enjoys the short shorts in Collier's and brown and green ties—not because they complement the color of his moustache. His sons, Robin and Neil, are seven and eight. He rides with Neil and fishes with Robin. Robin hooks 'em, he lands 'em. Casual with money, he's dumped the whole problem into the laps of his wife and secretary. His secretary puts it into the bank; his wife draws it out. One point of dispute arose when he designed the interiors of their home. He wanted a small dining room table to fit the proportions of the room. Mrs. Banks wanted a larger one for practical reasons. He came home one day to find that the small table had acquired a leaf. And, of course, that's how it stayed.



# BE YOUR OWN HAIRDRESSER



Peggy Moran ties casual curls back with ribbon bow.



Anna Neagle's gleaming side locks are brushed high.



A soft, full pompadour is Greer Garson's choice.



Mary Beth Hughes' modified pomp is satin smooth.



Eleanor Powell accentuates her good features with rolls.

BY CAROL CARTER

## Follow Hollywood's lead to simple, soft coiffures

Are you getting bored seeing the same old face peer back at you from the mirror day after day? Then why not change it and give it a bright, new expression with an up-to-date hair-do?

Because every minute is precious these days, hair styles are becoming more streamlined. The newest coifs tend toward shorter locks and subtle shaping to make hair easier and quicker to manage. Locks are swept cleanly from the temples into neat gleaming rolls or soft curls—and all furbelows and ringlets are kept close to the natural hairline. While elaborate coiffures are in the discard with other time-consumers, the season's new hair styles are as flattering and lovely as ever before.

Hats and hair styles have teamed up so you don't have to re-do your hair for every hat you wear. The smartest coifs contrive to conform with and flatter bonnets and, returning the courtesy, hats—from the generous off-the-face versions to pillbox numbers that jut forward—are shallow and small-crowned to sit lightly on the head and give full play to hair styles.

You can be your own hairdresser this fall if you select one of the simple, up-to-the-minute coiffures illustrated here. Greer Garson and Mary Beth Hughes like the pompadour in its modified version which isn't too high or difficult to keep in place. You can achieve this clean-swept wave with a few pin curls or curlers.

Eleanor Powell's gleaming coif illustrates the side pomp version which is so flattering to girls with well-molded features. You can set these rolls to hold firmly by pinning two rows of pin curls to a side, winding each row in a different direction. When the curls are combed out, they interlock and hold better.

You can give a long bob an upswept look by bringing up the side strands and folding them flatly against the temple, as done by Anna Neagle. Your back hair can drift into soft end curls or it may be brushed into satiny smoothness with the ends turned under as Mary Beth Hughes wears hers. Peggy Moran shows how attractive casual locks look when caught back with a barrette or tied with a ribbon. At night, tuck fresh flowers in your clasp.

The younger stars love bangs because they're so versatile. For evening Laraine Day wears long, wavy bangs, beginning high on her head and caught and tied with a demure ribbon bow. Her hair is brushed high in back and molded into soft curls. Many stars prefer large, puffed-under bangs that amount to a reverse pompadour, but you'll also see lots of straight, severe bangs, (Continued on page 95)



Notice Laraine Day's wavy bangs and upswept hair.



Carole Landis wears a sleek feminine hair-do at night.



A soft simplicity characterizes Una Merkel's coif.



Lynn Bari chooses a halo arrangement for long hair.





2

BY CAROL CARTER



1

1. APPLY LIQUID SHAMPOO TWICE, RINSING WELL AFTER EACH TIME. 2. RINSES MAKE HAIR LUSTROUS AND VERY EASY TO MANAGE. 3. WAVE SETS, BRILLIANTINES AND TONICS ASSURE GOOD GROOMING. 4. SET YOUR HAIR WITH BOB PINS, CURLERS OR COMBS.

All new coifs that you and your hair stylist concoct are just so much wasted energy unless your hair itself is healthy and manageable. Look to cleanliness, stimulation and grooming for the basis of your hair beauty.

First and foremost you must get the habit of giving your hair at least one hundred strokes a day with a good, firm, long-bristled brush, always being sure to cover the full length of every strand. Brushing not only stimulates and exercises hair, it also does the important job of cleaning and polishing. Hold your brush at a forty-five degree angle—and brush upward and outward, lightly but firmly. Twist your wrist with each stroke in order to pull and exercise the full length of your hair right down to the very ends. Combing up and outward with a clean, long-toothed comb will accomplish much the same results. Begin your combing or brushing at the front hairline, work around the edge in a complete circle, then separate your hair by crisscross parts and brush each section—not more than an inch square—one at a time on both sides. Finish with another complete hairline encirclement just for good measure. The whole operation should take no more than five minutes once you've mastered the technique.

Of course, everybody knows that the general condition of your system definitely affects the quality of your hair. If your system lacks oils, nourishment or glandular secretions, your hair will show it in loss of lustre, "life" and vitality. Sometimes after an illness—especially one accompanied by fever—even greyness, baldness or excessive dryness or oiliness will result. However, these are unusual





# Glorify your Hair

conditions due to extreme causes and should be treated by a physician or other kind of specialist. We're concerned with more or less normal hair problems—the kind that everybody shares and the type you can treat at home.

You see, out of tiny pockets known as follicles, your scalp manufactures hundreds of thousands of minute, horny shafts which we call hair. These are made of a substance similar to nails and cuticle and keep your head warm and protected as well as beautiful. Blondes are said as a rule to have the thickest count of hair—averaging about 140,000 to a scalp. Brunettes come next with an average of some 108,000 hairs to a head, and redheads follow with an average count of 90,000 hairs, these figures being more or less approximate.

Hair health begins at the scalp. A loose, thickly-cushioned scalp will grow strong, luxuriant, lustrous hair, whereas a tight, thin, rigid scalp starves your hair so that it is thin, lifeless and undernourished. This condition may result in premature greyness or baldness if not stimulated and encouraged by regular massage, brushing, tonics and oil treatments.

Normal, undamaged hair is full of elasticity and will stretch as much as half an inch. Injured or burned hair is more brittle and will break easily if not handled carefully. The hair itself has no blood or nerve supply, so that cutting affects neither its growth nor curliness. If the scalp itself has not been injured, every new crop of hair you grow (and this, of course, is going on constantly) has an equal chance to be vigorous, thick

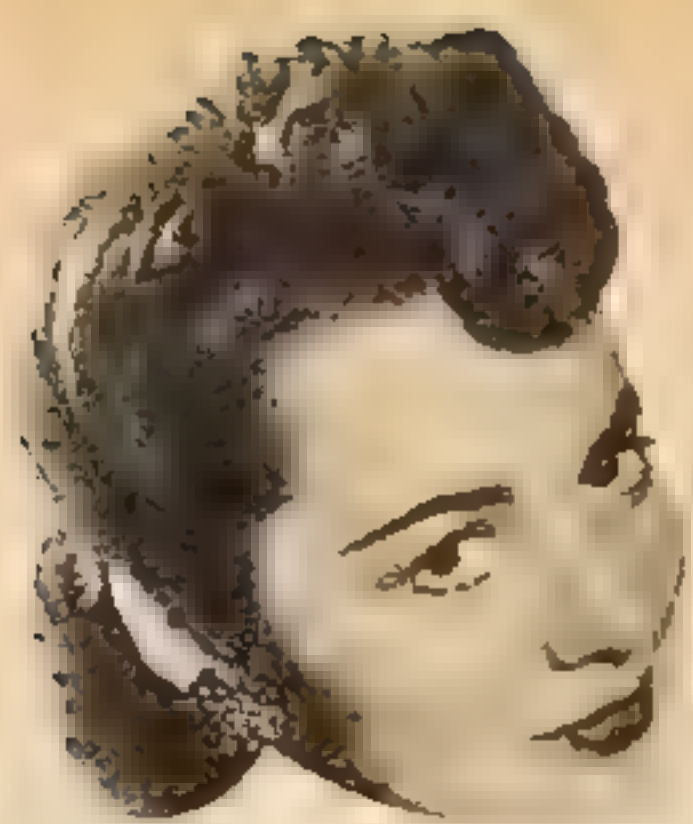
and shining. This should be of real encouragement to you who have had unhappy experiences with poor permanents, bleaches, or any other kind of hair injury.

One of the best ways of conditioning is simply kneading your scalp until it tingles and massaging the base of your neck to bring your blood up. Relax tired, congested nerves by regular exercise—outdoors, when possible. There are excellent tonics on the market to relieve either excessive dryness or oiliness. And remember that vigorous, regular brushing and combing will do a great deal to normalize either one of these conditions.

Oily hair requires more frequent shampooing than dry hair. Hard and fast rules are very difficult to lay down. Shampoo your hair when it becomes soiled—no matter whether that is every few days or every other week. Climate, the cleanliness of your own community, the season of the year and your personal habits all are such individual problems that it is impossible for us to dictate set rules.

But we *can* tell you about a top-notch shampoo! There are three separate steps: washing, rinsing and drying. First, moisten your hair thoroughly with lukewarm water—soft water, if possible. Then apply your liquid soap or shampoo generously over your entire scalp, massaging it in with your fingertips. After the shampoo has been well-worked in and has done a good preliminary cleansing job, rinse your hair in warm water. Then apply your shampoo again, drawing the soapy ends of your hair between your fingers to be sure they are thoroughly cleansed. If your hair is particularly oily or dirty (*Continued on page 88*)





Olivia De Havilland

# Modern Screen's Chart

## FOR

## USE THESE PRODUCTS

## HOW AND WHEN TO USE THEM

### A THOROUGH SHAMPOO

Special water softener  
Liquid shampoo  
Rinse  
  
Brilliantine  
Towels, brush and comb

Brush hair thoroughly to remove all particles of dirt and dust. Massage scalp thoroughly with fingertips. For hard water, use water softener with shampoo or use hard-water shampoo. A rinse will bring out hidden lights in hair. Spray ends of hair when dry with brilliantine for more luster.

### DRY OR SUNBURNED HAIR

Pomade or oily lotion  
Oily shampoo  
  
Brilliantine  
Cream wave set  
Hair brush and comb

Massage a pomade or oily lotion into scalp at roots of hair two or three times weekly. Shampoo hair at least once a week with a special shampoo for dry hair. Spray ends with brilliantine to give it sheen. Cream wave set may also be used. Brush hair 100 times every night to stimulate sluggish oil glands.

### DRY, FLAKY DANDRUFF

Special hair conditioning oil—  
olive oil  
Dandruff-remover shampoo.  
Pomade or special lotion  
  
Brilliantine  
Brush and comb

The night before shampoo, massage hot oil into scalp. Shampoo hair with special dandruff-remover shampoo. When hair is dry, massage pomade or special lotion into scalp. Use brilliantine regularly on ends and brush hair every night thoroughly.

### OVER OILY HAIR

Corrective Tonic  
Shampoo  
  
Brush and comb

Every night, separate hair into sections and apply a corrective tonic to scalp. Shampoo hair twice a week or oftener if it becomes too oily. Brush hair gently at night to stimulate circulation at scalp. Avoid oily tonics, shampoos, etc.

### OILY, CRUSTACEOUS DANDRUFF

Corrective tonic  
Dandruff-remover shampoo  
  
Brush and comb

Separate hair into sections and massage scalp with corrective tonic every night. Shampoo hair with special dandruff-remover shampoo at least twice a week. Brush hair regularly every night.

### FALLING HAIR

Tonic or pomade for thinning,  
falling hair  
Brush and comb

Massage scalp thoroughly every night with a stimulating tonic or pomade. Brush hair vigorously every night to stimulate hair growth. If hair is dry, protect it from too much sun and impact of shower spray and avoid putting water on it daily. If hair is oily, avoid oily tonics and creams.



# for Hair Care



Jean Rogers



Evelyn Ankers

**FOR**

**USE THESE PRODUCTS**

**HOW AND WHEN TO USE THEM**

**DULL HAIR**  
(Natural brunette,  
blonde or  
redhead)

Shampoo for dry hair  
Rinse  
Brilliantine  
  
Brush and Comb  
Special tonic for dry hair  
Cream wave set

Shampoo hair at least once a week. Always use a rinse to bring out hidden highlights. Spray brilliantine on ends. Brush hair 100 times every night to exercise and stimulate scalp. Use oily tonic at least once a week. Cream wave set may also be used.

**UNRULY HAIR**

Brilliantine, oily tonic or pomade  
Cream wave set or wave-set lotion  
Hair brush  
Hair lacquer  
Tuck combs, bob pins, hair nets  
and pins, curlers, etc.

Apply brilliantine to ends of hair. Massage pomade or oily lotion into scalp every night to make hair softer and more manageable. Brush hair regularly every night. Use wave-set to insure uniform wave, and bob pins, combs, lacquer, hair nets, hair pins, etc., to keep hair in place.

**RECONDITIONING  
HAIR FOR  
PERMANENT WAVING**

Hair brush  
Oily tonic and pomade  
Special conditioning oil

Brush hair regularly every night to stimulate natural flow of oil. Apply pomade, oily tonic or special conditioning oil to scalp every night. Give hair hot oil treatment with special conditioning oil, then shampoo.

After permanent wave, continue hot oil shampoos, oily tonics and pomades. Spray ends with brilliantine.

**BLEACHING HAIR**

Special shampoo for lightening  
hair  
Hair-lightening rinse  
Well-known bleach

Follow regular preliminaries for shampooing hair and use hair-lightening shampoo according to directions. Use hair-lightening rinse according to directions after regular shampoo.

Use bleach according to specific directions.

**RECOLORING  
GRAYING HAIR**

Hair pencil or stick  
Shampoo tint  
  
Tinted rinses  
Dyes

Apply wherever white hair appears. Use shampoo tint as a regular shampoo, according to directions.

Use all rinses and dyes according to specific directions for use.

**BEAUTIFYING  
WHITE OR GRAY  
HAIR**

Shampoo for white hair  
Special rinses, such as platinum,  
blue, etc.  
Hair brush and comb

Shampoo hair with special shampoo for white hair or shampoo in regular manner and rinse with special preparation which gives it a platinum, faint blue or orchid undertone.

Since gray hair is inclined to become coarse, brush it regularly every night to keep it soft and silky.



# GO

**ANN SHERIDAN CALLED  
UP FOR ACTIVE DUTY  
IN NEW ZEALAND ARMY!  
MARTHA RAYE WEDS  
ARMY MAN! REQUESTS  
FOR LAMOUR SARONG  
MOUNT TO 500. STOW-  
AWAY FAN STARTLES  
ROMERO HOUSEHOLD!**

# NEWS

## FOOT NOTE

No John Barrymore biography is complete without lurid tales of his days spent cartooning for a Chicago newspaper. The life-story writers will have you know that the Barrymore pen used vitriol instead of ink, and no pompous public official ever was safe from the sarcasm and ridicule "Jawn" stirred up with a few swift lines and sly shadings. One thing the boys never mention, though, is why Barrymore was finally fired. The reason was so out of keeping with the bombastic Barrymore tradition, they figure no one would believe it. One of his assignments was to illustrate a continued story written by a very important author. On the day the fifth installment appeared, the writer stormed into the office and excitedly demanded to know why all the illustrations accompanying his masterpiece showed the characters standing in tall grass! The peculiar pictures were causing so much discussion, the story and its message to the public was fading into the background. The editor summoned Barrymore and asked for an explanation. John, who'd hoped to take the dreadful secret to his grave, meekly confessed he had left art school three weeks before the course was over and had never learned how to draw human feet!

## PLANE AND FANCY FLYING

Every time Jimmy Stewart gets a week-end leave and comes back to town, he spends the first day sleeping. On Sunday he dons his uniform again and makes the rounds, seeing all his pals. At Mocambo a few weeks ago, he and friend Hank Fonda were reminiscing about the day they lured Margaret Sullavan to a small airfield and persuaded her to go up in a plane for the first time. It was years ago, and the planes at that time looked like discarded boxes put together with piano wire. They got the pilot off in one corner and gave him \$10 "to make it rough—just for a gag." Fifteen minutes after the take-off, Hank and Jimmy, watching the tiny plane, began suffering pangs of remorse. The pilot was outdoing himself, putting the plane through barrel rolls, Immel-

man turns and double loops. When the plane finally taxied to a tired stop, the boys rushed over to carry Maggie to some quiet spot. But Maggie fooled 'em. Stepping from the open cockpit, she looked as cool as an ice cube, and her only comment was, "Thanks, boys. It was swell but a little uncomfortable. Shouldn't there have been something to hold me in?" Both boys dashed to the plane, peered in and turned two shades of green. The safety belt that should have been attached securely around Maggie had apparently been torn out before the flight, and she must have been holding on by her fingers, toes and a couple of prayers. The payoff is, this same Margaret Sullavan (and she admits it) can't ride in an automobile without getting car-sick!

## LOVE ON THE AIR

The turning point in the public's opinion—approval of Dave Rose as Judy Garland's husband-to-be—came a few months ago as the result of a radio play. Judy starred in a CBS Silver Theater dramatization of a story she'd written herself—a story, whether she realized it or not, that made her millions of fans understand and appreciate her sincere love for Dave. It told of a girl in her teens who falls in love with a man over thirty, and showed exactly how their mutual interests lead to compatibility, friendship, then love. The three radio scripters who conferred with Judy on her story had it brought forcefully home to them how so many of Judy's young fans originally felt about Mr. Rose. Judy, emphasizing ages just a little, told them: "It's about a young girl of sixteen who falls in love with an elderly man of 33." The silence was deafening. All three men, just over that age, saw themselves for the first time through the eyes of youth and suddenly felt just a wee bit ancient!

## RED—WILLING AND ABLE

Red Skelton's the boy whose mother must have been scared by a skyrocket! He's the peppiest, most uninhibited funnyman to hit Hollywood in years and equals, if not surpasses, Bob Hope's record for performing at



Jimmy Stewart, his sister and Geo. Murphy were among the 600 guests invited to Judy Garland's combination birthday-engagement party at her Bel-Air home. Judy hosted in her favorite pink organdy.



benefits. Red is under contract to M-G-M, and was strolling into the commissary on the lot the other day when a friend stopped him. "Sorry I missed the show you put on last night, Red. I hear the climax of your act is terrific!" "Oh," said Red, "You mean this?" And there in plain sight of everyone from Louis B. Mayer to the extras, Red leaped three feet into the air and came down flat on his face!!!

#### DIDJA KNOW

That snap-eyed Jane Withers has gotten the real accolade of big-girlhood from her studio. Twentieth Century-Fox has okayed her for leg art . . . That fans put the bite on Dorothy Lamour for an average of 500 sarong samples every week . . . That "Rags" Ragland used the same routine for his "Panama Hattie," radio and movie tests—a corny hunk of burlesque business called "Flugal Street" . . . That food-fussy Lupe Velez pops into the RKO kitchen every lunch hour to pick out her own meal . . . That to ace camera hawk Greg Toland's critical eye these are filmdom's most interesting faces: Gary Cooper, Gloria Swanson, Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich, John Qualen, Bette Davis, Ronald Colman, Frederic March, Frank Morgan and Orson Welles . . . That Victor Jory used to be a strong man . . . That handsome Ray Milland may be flashing a few bruises for the next month or two. He gets no double for those fight scenes in "Reap the Wild Wind" . . . That Olsen and Johnson, Broadway "Helzapoppin'" zanies, made a beeline for the roller coaster and carnival concessions at nearby Venice on their recent visit to Hollywood?

#### CHARLEY'S AUNTICS

Between Jack Benny, done up like a younger edition of Whistler's mother, and Director Archie Mayo, who's been wasting a lot of rare clowning behind the cameras, crew and cast of "Charley's Aunt" on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot have been going home nights with giggle-weary stomach muscles. In one scene the script calls for a hailstone, big as a man's two fists, to come sailing through a

window and land at Kay Francis' daintily shod feet. Patiently, over and over again, a prop man tossed in the dummy hailstone as the cameras clicked and Benny repeated his lines. Finally Mayo was satisfied. "Okay, Jack," he sang out, "you've got it now." He signalled for a final take. The cameras started grinding. Jack and Kay began their conversation. Mayo pressed his cue buzzer for the hailstone to come flying in. A second later Jack was dazedly rubbing his head and everyone on the set doubled up with laughter. The stone had landed smack on his head! Two takes later the scene was finally progressing smoothly to its finish. A rattled Jack leaned down and picked up the hailstone. "My, my, what a large gallstone!"

#### "MARTHA, MARTHA, WE ADORE YOU!"

There's one hunk of pastry being hoarded in bomb-battered England like something from the Crown Jewel collection. It's the first slice of Martha Raye's third wedding cake which she sliced off for young Bob Budge, John Taylor and Danny Coote, who packed it into a cigarette tin for safe voyage to the Tight Isle. Seems that the three kids from His Majesty's Canadian ship "Chilliwick" were on their way back to England when their corvette-type craft put into Los Angeles, giving the youngsters eight hours for their first look at Hollywood. Wandering into Slapsie Maxie's, they found Martha's wedding party in high gear. Martha spotted them, called them over to meet Annie Sheridan, Jack Oakie and the rest of her pals. Later, though it was her wedding night, she sat at their table and talked with them for hours. When she left, each of the lads got a big Raye kiss. She got John Taylor's hatband.

#### FOR WHOM NO BELL TOLLS

There's a reason for that glum, anti-defense look on Anne Nagle's pretty face these days. If you've been reading the papers, you know all about how she met Air Corps Ensign John Robinson on a vacation trip to Honolulu—how they announced their engagement shortly after that. Well, the two of them figured out a cute plan. John was coming up to

Hollywood on leave. They were to be married immediately. Then John would fly a bomber back to Honolulu. A swell idea. Happy Anne was already mentally picking out the pattern for Hawaiian bedroom curtains when bang!—came a cold government decree: no more passports to be issued for fortified Honolulu. And now those wedding bells may not ring for another whole year.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Favorite subject of filmland's storytellers is British megaphone wizard Alfred Hitchcock. The story we like best about him goes back to the time of his first visit to this country. Come to bid him farewell on the London pier was Peter Lorre, who waved goodbye with an odd glint in his eye. Hitchcock had reason to remember that glint. First morning out, a cordon of perspiring stewards rapped on his stateroom door, delivered 50 canaries "with Mr. Lorre's compliments." Each morning thereafter 50 more canaries arrived on the dot. By the time the boat docked in New York, there were enough cheeping, chittering birds to start a small aviary. But no one ever ribbed the great Hitchcock with impunity. No sooner was the gangplank lowered than he hustled off to a nearby telegraph office, spent a good hour composing an elaborate, 1900-word cablegram expressing his undying gratitude for the canaries—and sent it off to Lorre in London collect!

#### THREE BLIND MAESTROS

Try this one on your dining room table quiz program: What do Bing Crosby, Smiley Burnette and Ted Collins have in common? Give up? Not one of them can read a note of music! That's strange news about Bing, the boy who keeps sending it sweet and solid to millions of movie, radio and hot platter fans. But it's equally true of Ted who cuts himself a fat slice of Paramount's weekly payroll just for calling the turn on hit tunes. And Smiley, Gene Autry's globular film shadow, believe it or not, can knock out a tune on 52 different instruments! Blushing composer of more than 200 ditties, he once wrote 11 songs in one day—sold eight of 'em.



Cake in shape of two hearts covered entire table-top. Judy and Dave posed by it, then sent it intact to a local children's hospital.



Police kept fans away from door! Invited guests (Ann Sothorn included) had tiny cards with couple's name and Sept. engraved on 'em!



Many guests came bearing gifts, but Judy waited till party's end to open 'em. Joan Crawford's offering was a luscious bed jacket!



# GOOD NEWS

continued

## DISA AND DATA

Priscilla Lane's laugh is such a pretty, gurgling thing that CBS has recorded it for future sound effects use . . . Most of those swallows who "come back from Capistrano" have been nesting at Mary Astor's Pacific Palisades home on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Mary's putting leg bands on them to see if they'll return again next year . . . That cocker spaniel Eddie Cantor promised Leni Lynn a year and a half ago arrived for Leni's graduation from high school. She christened the pooch "Kid Boots" . . . You can imagine how that RKO publicist felt when she sneezed in the middle of a tense take for a Lucille Ball pic—18 times! Hayfever . . . Carleton Alsop, Martha Scott's hubby, can't stand to stay in bed and watch her get up before dawn for a studio shooting date. He climbs out too, helps make her breakfast . . . Of Martha, friend and co-worker George Brent predicts: "She'll crack up in 10 years—throws herself too intensely into every part" . . . What MPTOA delegates will remember most clearly of all their Hollywood junket high spots: Gracie Fields' voluntary, spine-tingling rendition of "God Bless America" at Columbia's ranch barbecue . . . That big, tall, smoothie Walter Pidgeon, who stalked to glory in "Man Hunt," swore after flopping in his first few movie musicals that he'd never sing again. But you'll hear that fine baritone again when you see him as the Welsh minister, intoning hymns for "How Green Is My Valley" . . . Add Carole Landis: She's now collecting love classics between sessions of entertaining buck privates. Adopted by Company G, 53rd Infantry, who sent her a St. Bernard puppy, Carole's offered all her former *Ciro* and *Mocambo* time to boosting soldier boy morale . . . It was a new, transfigured Alice Faye, bubbling over on the set of "Weekend in Havana," lapelling strangers to tell them about her new ideas for re-decorating Phil Harris' home . . . Betty Grable, who has no stable, is wondering what to do with that horse George Raft gave her. George won it in a claim race at Santa Anita . . . Turn about's fair play. While Pardenas, famous ex-court painter of Spanish royalty, worked away at an oil portrait of Linda Darnell, she retaliated by making a very fine pastel study of him! . . . Hollywood's like that department: Republic's Mary Lee spent a whole year taking riding lessons for roles in *Autry* pix. Just as Mary had gotten to the point where she could do some fancy horse stunts, the studio ticketed her for stardom, told her "No more Westerns."

## TECHNI-COLLAR

Sheldon Leonard's first crack at a non-villainous role nearly waterlooded because of as small an item as a tab collar. Here's what happened. Sheldon was borrowed by M-G-M from Twentieth Century-Fox for its new "Married Bachelors." The role called for a tab collar, and Metro's costumers pawed their shelves vainly and finally made the round of Hollywood's haberdashers. Nary a tab. One shop offered to make up a batch from patterns rushed from New York. But the studio couldn't wait nine days. Driving down Wilshire Boulevard that night, Sheldon and Mrs. L. suddenly spotted a tab-collared driver heading the other way. Like a flash Sheldon gave pursuit, finally honked the stranger to the curb. "Please," begged Sheldon, "tell me where you got that collar." Turned out the fellow was a visitor from Manhattan—named Bronson. Sheldon coaxed, cajoled. M-G-M, he insisted, would pay a fat price for a couple of tab-collared shirts. Bronson felt flattered. Graciously he invited the Leonards to his Biltmore hotel room, presented Sheldon with three shirts from his extensive wardrobe. Fortunately, too, for Sheldon, who's a big 'un with a size 16½ neck, they fitted—a little snug, but just the thing for his role in the picture.

## HE PULLED OUT APLOMB

Takes an awful lot to ruffle that velvet-smooth British aplomb of Ronald Colman's. But Ronnie's still sweating great big drops over one recent experience. It was the mammoth music fiesta held at the Los Angeles Coliseum. Ronald had been asked to come and thank attendees for their generosity in aiding Britain's war effort. Glad to oblige, he waited backstage while one spectacular number after another unrolled before assembled thousands. Minutes passed. He began to get nervous. The stage manager rushed back to comfort him. "Just one more," he soothed, "and then you go on." Agonizedly Ronnie waited. Suddenly a cannon boomed. Music blared to fever heat. The crowd went crazy as a parachute came floating down with a huge American flag attached to it. "Now!" hissed the stage manager. Ronnie tottered out, met a silence so abrupt and so complete that a pin dropped at the back of the Coliseum would have clattered! P.S. Ronnie didn't blow his lines.

## JUST CALL ME "JUDY"

Hollywood's prize name-forgetter is Universal's Director Henry Koster. Though he successively handled all the pictures that built Deanna Durbin to stardom, he still can't remember her name. "You—ah—young lady" was the way he addressed her repeatedly on the set of "Almost An Angel." And Deanna would always demurely reply: "The name is Judy Garland, Mr. Koster." Height of absent-mindedness, however, came when Koster asked her if she had ever had a diamond. "Why, yes," grinned Deanna, presenting her third finger, left hand, "I was given this engagement ring not so long ago." Koster peered at it with interest. "Have you announced your engagement, my dear?" he inquired politely!

## HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

Speaking of Deanna, that new English-style farmhouse home she and Vaughn Paul are building out in Brentwood should be ready for a roof by the time you read this. In addition to a swimming pool and two extra bedrooms that might come in handy for nursery space, Deanna's planning a playroom to be papered with the dozens and dozens of giant-sized post cards that came piling in after her wedding. It won't take many, either. Signed by thousands and thousands of fans all over the country, the cards average four by six feet.

## GOOD SAMARITAN

Lovely Anne Shirley flashed one of Hollywood's sweetest smiles at us on the set of "Unexpected Uncle." "If you want to bump into some of the most interesting characters in this town," she confided, "drop in at one of the drive-ins about 6:30 in the morning." Anne's been on the usual dawn patrol schedule for her newest picture and makes a habit of breakfasting with the birds at a carhopper on Sunset Strip near her home. Pulling in for a bite one morning, she was accosted by a friendly, maudlin gentleman who asked politely: "What do you do?" Anne admitted she worked in films. "Ah, yes," said the gent, lifting his hat punctiliously, "—the films." He sighed sympathetically and raised his hat again. "I," he announced in a conspiratorial whisper, "am a bartender!" They shook hands solemnly and Anne reached for her purse to pay her check. Not a penny! Her new-found friend raised his hat again and reached for his wallet. "I am I-A. The army has called me. I have no use for this stuff now," he proclaimed to an embarrassed Anne and tossed a bill to the boy behind the counter. Says Anne: "It couldn't happen anywhere except in Hollywood at 6:30 A.M."



The Ty Powers are taking this real estate business seriously. Just built a business building on Sunset Blvd. and bought an apt. house!



Dating newly-arrived starlets is just an old Romero custom! Above with songstress Jane Frazee, Universal's white hope for stardom.



## WHEREFORE ART THOU, ROMERO?

If Cesar Romero hasn't done something about that wife problem of his by the time this appears, he'd better get busy, or they'll be calling him "tall, dark and hunted." Ever since that story on his "empty bridal suite" appeared in a fan magazine, Cesar's been inundated by bushels of proposals, applications and plain criticism. Even happily wed couples have written to ask whether there's anything wrong with their idol—why he can't get a wife. Climax came when he let himself into his Brentwood home one night and found a 19-year-old girl hiding on his back porch. Yes—she had read the story. Cesar, who embarrasses easily despite his heavy film polish, left the premises like a frightened deer. A studio rescue party came out, gave the misguided girl \$10 and sent her back home.

## LOVE OF POWER

Ever wonder what a movie hero goes through while he's watching his own love scenes on the screen? Tyrone Power, acknowledged one of Hollywood's top movie woo-ers, used to cast furtive looks around the audience to see how people were reacting, until he discovered folks giving him equally surreptitious glances to find out how he was taking it. Now he slumps down in his seat and makes himself as inconspicuous as possible. At the preview of "Blood and Sand," Ty sat blushing in the dark, watching his screen self make torrid Technicolor love to smoldering Rita Hayworth. By the time the scene reached its climax—Ty advancing toward negligée-clad Rita for a super-dooper kiss—he just couldn't slump down any farther. On the screen, Rita was about to receive the kiss he'd been building up to for 300 feet of film when there was a loud "R-r-ring" from the direction of her apartment door. That was all one precocious little brat in the audience was waiting for. Choosing his moment like a veteran wise guy, he let go in a loud voice, "Saved—by the bell!" Ty made a hurried exit five minutes before the picture ended—while the theatre was still dark.

## TONE'S TACTICS

Folks who think night clubs are boring should visit Ciro's some Sunday night. The undercurrents of intrigue flowing around give Hollywood most of its cocktail chatter for the rest of the week. Here's the puzzle they're working on this week: John Carroll, staggering it, encountered Franchot Tone in the men's lounge. "Who did you bring, Doc?" queried Carroll. "Lorraine Gettman," replied Tone, "very beautiful and very smart." Ten minutes later, Franchot and his date were munching their way through the meat course when John stalked up to the table, wangled an introduction and asked Tone's permission to dance with Lorraine. An hour later, the two were still dancing and Tone was doing a series of slow burns even Edgar Kennedy couldn't top. When John finally returned Lorraine to "the man what brung her," Tone bid one and all a cool good night and whisked his gal out of the club. Ten minutes later, he was back—alone! Everyone held his breath, and hoped there'd be a fight, but Franchot nonchalantly joined John in the stag line. When the two of them finally left, they were as palsy-walsy as a couple of long-separated brothers.

## BABY PHASE

Cesar Romero, Franchot Tone, Bobby Stack and George Montgomery have all gotten turndowns from Cobina Wright, Jr., when they phoned for a date. And the reason's as odd as one as you could possibly imagine—she has to stay in and mind a baby! It's this way. When she and her mother set up Hollywood

housekeeping not so long ago, they sent out a call for a couple to cook and garden. Most anxious of applicants were a Jack Melrose, 23 and his wife, 20, who showed up ready for work with a six-months-old baby. The Wright menage has never been the same since. Handyman Jack is taking music courses at U. C. L. A., expects to get an instructorship when he finishes. He plays the violin and cornet. Corbina, Sr., like her daughter, is a singer, and they had to work out a bargain to keep practising hours from conflicting. Now, when Mrs. W. sings, Jack accompanies her. In return, she does the same for his rehearsal sessions. But real stellar attraction is the baby. Wright dinner guests come at 5:30 instead of 7 or 8, if they want to see the infant before he's put to bed, and Cobina, Jr.'s, night life has gone into a voluntary slump. When the Melroses go out for an evening, she's the one who stays in with the baby!

## CRAZY OVER HORSES

Ma Joad—Jane Darwell to you—is a heart-warmer, not only on the screen, but off. And part of Hollywood tradition is her fanatical preoccupation with the bangtails, gee-gees—all right, horses. Jane can't be tied down on a day when nervous-ankled thoroughbreds are jibbing before the barrier, and the starter's got his gun cocked. The other day, while prettying her up for shooting, Twentieth Century's make-up man discovered a swelling under one eye. A tear duct had jammed. He advised medical attention. Jane's only concern was whether it would keep her from the races that afternoon! She went to a doctor, had it lanced and bandaged, and darned if she didn't head out for Hollywood Park in a pair of dark glasses.

## IT'S STILL GEORGE!

Of such trivialities are gossip items born in this town of mad make-believe: Ann Sheridan swept down the aisle of Los Angeles' Philharmonic Theatre where the curtain was set to go up on a performance of "Cabin in the Sky." You could almost hear the eyes popping. Her hair was a tumbled, vivid mass of copper over the collar of a white ermine coat. But it wasn't the hair or the coat that had theatre-goers rubbernecking. An's escort was Jean Negulesco, dapper Warner Bros. director—not George Brent! Annie swished into the seat right in front of us, then turned to peek at our look of astonishment. She giggled impishly. "George knows! George knows! It's okay." And he really did. While George has been out of town on location, Annie's had to stick around to test for "King's Row" (she's a honey in furbelows!) and a girl's got to have some fun.

## STAR SYSTEM

The casting department of one of Hollywood's major studios is offering prizes for the most effective way to blitzkrieg a certain foreign director right off the lot. This c.f.d. guides his life and work by the stars, and chooses players by their birthdates! Which means the casting department has to dub around with astrology charts and figure out whether the actor up for a part is Libra, Gemini or Virgo. Last week they took matters into their own hands and signed up a capable young actor for the same part the director had just assigned to some correctly-vibrating novice. The actor they chose has an identical wardrobe, knows his lines, and is earning his money by hiding on the set out of sight of the director. The first time the guy whose planets are in the right position blows up in his lines, the boy who knows his business will step into the scene and kill two birds with one stone. He'll save the studio thousands of dollars in lost time, and give the temperamental director a big, beautiful fit of apoplexy!

## SHORT SHOTS

Despite a list of nitery escorts a mile long, Maria Montez, Universal's sultry Santa Domingan, gets her first kiss in "Raiders of the Desert," her seventh film role. Not much fun for Maria, though. Kisser Lewis Howard wears a mustache and full beard! . . . The San Bernardino fan who sent Republic's Don Terry two uncut rubies worth \$75 apiece wrote apologetically: "P.S. I don't want to seem greedy, but would you send me a picture of you, your wife, and your horse" . . . To Bing Crosby, visiting him on the set of Paramount's "Nothing but the Truth," Bob Hope commented: "Nice hat you've got there. What did you do with the crackerjacks?" . . . You can't say Hollywood hasn't had a hand in that boost in the country's birth rate over last year. Approaching motherhood at this writing are Veronica Lake, Ann Morriss, Ann Shirley, Mary Martin, Constance Moore, Mrs. Jack Carson, Mrs. Preston Sturges, Mrs. George Jessel and Mrs. Albert Dekker . . . By the time you read this Ilona Massey's Alan Curtis may be just another army private—unless alimony payments to ex-wife Priscilla Lawson add up to an exemption.

(Continued on page 92)



Franchot Tone's girl friend Lorraine Gettman got her start posing for Coronet. Now she's a member of the "Navy Blues" sextette!



At the time of her wedding to associate-producer Vaughn Paul, Deanna Durbin gifted the British War Relief with 6 mobile canteen units!



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BRUNETTE



BROWNETTE



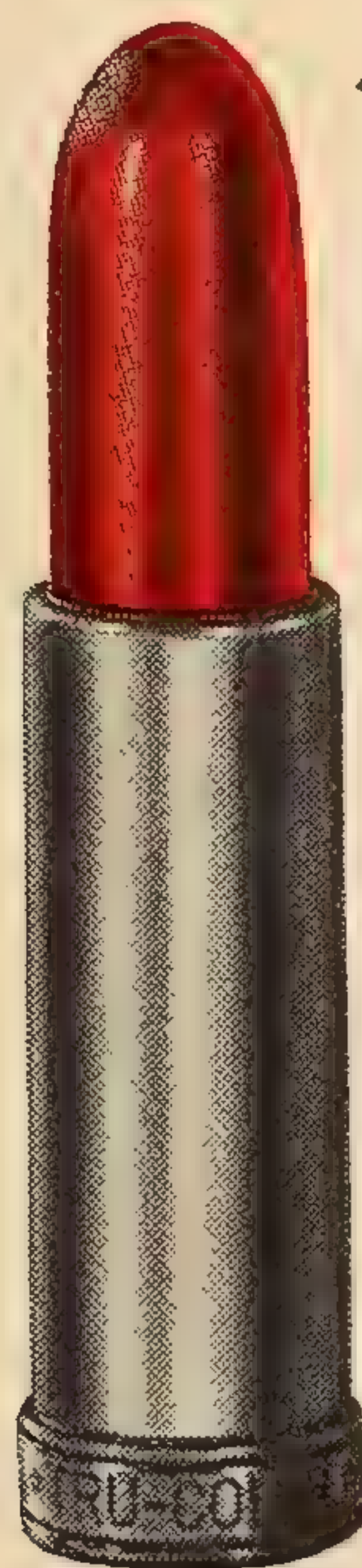
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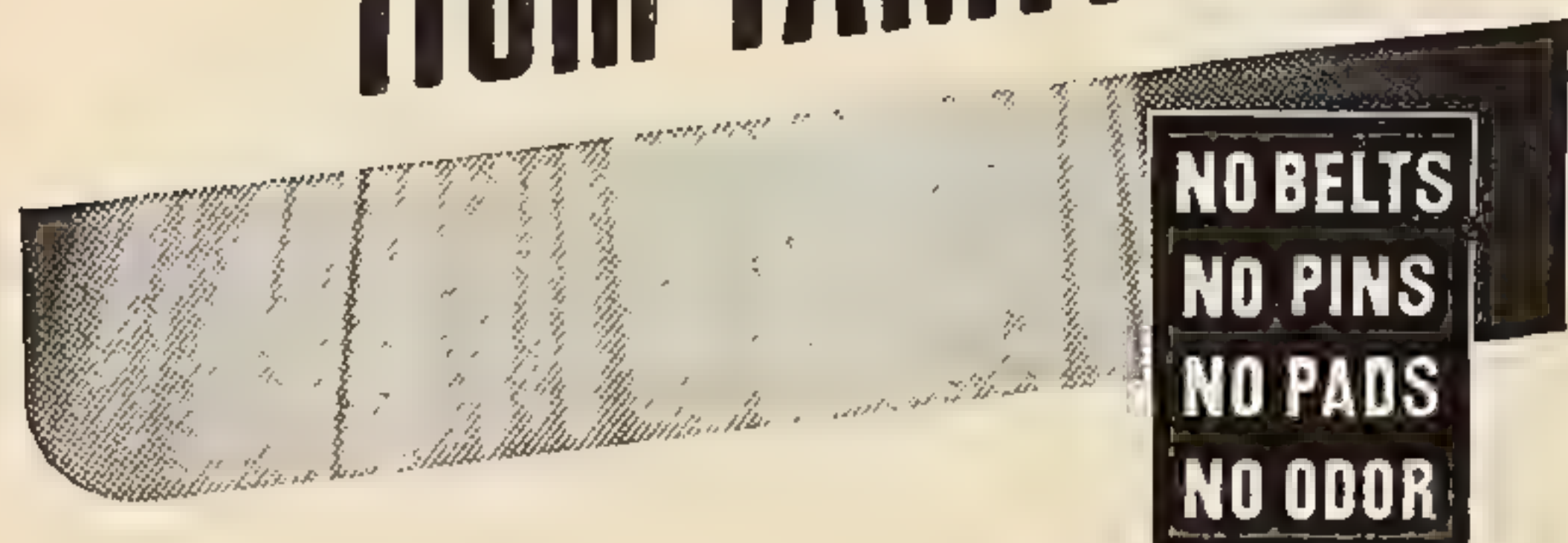
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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
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Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN <input type="checkbox"/> Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
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## A YANK IN HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 35)

friends you happen to be talking to." He keeps them strictly out of the public eye, regards his home as his castle and maintains an office for business transactions.

His manner is affable, his banter easy. A writer phoned from the publicity office to his dressing room. "Slip into something loose," he said, "and come on over." With a multiplicity of interests and a leveling humor, he can get along with anyone he wants to get along with, talk wire-laying to an electrician or international diplomacy to a statesman. He's a sports fan as well as a book lover, keen about music and also about mechanics.

He swims, golfs, shoots, plays tennis and in the spectator field, says he'll watch anything they'll do. He'd enjoy the fights better if they ran better fights in California. He follows the younger American musicians closely and was enchanted with Cato Mendelssohn, great-granddaughter of the Mendelssohn and a brilliant pianist, whom he heard at Eddie Horton's house. His own record collection includes all musical forms from Gilbert and Sullivan up and down. He was one of the first to own a miniature airplane, and last Christmas he built a model train for his son.

HE could read in the middle of a boiler factory. Absorbed in a book, he's lost to the outer world. A question repeated six times fails to get an answer, which understandably exasperates his wife and friends. Ordinarily he reads history and biography by choice, but concentrates nowadays on literature dealing with world affairs. However late he gets into bed, he reads for an hour or two before turning off the light. Occasionally, surfeited with horror, he'll pick up a volume of Kipling—poetry or prose—in which he always finds relief. He owns a complete collection of Max Beerbohm firsts; and James Hilton, hunting for the manuscript of "Mr. Chips" which he'd sold in his lean days, ran it to earth in Bob's library.

He shops only when he must, every six months or so, likes his suits in brown or gray, his ties in solid colors, and his shirts white with the balloon jib collars he's been using for twenty years. He had a blue suit once which he wore in so many pictures that Metro suggested he discard it before the lights picked up the shine in his pants. Another treasured garment is a twelve-year-old shooting jacket repaired in so many spots with leather patches that it now lays claim to being a leather jacket.

Bob admits to a variety of conflicting prejudices on the subject of hats. He likes green hats, dislikes new hats and prefers not to wear a hat at all. So when you catch him in one, it's likely to be a green relic which he'll cling to till it crumbles round his ears. His sole piece of jewelry is a signet ring worn on the little finger and engraved with the family crest—a woman holding an anchor in one hand, a man's head in the other. Below is the legend "Garde Bien" in Norman French. He translates it freely as, "Watch out for yourself." The ring was given him by Robert, Jr., at his birth, through the kind offices of his mother.

He prefers Pepsi-Cola and milk to hard liquor, and there's no kind of food—from delicate French to rich Hungarian—which he doesn't enjoy, providing it's prepared by an expert. Given his choice of one dish on a desert island, however, he'd

make it hamburger *with*, followed by a cigarette. His daily quota when he works is a pack and a half, otherwise fewer. His shaving habits also vary according to whether or not he's at leisure, his beard being so heavy that he copes with it only on his own time. On a picture he turns it over to the studio barber. If there's one thing he's proud of, it's the barber's chair which graces his dressing room at Metro. Gable swiped it while Bob was away on his last vacation but had to give it back.

He drives his own gray Cadillac, never speeds, and his one accident was caused by a man who rounded a corner on the wrong side of the road and hit him. The doctor took fifteen stitches in Bob's face. The stranger, though unscathed, threatened to sue him. On what grounds Bob doesn't know, except that he's Bob Montgomery. "Which may be reason enough for a lawsuit," he chuckles, "depending on the viewpoint."

Dancing's all right, but he has no time for it now. Among his close friends are Jim Cagney, George Murphy and Elliott Nugent, with whom he talks endlessly. They meet at his home or theirs. He steers wide of night clubs and large parties, maintaining that no group of more than twelve people can be intelligent collectively. "They scream," he says. He was moved to wonder and admiration by Sir Cleuther MacKenzie's one-word impression of the same phenomenon. Sir Cleuther, blinded in World War I, is a board member of the famous St. Dunstan's Home for the Blind. Montgomery attended a reception in his honor and noticed that he winced for a moment under the babble. "Does it affect you that way, too?" he asked. "Yes," smiled the other. "I have an expression for it. I call it blinding."

In rapid succession Montgomery made "Rage in Heaven," "Unfinished Business" with Irene Dunne at Universal and "Mr. Jordan Comes to Town" for Columbia. With these under his belt, he headed East, where he's scheduled to speak for all-out aid to Britain. Sanger's Circus went with him. He feels a special sense of gratitude nowadays in having his children where he can see them. He knows many parents deprived of that privilege and can share their feelings without depending on imagination alone. In the summer of '39 he was making "Earl of Chicago" in London. Premonitory rumblings prompted him and his wife to send the youngsters home. They were on the high seas when war broke out. The Montgomerys haunted the Admiralty. No information was available. After fourteen days of racking suspense they learned that the children were safe. Those were the worst days of Montgomery's life.

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## CENSORABLE JANE

(Continued from page 44)

I walked over. "How are you getting along on the set?" I asked.

Jane looked as if she'd been waked out of a coma. "The what? Oh—all right." She looked to the lake where Bob was landing a big one. "Isn't Bob a wonderful fisherman?" she sighed.

Now by this time you might be getting the idea that Jane Russell is pretty crazy about this Bob fellow. Also that she's a rather unusual girl. I would say both the above are understatements—particularly that unusual business.

In about every way you can think of, Jane Russell is indeed like nothing in the acting department that has ever hit Hollywood before. Take her beauty.

Some people think she looks like Hepburn. That's because Jane's face is chiseled and her brow is broad, because she's tall and streamlined. But Hepburn never saw the day she could stack up against Jane Russell for looks. In fact there's no duplicate in Hollywood of the slumbering, olive-skinned picture Jane's Polish-Irish mixture presents. Such cherry lips and silken lashes, naturally penciled brows, agate eyes and gleaming teeth—Hollywood just hasn't seen a natural like her for years. She's never been inside a beauty shop—not even for a shampoo; she washes her own hair, gives it a shake and the curls are perfect. She can slip into a size sixteen dress with everything where it should be and not a pad in the place.

Or take Jane's background. She's right off the ranch, unspoiled, unimpressed and as relaxed as a summer day. She grew up with four brothers and eight cousins—all boys—and spent her youth riding, hiking, hunting and fishing. She has romped with dogs, stumbled over cows and chickens all her life. She's toiled through a typical small-town American high school in Van Nuys, California; she's played the piano in church recitals and acted in class plays. She had never bumped up against glamour in her life until she saw seductive poses of herself in the picture magazines. Then she gasped, "Migosh—they've got me looking like a glamour girl and I'm just plain Jane!"

**E**VEN Jane Russell's fantastic, unbelievable break doesn't make sense by realistic Hollywood standards. No girl yet was ever yanked out of a dentist's reception office and plopped right before a camera that she'd never seen before, to be starred in a million-dollar movie.

But what's even more amazing is the cool, calm, unruffled outlook that Jane Russell maintains today—after all that's happened to her and the suspense that tugs daily at her fairy-tale career. In the face of bans, build-ups and ballyhoo, Jane can sit up and smile at you and say, "What's going to happen is going to happen and getting excited will never make me a star. Anyway, I'd just as soon be a good wife as a good actress." Jane may be censorable—but she's sensible, too. Too sensible to let the vagaries of Hollywood get her down. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she fell asleep at her own preview!

Of course, being in love has something to do with this. A good dose of romantic day-dreaming will cure the career whoops and jingles as well as a box of aspirin. But, too, Jane has always been easing along on the relaxed side of life just by nature. You can dip into her record at almost any given point and find

her thumbing her pretty nose at ambition—but getting paid off with the jack pot by the luck machine just the same.

The story-book break, for instance, which eventually made Jane Hollywood's Cinderella Number One of the season, got going certainly through no fault of hers. Jane was modeling fashions and frocks for Tom Kelley, a Hollywood photographer. One day an agent happened by Tom's, spied Jane's lovely face on the wall and cried out, "Jumping screen tests! Who's the dream girl?"

"That," replied Tom Kelley, "is a country gal from Van Nuys. She wants no part of the movies. She is in love."

**C**AN I have this picture?" asked the agent, undaunted.

"No," said Tom. "It's no use."

So the poor guy had to take it off the wall and hide it under his coat to show around Hollywood casting offices! When he hit Howard Hughes' lot, he caused a mild sensation because they were hunting someone just like Jane, and then—he didn't know who the girl was or how to get in touch with her! And when he finally dug her up, Jane said she'd think it over—maybe!

And another instance, back in high school half of Jane's classmates had dads who worked in some studio or other. Being movie-minded, they put the pressure on Jane time and again to show up at a studio and get her looks on film. Once or twice they practically dragged her there by the topknot, but Jane just yawned in casting directors' faces.

Then when she was through school and unable to go on to college because of family finances, Jane got exposed to Max Reinhardt's Workshop. What she really wanted to be was a fashion designer, but she knew she could first stand a little grace, poise and polish, being the tomboy she was. "The last thing in the world I had in mind was being an actress," Jane protests to this day.

Well, Jane ducked out of there in a couple of months because the divine fire of the drama got a little thick. Her teachers kept calling on her to work in plays and things at night, and as far as Jane was concerned nights were for dates with Bob, which was much more important—at least it was to Jane.

It was the same way at Madame Ouspenskaya's, where she landed next. The Madame, who runs one of the best of all Hollywood dramatic schools, took one look at Jane and enthused, "You've got talent and great promise!" In a few days she was sighing, "Jane—you're the most indifferent and discouraging pupil I've ever had. You won't develop your talents. What am I going to do with you?" Jane answered that by quitting school and going to work. She had to anyway because money was running low with the Russells.

You can carry that laissez-faire motif all the way through Jane's Hollywood history so far. There was the time she got talked into trying out for a featured spot in the Earl Carroll chorus. Jane tripped down to the great glorifier's thinking she'd make a few honest dollars with the greatest of ease. Surrounded by the cream of Movieland's beauty, Jane passed through five elimination try-outs and then, with the job practically in her lap, didn't even show up for the finals!

(Continued on page 72)

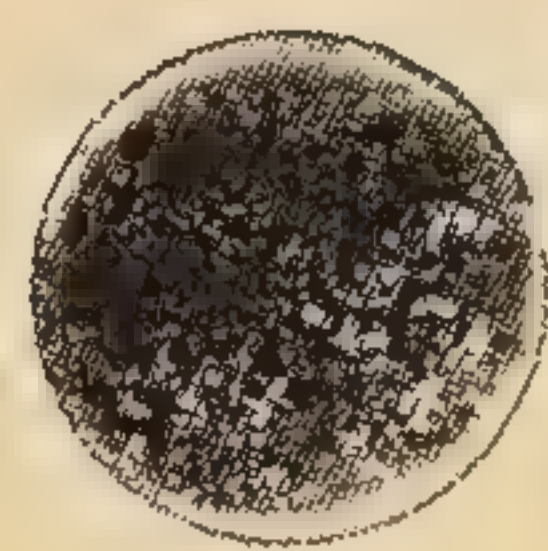




# It was Fun --- but

It almost cost me the things a girl wants most. I had never spent such a glorious vacation — swimming, golfing, boating — and falling in love with the most wonderful man in the world! But constant exposure to sun, wind, and water played havoc with my hair. I developed dandruff — that arch enemy of romance. Paul began to look disgusted. Then fortunately someone told me about the Fitch money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application. Even in the hardest water I found that Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo lathers richly and rinses out completely, without the aid of an after-rinse. And not only does it remove every speck of dandruff — but it also brings out all the natural gleaming highlights and rich color in your hair. It actually reconditions as it cleanses. Don't let dandruff spoil your romance this summer. Try Fitch Shampoo today!

## GOODBYE DANDRUFF



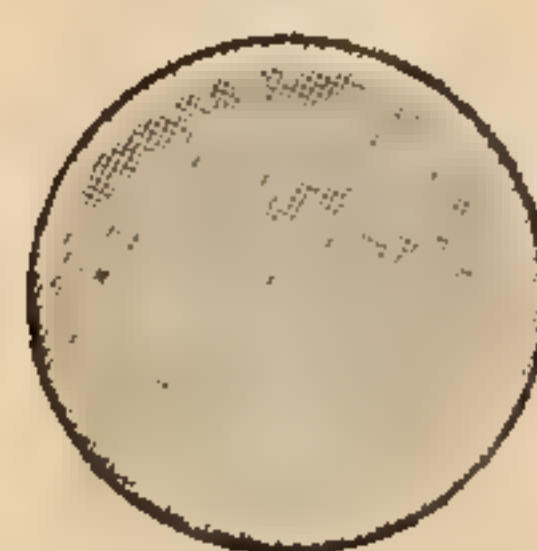
Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



Fitch Shampoo

2. All dandruff, germs and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

*Men*  
After and between Fitch Shampoos, use Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic. It stimulates the scalp, and keeps the hair neat and good-looking!

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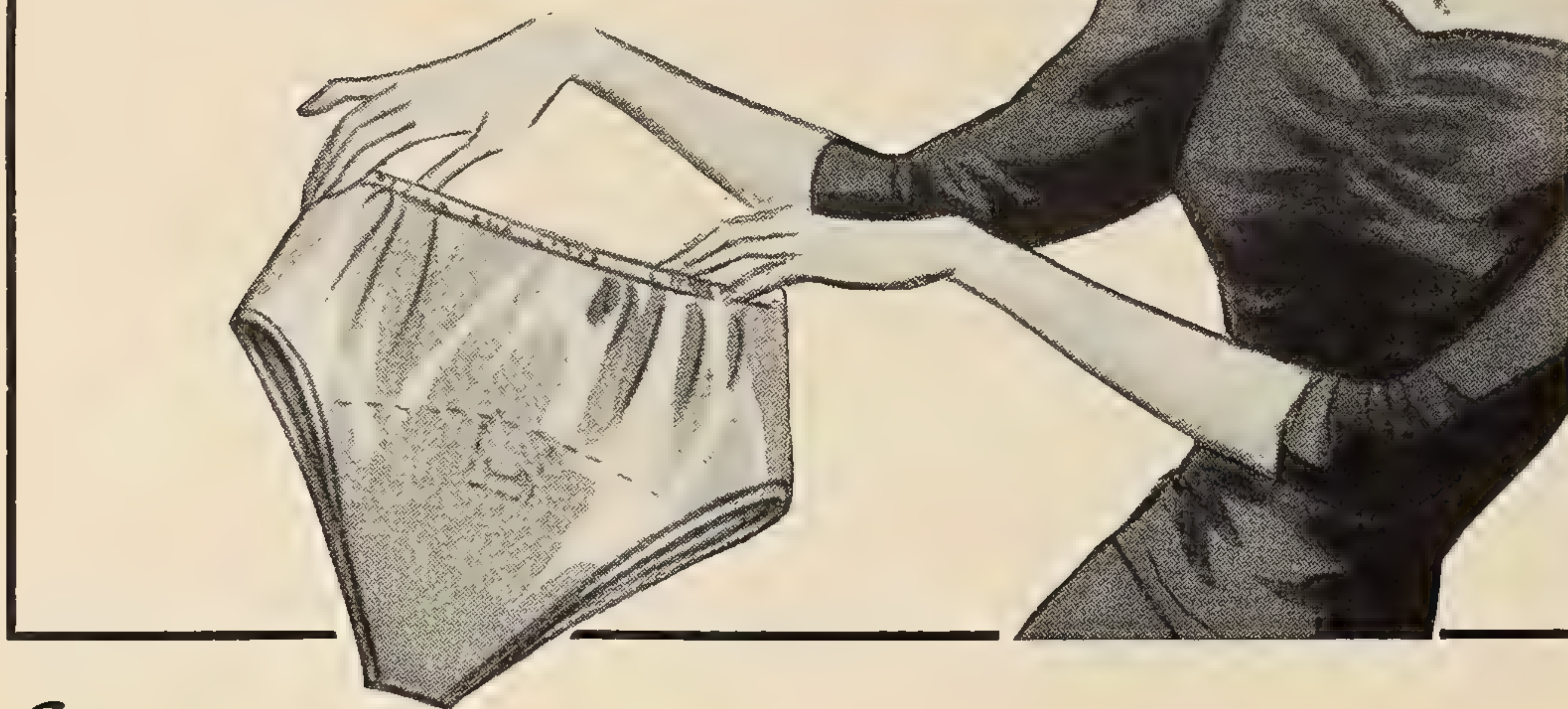
**Fitch's**  
TRADE MARK

**DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO**

Copr. 1941 F. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines, Iowa



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\**Sani-Scant*  
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ONE tiny, sleek-fitting little garment takes the place of belt, pantie, and waterproof shield! Unequalled for sports, day and evening wear, Sani-Scant will keep you comfortably protected the modern way! Made of fine, non-run rayon with

Nobelt waist and leg bands that never bind or cut. Pinning tabs are sewn snugly inside—choice of tiny pins or Kleinert's Simplex pad fasteners if you prefer them. Protective waterproof panel of soft, fleecy Feathernap for complete security.

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"I didn't like the backstage chatter," explains Jane, "and Bob didn't approve of the stage door Johnnies."

Just how much of Jane's recurrent apathy can be tagged on Bob and love, I couldn't say. It's true that Jane and Bob have an understanding and are "practically engaged." They intend to marry when Bob graduates from college some three years hence. It's true also that Bob makes no bones about his disapproval of Hollywood, the movies and a glamour career for the girl he has honorable intentions about.

Whatever the reason, Jane wasn't exactly hysterical with happiness when the Hughes outfit sent for her to try out for the biggest newcomer break of the Hollywood season. She was up at her cousin's ranch in the mountains, and she took her own sweet time about coming back two or three days later. She strolled leisurely into the studio, took her screen test and wandered out without giving it another thought. In fact, instead of sitting home and haunting the telephone, Jane got busy and landed herself a steady job in a Van Nuys dentist's office.

And when they called to tell her she had the part and talked contract, Jane made them do some tall talking, believe me. Why should I listen to honeyed Hollywood promises when I'm working steady and drawing in ten dollars every week? They put it in writing pretty soon, though, and that was different.

Jane has reformed her career outlook a little bit by now. After all, making movies is interesting and, as Jane grins, "It's fun planning how I'm going to spend my millions—if I ever get them!" Then, too, when it looks like you can't have something, that something always becomes more desirable. Jane discovered

how that feels pretty soon after she'd patted on her first patch of test make-up. She'd no sooner signed up than she fell downstairs at the ranch and broke her ankle! It looked like good-bye screen chance. Then Hollywood and the movies looked like something pretty nice. Fortunately Jane's bones started knitting like the Bundles for Britain ladies, and a day before "The Outlaw" pushed off for the desert location, Jane showed up without her crutches, ready for work.

Right now she's interested enough in her screen future to take private dramatic tutoring, voice and posture and all that. But she's seeing to it that her private life doesn't take the rap for fame and fortune. On the personal side, Jane likes things just like they are.

She hasn't had a date with a movie glamour boy or showed up for any publicity night-clubbing. Bob and her Van Nuys High School chums can't afford any of the expensive Hollywood night-spots. But they can make the better dance halls now and then. Although the price of fame is beginning to tell.

The other night at the Palladium where Jane and Bob were swinging and swaying (at ninety cents a couple) to Glenn Miller, a strange girl stopped them in the middle of the dance floor. "Say," she inquired, "ain't you the girl who was in the newspaper last Sunday?" Jane was, but she looked blank and said, "Heavens, no!" And Bob just growled.

Ordinarily, though, you can find Jane where I found her—on the public beach in Santa Monica cluttered up with high school cronies of both sexes. Or you can hunt her up on the ranch, where she's already figuring how many cows and horses and chickens she can buy for the family and when she can buy her

brothers a new car as soon as some of the "millions" come in. Jane's doing most of the work around the place still (she's crazy about housework—all except cooking which utterly defeats her), and she'll probably be decked out for some time in her same sparse gown selection, most of which she's made herself.

Howard Hughes discovered Jane wallowing in a lavish wardrobe consisting of a pair of slacks, a sweater, a few wash dresses and a pair of scarlet slippers. The minute she was signed he rushed her right down to the swank Hollywood emporiums and dropped a few thousand getting her dressed up for glamour. But those glad rags are still at the studio. All that Jane has new, she swears, is a sports outfit she got to appear at Camp Roberts (near Hollywood) as honorary hostess or something for the draft boys.

Jane's greatest fear at this moment—outside of the fact that Bob might not make the UCLA Varsity this fall—is that her pals will think she's gone Hollywood or high hat. "Sometimes," confesses Jane, "they look at me as if they expect me to grow green fingernails overnight!" She's a little leery, too, that some day a gossip item will get her in a spat with Bob. His college chums have been ribbing him a little lately whenever they see Jane's name linked with any movie male, professionally or otherwise. Just a still picture of her in Jack Buetel's arms brought forth cracks like, "So your girl's still true to you? Uh-huh!" Jane says that sort of thing is dangerous, especially since Bob is indeed her True Love, and they're going to get hitched—even if she turns out to be another Garbo. So she's watching all the angles.

THE other night Jane, minus Bob, went to a dinner party at Director Howard Hawks' house. She went with Jack Buetel, the Cinderella boy who stars with her in "The Outlaw." After dinner, the party moved on to Mocambo. Jane had never set her dainty foot inside a Hollywood night club before. She was curious, of course, but also dismayed. She knew about photographers and columnists who haunt Hollywood's glamour mills and conjure headline romances out of a dancing partner.

So—when she got home to the valley ranch that night—at three o'clock in the morning—she said goodnight to date Jack, hopped right into her new coupé and dashed over to Bob's house, waking him out of a sound sleep.

"I wanted to tell him so he'd understand," explained Jane, "before he read it in the papers."

I doubt very much if the progress and perils of her screen career would ever stir Jane to such anxious activity in the wee, small hours. I doubt if she has tossed or fretted a total of ten seconds through all the Hays office bans. I know she hasn't even seen a rush print of "The Outlaw" as I write this and has no idea whether she's lovely or lousy. I'm not sure that she cares too much.

Right now, of course, she'd just as soon stay in Hollywood. "I'd been wondering," breathes Jane, "just how I'd spend the next three years until Bob gets out of college."

If the prancing white horses turn back into mice, you won't find Jane Russell leaping off the big Hollywoodland sign or ending it all in the blue Pacific. No sir! You'll find her stretched out on terra firma watching Bob do handstands on the parallel bars or snag fish out of a lazy lake.

And she'll be perfectly happy. Why not?

The Hays office can never censor day-dreams, can they?



# IT'S NO FUN TO BE FUNNY...

(Continued from page 39)

"They could have laughed more," he glooms.

"Everybody else liked it," says Mary firmly. "Don't take it so hard."

"We just played to millions of people, that's all," he mutters.

To Jack, nothing short of sensational is good. Mary's approach is more equable. "They can't *all* be tops." Even if she doesn't persuade him, she calms him, restores his perspective. In that respect—as in others—he thinks she's just the right woman for him to be married to.

On Monday the shadows begin to draw in. Jack and his writers, Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin, have drawn up a brave platform which includes these planks: we won't get into a stew—even if by Thursday we've raised no idea, we won't yell omigod, it's going to be Sunday—what we've done before we can do again, and to hell with defeatists. The sole weakness of this platform lies in the fact that it doesn't work. Jack's the first to topple off. "He gets that look on his face," grins Morrow. "It's the look of a man who averts his shuddering gaze from a bottomless pit marked, 'No show this week.' The fact that there's always been a show brings no comfort. Next Sunday opens wide its gaping maw, and the cupboard's empty."

**B**UT suppose the boys show with an idea on Monday. If Jack's on a picture, it's Monday night. He got to the studio at eight for make-up and left at six-thirty. He's already done a normal day's work. He's tired. But that's his own lookout. It's not NBC's fault that he's a movie actor, too. His sense of responsibility's razor-sharp. It's up to him to see that neither job suffers by the other. If the time ever comes when he can't handle both by his own standards, he'll fade himself out.

Sometimes Ed and Bill come in with a piece of junk. They may have labored and brought forth a mouse. Or they may not have labored. Jack doesn't say, "That stinks," or "What the hell have you been doing with yourself?" He knows the writer's temperament and the problems of writing—that ideas don't come ready to hand like bricks, that the creative mind works in its own way its wonders to perform and may be active even while it's loafing.

He has, besides, the disposition of a lamb, which he excuses on practical grounds. "If you holler and scream at them," he says, "you put them in a mood where they can't write." Instead of screaming, he says, "Well, I don't know, let's try something else." Instead of hollering, he nibbles his nails—a habit Mary has tried to break by scolding, George Burns by derisive mimicry, manicurists by appeals to his vanity. Jack hangs his head and goes on biting. Or he chews gum. That's a sign that he's reached the end of his rope. When his eyes stare and he stuffs three sticks of gum into his mouth oblivious of what he's doing, Morrow and Beloin reach for their hats, murmur, "We'll fix this up and see you tomorrow," and beat a retreat.

Only once in the five years they've been working together has there been a blow-up, and that was due to a misunderstanding. Jack thought the boys, sore at something he wasn't responsible

(Continued on page 75)

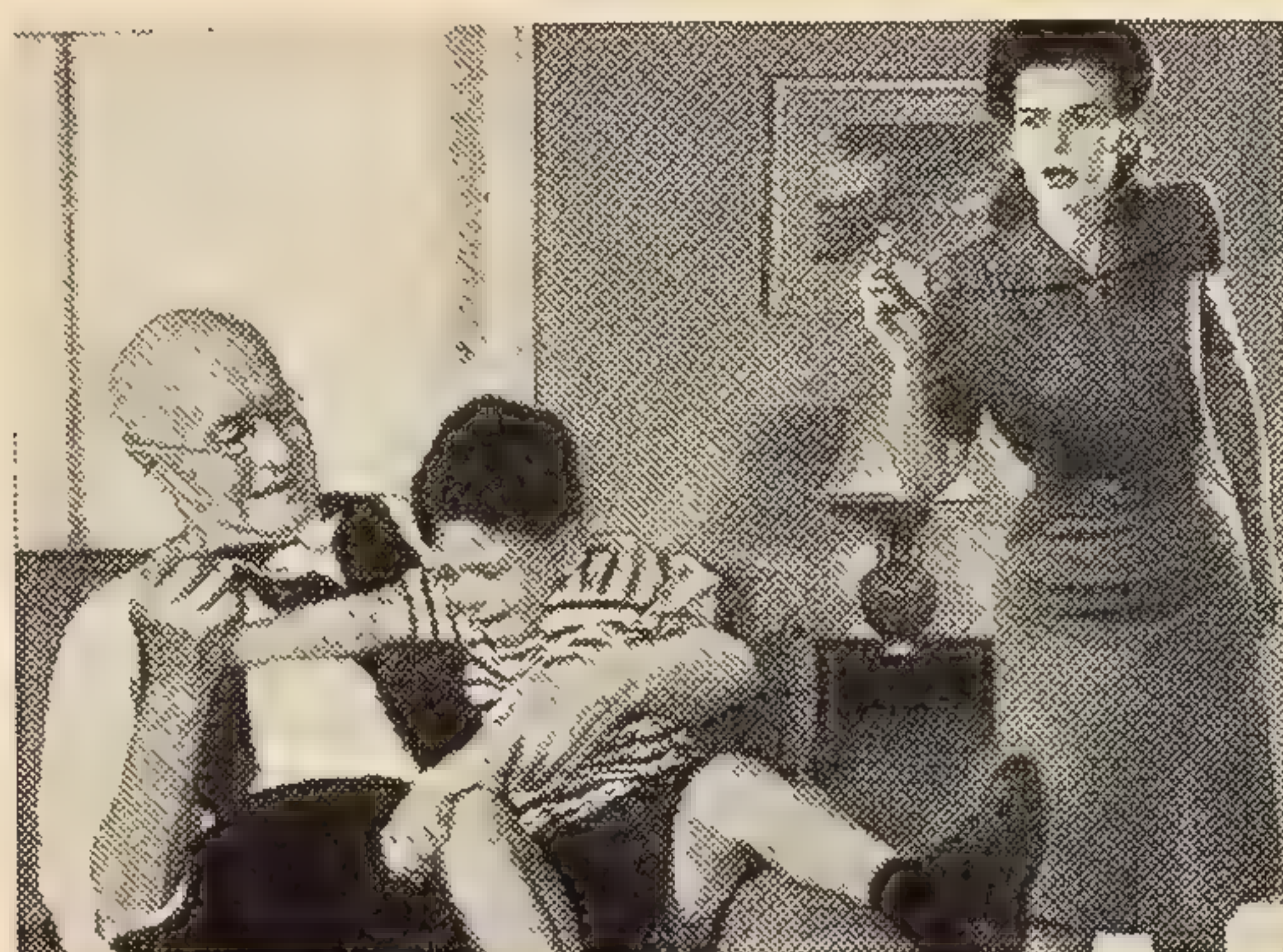
# "I wish Gramp didn't live with us . . . so there!"

A young mother learns the best way to solve an old problem

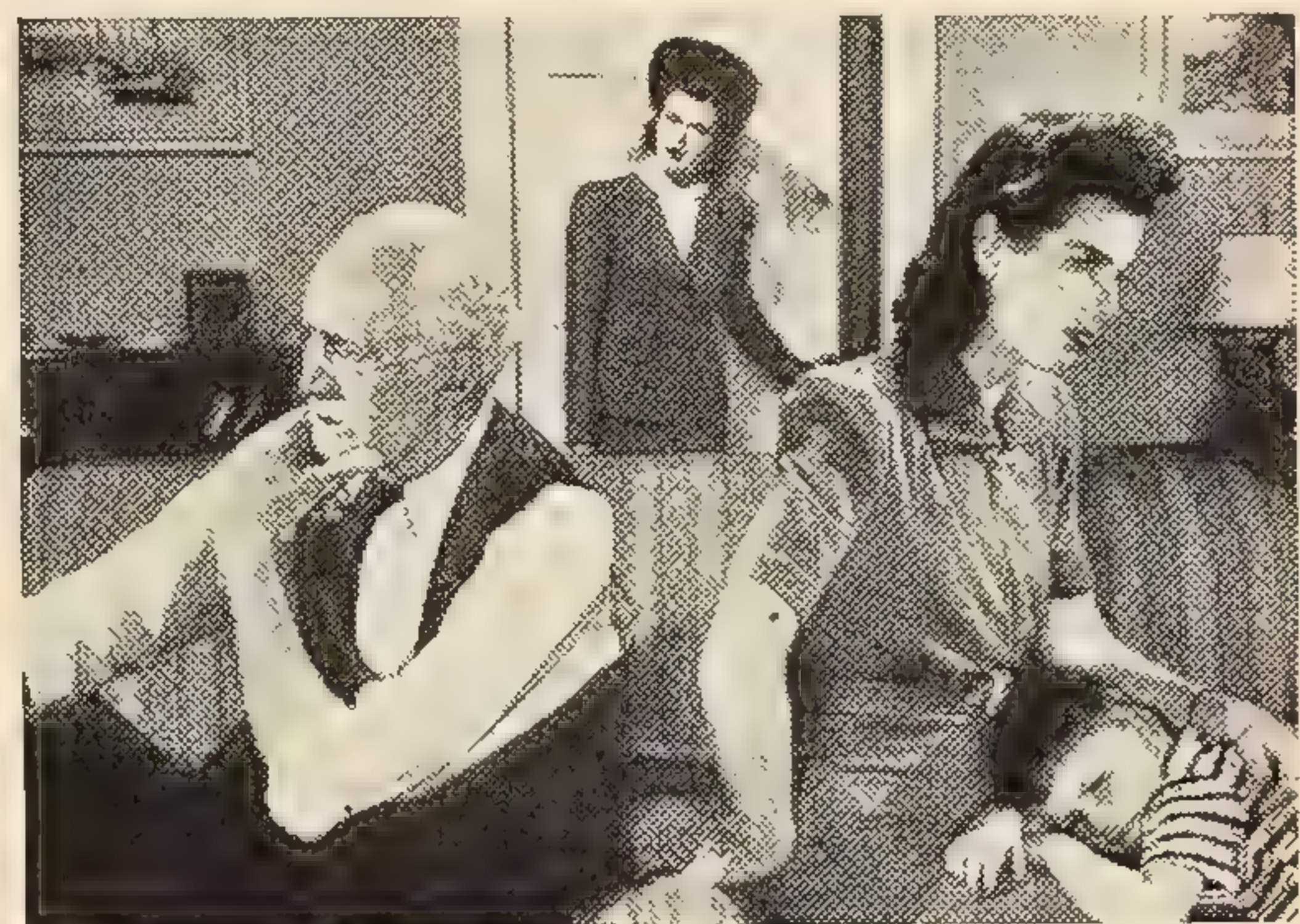


1. I don't believe in spanking my little boy, Stevie. But when the little imp was so rude to his Grandpa, the other

day, I could have whaled him! My husband's father is a darling and he's so sensitive about having to live with us.



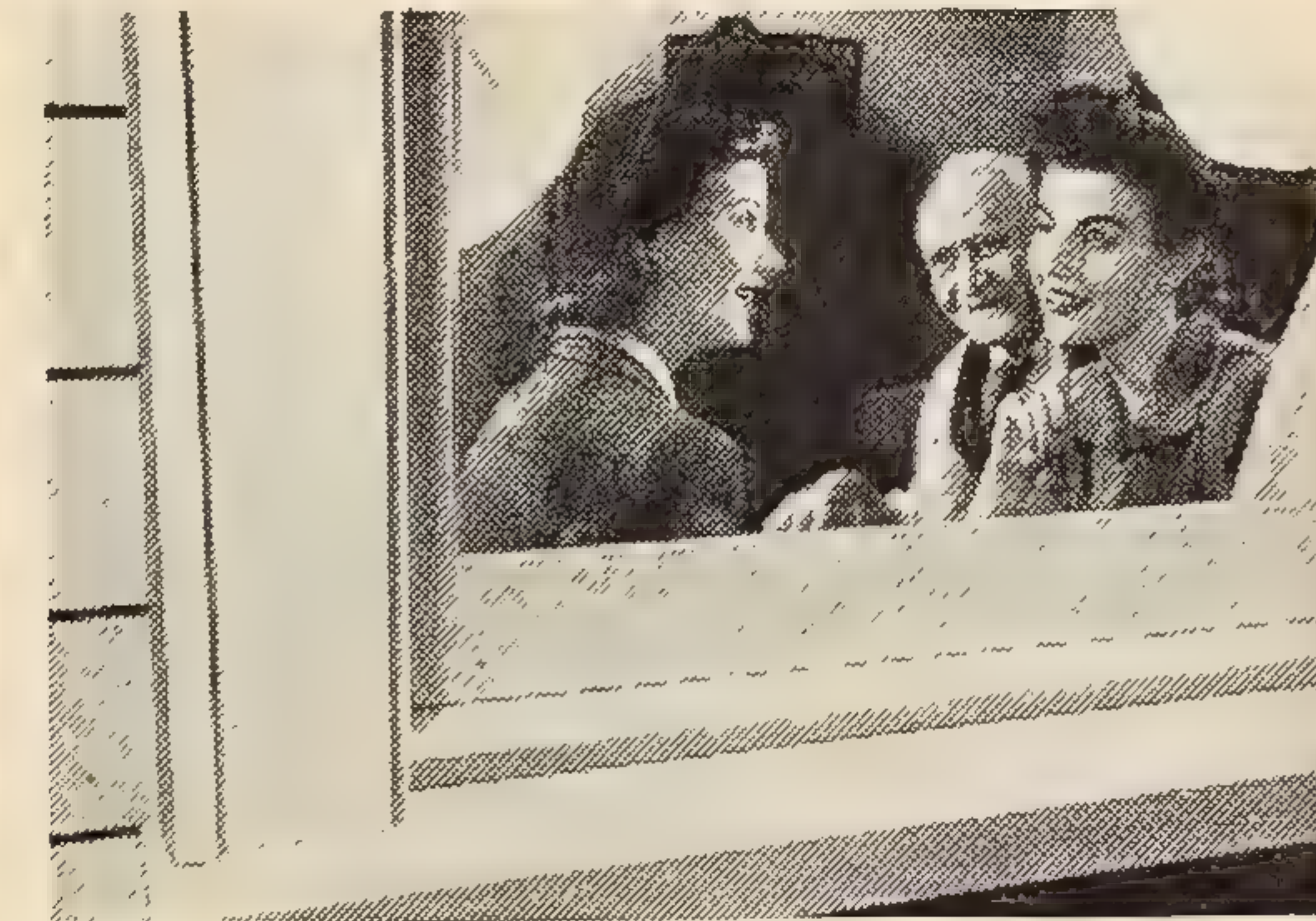
2. The fuss started when I asked Gramp to give Stevie a laxative. Stevie set up a howl. He hated the taste of it and he flatly refused to take it. So Gramp *forced* it down him. Then Stevie yelled he hated Gramp and wished he didn't live with us.



3. I had to punish Stevie for hurting Gramp's feelings. That's why the three of us looked so miserable when my cousin, who's a registered nurse, stopped by. When I told her about it, she looked startled. "Why run the risk of forcing him to take a bad-tasting laxative?"



4. "You can shock a child's delicate nervous system that way," my cousin went on. "Children should get a *nice-tasting laxative*—one made especially for children, not a harsh, adult's laxative. Why don't you try Fletcher's Castoria? Kids love it and it's *safe* and efficient."



5. "You can really rely on Fletcher's Castoria," she added. "It's thorough, but mild. There isn't a single harsh purging drug in it. Try it . . . I know you'll agree with me." So I walked her down to Main Street and bought a bottle right then and there.



6. Well, the next time Stevie needed a laxative, I let Gramp give him Fletcher's Castoria. And Stevie *did* love the taste. He hugged Gramp and they've been great buddies ever since. Fletcher's Castoria sure solved *my* youngster's laxative problem . . . the *safe* way!

## HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . .

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goes where it is  
due—to the people  
who serve us all



Successful stores, large and small, have to be abreast of the times... the management and sales people keep track of a hundred and one different items... and constantly see that they are properly displayed. All this saves our time and makes it quick and easy for us to get what we want.

If we realized the time and work behind these people's efforts to give us service, we'd marvel even more than ever at the patience, good nature and level headedness they show.

Yes, there's a good reason why we Americans boast the best stores in the world — and the credit goes to the efficient people who serve us.

V-101





for, had gone on strike. His wrath stemmed from the pain of friendship betrayed, and whether he or they were more astonished by his tongue-lashing, they still can't decide. It's safe to say, though, that Jack was the ultimate victim. When the thing was cleared up, he wore sackcloth and ashes for weeks.

Once they have a workable idea, it should be smooth sailing. Not with Jack. He may think it's funny, but that doesn't prove the audience will. He may laugh his head off, but he's not paid to make himself laugh. He's a perfectionist aiming to top his last mark. When he doesn't succeed, it's not for want of trying. The man at the dial sits forever on Jack's shoulder. In the final analysis that's the guy he works for—and to make it harder, he makes the guy tough. "He won't say, 'They can't all be firecrackers.' He'll say, 'Did you hear the Benny show last night? Boy, was it foul!'" So Jack sifts and weighs and explores and rejects and tears apart. "You've got to sell back to him again and again," says Morrow, "what he's already accepted and laughed at. That way we get a refining process that's invaluable."

THE revue, "Pins and Needles," included a sketch called "Cream of Mush." A radio tenor sings a song which the agency hacks to pieces in its high resolve to please all comers. The sun can't be "red" because people don't like the word. It can't set in the West, because Easterners might be offended. Like all good travesties, this one holds a germ of truth. Policy apart, Jack's a softie who can't bear to hurt feelings. He keeps his ears peeled for phrases which might wound the susceptibilities of one group or another. When through all his guards something slips in, he dies. One evening he was supposed to be dining his cast. He told them they ate too much. "What did I invite here, a bunch of starving Armenians?" Letters came protesting the assumption that Armenians don't eat as well as the next race. "It was just a fill-in line," moaned Jack. "We could have skipped it and never felt the difference." That old saw, "He spends money like a drunken sailor," was construed by cranks as an affront to the navy. Even Jack conceded this too preposterous to worry about.

With a secretary taking notes they work all week. A run-through rehearsal is called for Saturday noon, its chief purpose to note cast reaction to the lines. If they don't laugh, figures Jack, nobody will. He watches them closely, asks no questions but draws his own conclusions. All through the pleasant Saturday afternoon, while people who have no radio programs play, he and his writers revamp the script. Sometimes they make wholesale changes, sometimes they snip jokes here and add others there. Jack goes home and tries the gags out on Mary. Then he broods in bed and forgets to turn out the lights.

Sunday rehearsal directed by Jack brings its own crop of headaches. He's a stickler for punctuality. Rochester's late. The boys and girls have plenty to tell each other. They won't settle down till Jack gets mad. The expression his madness takes is, "Now really, fellows—" or, "Well, gee, after all, girls, let's get together." The extreme duration of his madness covers two minutes. He decides he's really sore at Rochester. The company watches him when Rochester shows. He knows they're watching. He opens his mouth to bawl and grins instead. "I can't help it," he apologizes. "It's his face."

Which doesn't mean that they don't jump through hoops for him. They know

that being funny's a serious business. In the end they give their all for dear old National Broadcasting, Jell-o and Jack. But each is responsible only for himself. They just walk in. Jack's been working all week. He has what they call Sunday-morning jitters. Everything bothers him. He rubs his nose, pulls at his ear, mauls his chin. He's got to shape script and players into a crack performance. Nervous as a jumping bean himself, he's got to avoid making the others nervous, with an eye trained on the idiosyncrasies of each. Mary, for instance, is always bad at rehearsals. If he corrects her too often, she gets mixed up. Dennis Day is best left to read as he pleases. He has his own style. Interfere with it, and you wind up with no style at all. Phil Harris is the champion line-blower. Jack loses patience sometimes. Then he kisses the top of his head and says he's sorry.

They rehearse till shortly before the first broadcast. Three-thirty in summer, four-thirty in winter, to hit the East Coast at half past seven. When Jack steps out for his preliminary breeze with the studio audience, he's the picture of bland self-possession, but the picture lies. The reason he appears so early is to keep from going nuts with suspense.

FROM start to finish of the show, he's tense. No, you'd never guess it. Airy and casual you'd call him, but his eyes are everywhere and his wits work at frantic speed. He ad libs to cover a blown line or a gag that doesn't get a laugh. But timing is of the essence of comedy, and he must decide within a split second whether an ad lib will do more good than harm. In the wrong place, it may bring one laugh and kill the next four or five—which makes for bad arithmetic and worse clowning. If a gag hits unexpectedly, he beams at Morrow in the control room. He's got the kind of mouth whose corners curl naturally up. Mary watches it. When the corners go down, her heart goes with him.

The broadcast over, his face tells the whole story. If he thinks it was bad, he looks like the end of the world. "In one minute," says Morrow, "he's a thousand years old." The boys follow him to the script room. The rest grab a sandwich and return to stand by for rehearsal. There's another show at seven-thirty for the West. "Let's pep it up," says Jack. They throw out the stillborn jokes, rack their fevered brains for sure-fire laughs and in drastic cases have been known to rewrite a whole scene between broadcasts. Jack hates the words "good enough." "Nothing's good enough," he says, "but the best."

That's the principle on which he builds his show. One thing he doesn't worry about is his Crossley rating. Of course it's pleasant to be first, and if he slipped way down, he'd take the hint, exit and devote his worrying to golf. But if another show went ahead of his, he'd be listening to it, swelling the Crossley by one. When Bergen and McCarthy topped him, he made fuel of their triumph for his own program. "We can't be better than someone who's better than us," he argues. "The most we can do is to be as good as we can, and let the Crossley rating take care of itself."

He even worried about the testimonial dinner given by NBC to celebrate his ten years in radio. He tried to talk them out of it. The prospect of acting as a butt for verbal bouquets terrified him. Not till Rudy Vallee got up and sounded off with, "Who's this bum Benny with his ten lousy years in radio? I've had fifteen, where's my dinner?"—not till then did Jack pop into chortles of joy and relax for the evening.

## "PIGTAILS, BUCK-TEETH AND FRECKLES..."

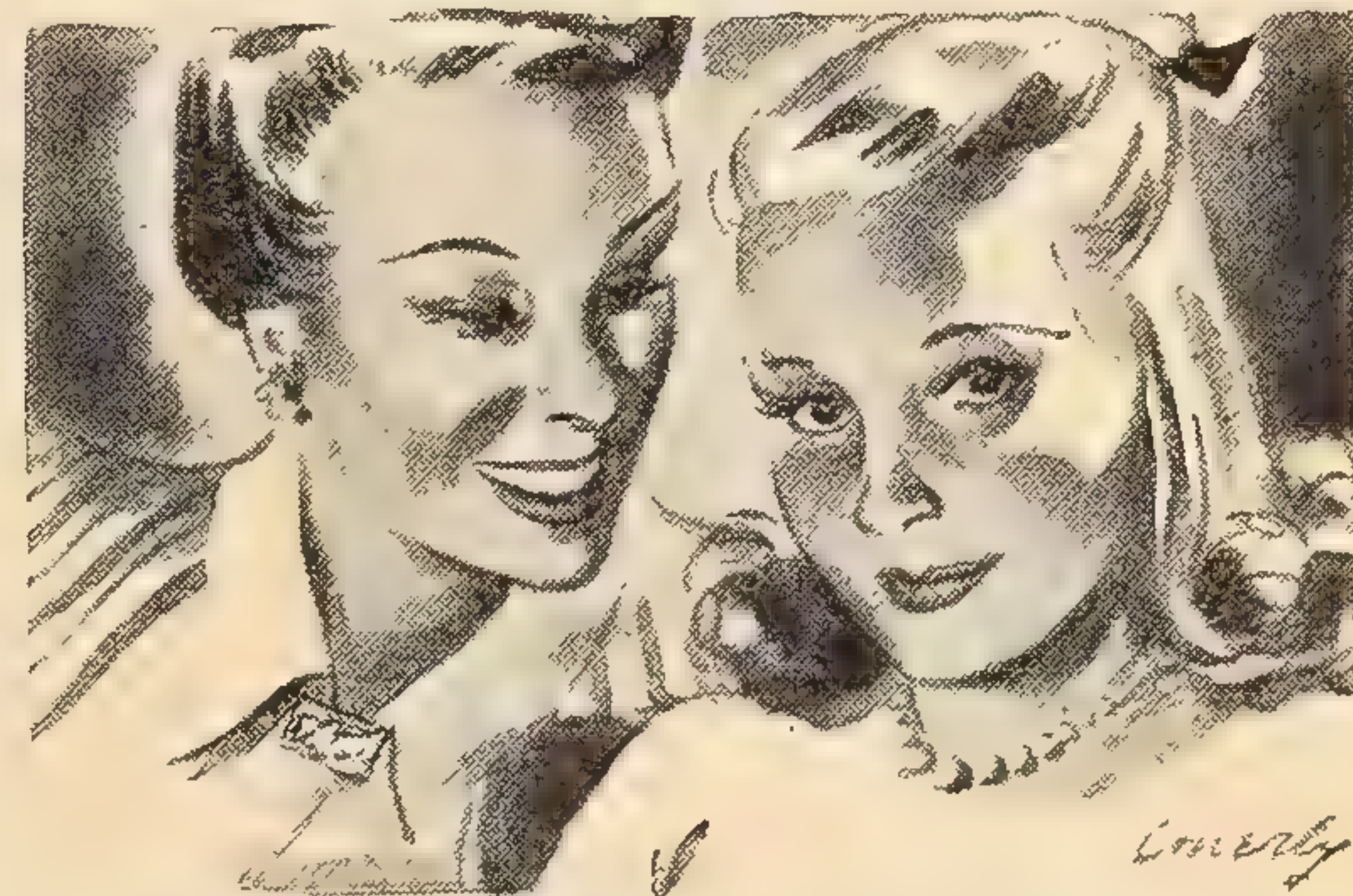
*I had 'em all"*



"WHEN I WAS 16 and ready to graduate from the awkward stage, I bought my first lipstick...TANGEE NATURAL. And I've used TANGEE NATURAL ever since! I'm always thrilled by the way it changes from orange in the stick until my own most flattering lip-tint of warm blush rose is produced."



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"TODAY, my 16 year old daughter and I both use Tangee Natural. Its pure cream base keeps our lips smooth for hours. And Tangee Natural is so economical—the new de luxe cases hold much more lipstick than before!"



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AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS  
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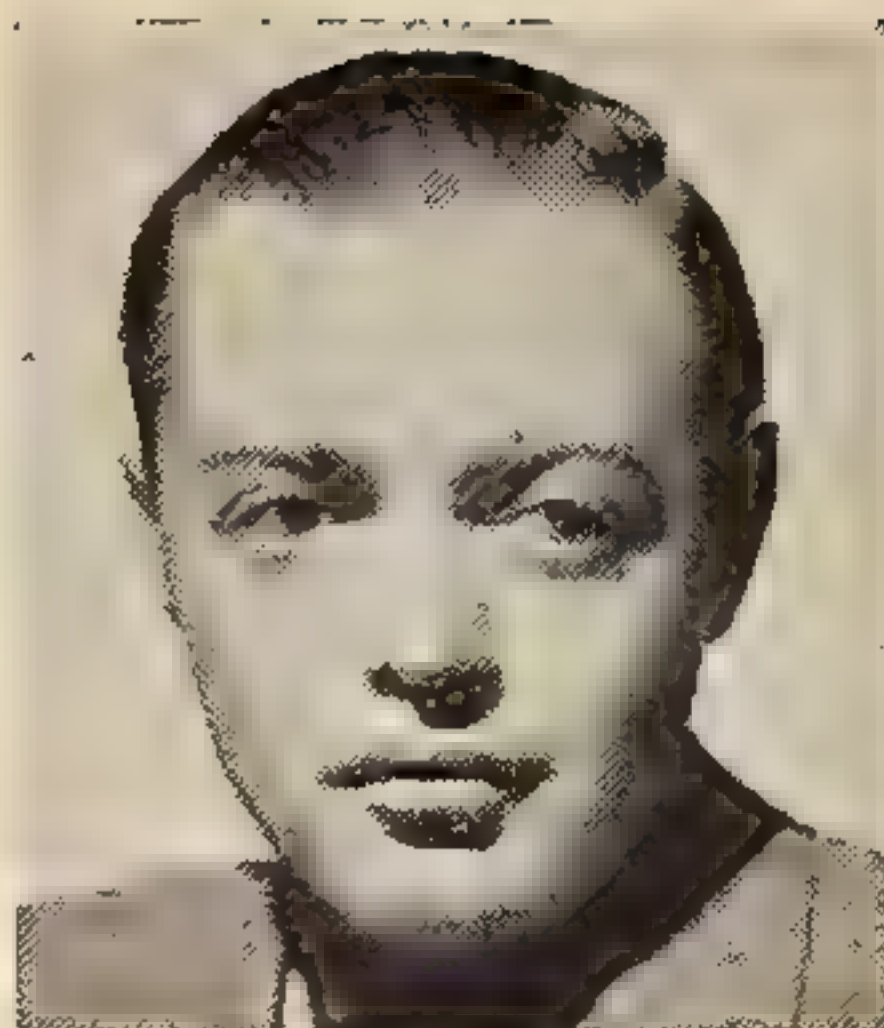


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**STRONGER** As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made from pure cellulose.

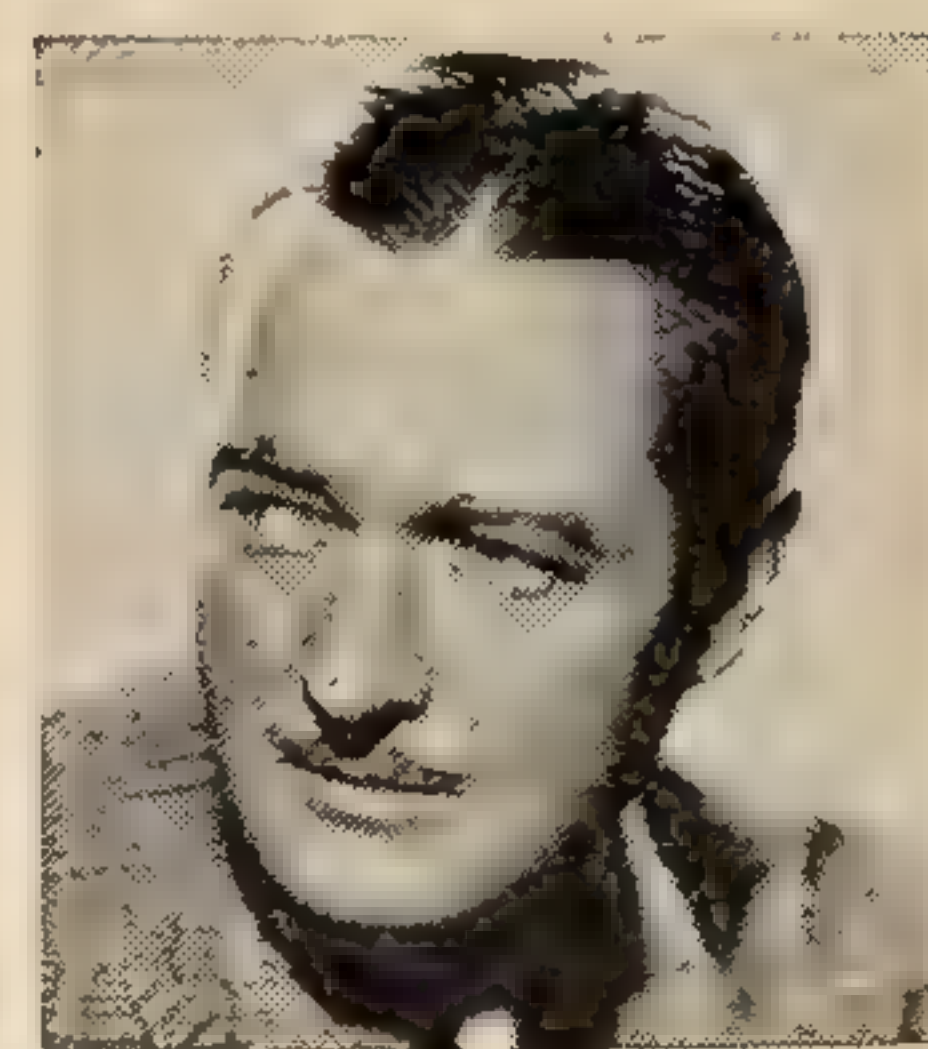
**MORE ABSORBENT** Drinks in moisture. Ideal for beauty care and a thousand and one uses everywhere.

AT 5 & 10¢ — DRUG & DEPT. STORES



**JOHN LITEL**

Born John Litel, Albany, Wis., Dec. 10, 1894. Still doesn't know how he got to be an actor. Claims that after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania, he just found himself in a company with Grace George; decided acting was fun and has stayed with it ever since. The pride of his heart is Simba, his lion dog. Plays bridge between scenes on the lot. If there is one thing he hates, it is egotistical people. Now plays golf in the 70's—claims he could be pretty fair if he had time to practice.



**EDMUND LOWE**

Born Edmund Lowe, San José, Cal., March 3, 1895. Achieved an enviable record for himself at Santa Clara, getting his M.A. at the age of 19, as well as being captain of the baseball team. After graduation, he tried stock and then Broadway. Eight flops in one year convinced him that the stage was not his forte, so he tried Hollywood where he has been a successful actor for seventeen years. Is one of the best dressed men in Hollywood, rarely misses a concert, hates radios, likes blue shirts, prize fights and going to the movies.



**BOB LIVINGSTON**

Born Robert Randall, Quincy, Ill., Dec. 8, 1908. Has been a seaman, cowboy, secretary and script writer. Finally joined the Pasadena Community Play House and spent two years there gaining experience, then was signed by M-G-M. Couldn't get the parts he wanted there, so he broke his contract and went to Republic. He loves ultra modern furniture and has indulged this whim to the fullest in his home. Constantly chews on pipe, claims it helps him think. Hasn't seen "Gone With The Wind" or read "For Whom The Bell Tolls."

**MYRNA LOY**

Born Myrna Williams, Helena, Mont., August 2, 1905. She's a magnificent sculptress, whose talent attracted the notice of Rudolph Valentino, and her first movie break was in a picture backed by Mrs. Valentino. When not working, she likes to stay in bed all day and consume quarts of ice cream. Collects paintings, antiques, brasses... is the freckle champion of Hollywood... loves hot tamales... doesn't care for jewelry, but loves perfume, scarves and handkerchiefs... she is so glad to be out of her sloe-eyed rut that she hates anything even vaguely oriental... won't go near a Chinese restaurant.

**CAROLE LOMBARD**

Born Jane Alice Peters, Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 6, 1908. Nickname, the Madame... often has to re-write a letter because she has chewed up most of it... insults her friends; beware when she is sweetness and light... knows all the words a taxi-driver uses and uses them herself... wears bright red polish on her finger and toenails... red-hot movie fan... loves amusement parks... wears her sport clothes till they fall apart... can't spell a five letter word... once gave her director a straight-jacket as a token of her esteem.

**BELA LUGOSI**

Born Bela Lugosi Blasko, Lugos, Hungary, October 20, 1888. Attended the Academy of Theatrical Art in Budapest, and after leaving there became the matinee idol of the Royal National Theatre for ten years. He heartily dislikes horror parts, is an accomplished musician and dancer, has a trained baritone voice and an insatiable love for reading. Liver and onions for breakfast is a daily "must," but he never eats any lunch.

**PETER LORRE**

Born Peter Lorre, Rosenberg, Hungary, June 26, 1904. This murderous cinemadman is shy, loves animals, going to concerts and is a student of child psychology. Started his career in a bank, but going to the theatre every night and then making the rounds with his actor friends did not make for accuracy or promptness. Was eventually fired. Turned to the theatre and loved it. He reads himself to sleep to the tune of soft music.

**PAUL LUKAS**

Born Paul Lukas, May 26, 1891, on a train entering Budapest, Hungary. Attended the Academy of Theatrical Art in Budapest and started his film career in Berlin. He was in the Hungarian Air Corps in World War I. Favorite recreations are automobile racing and mechanics. Loves swimming and sailing but hates to get wet in a rainstorm. He would just as soon hibernate when the thermometer goes below freezing.

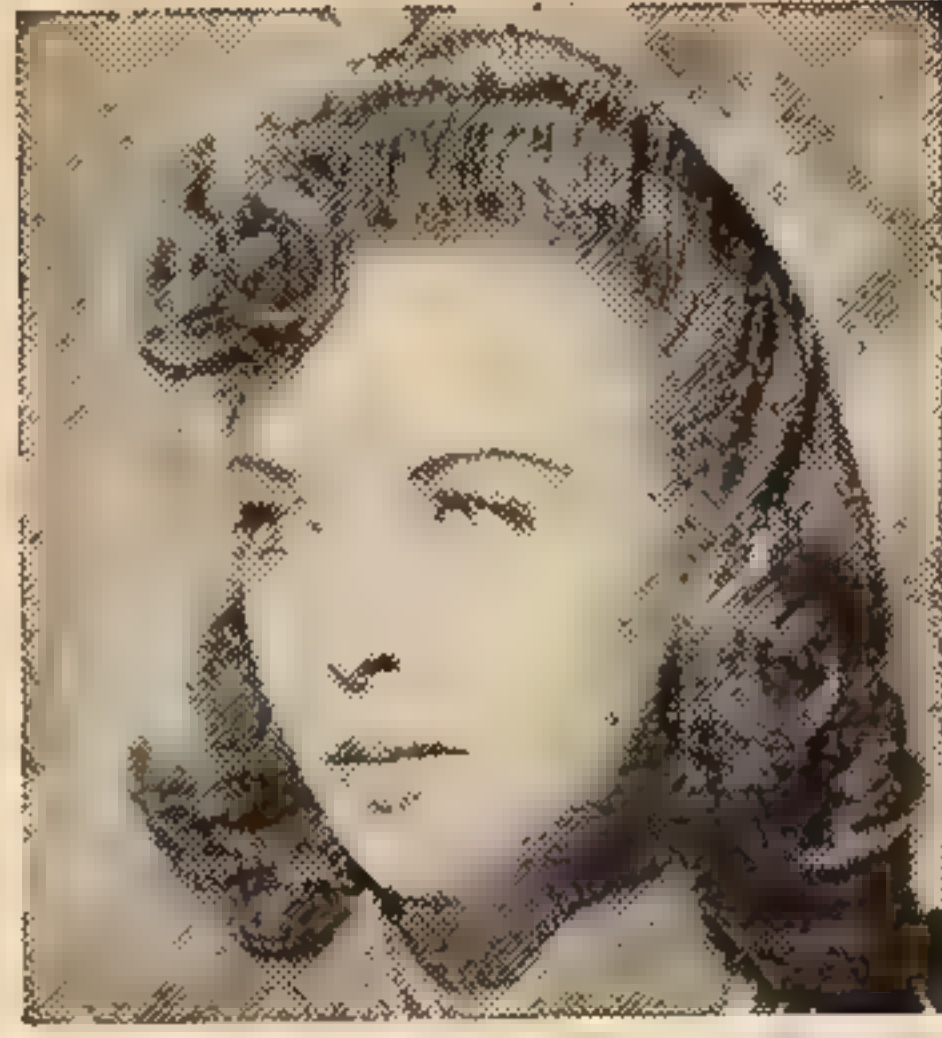
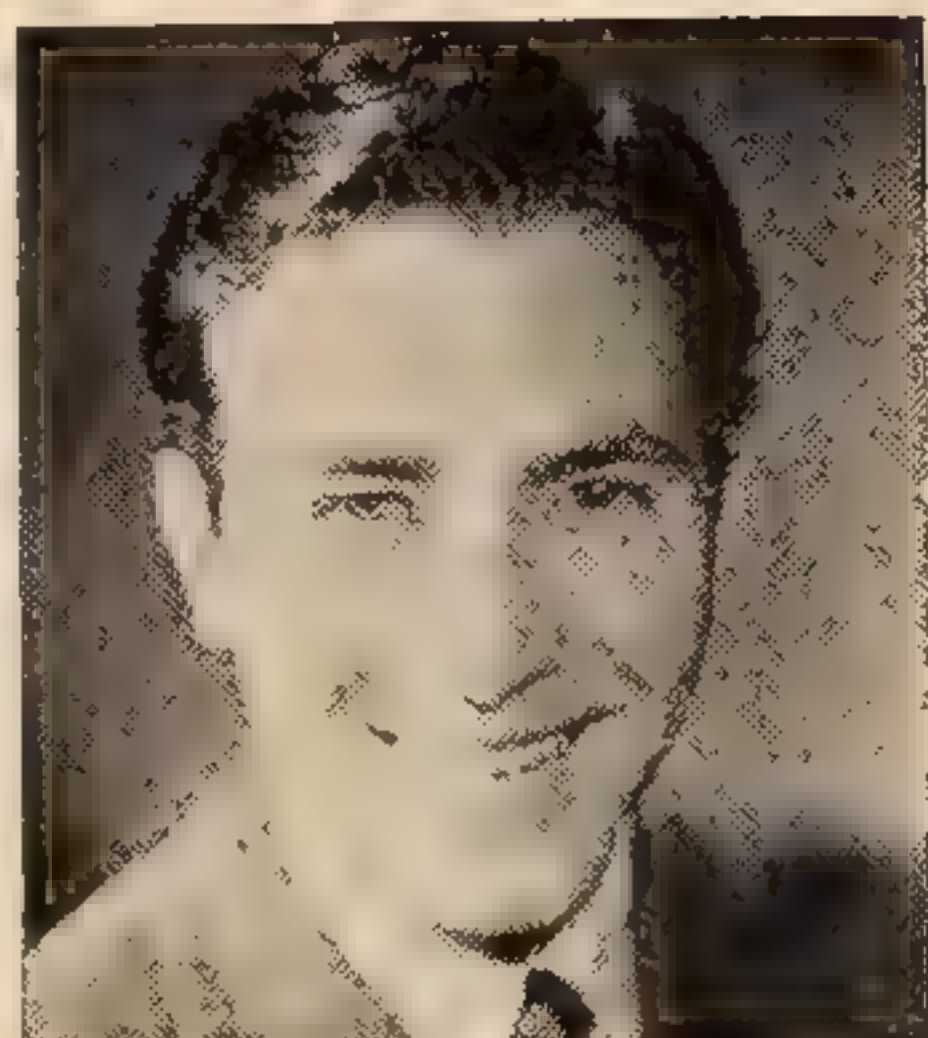
**ANITA LOUISE**

Born Anita Louise Fremalt, New York City, Jan. 9, 1917. She is so fragilely beautiful that she is treated like Dresden china, and does she hate it! Her greatest ambition is to be reincarnated as a lady wrestler. She loves steak and onions, prize-fights, tennis, polo and swimming. She saves money fixing her own hair and nails, and then squanders every cent on cut flowers for her home. Owns a scottie named "Wee Thistle." Her good luck charm is a moose foot. Up on all the current events, as she practically lives at hubby's newsreel theatre.

**WILLIAM LUNDIGAN**

Born William Lundigan, Syracuse, N. Y., June 12, 1914. Came to the screen direct from the airwaves, where he had been an announcer, sound-effects man, script writer and general helper-outer. He still writes radio playlets. Loves steak and doesn't mind saying that no one cooks them as well as he does. Always knocks on wood when he thinks he is getting cocky. Carries a St. Christopher medal at all times. Is left-handed and firmly convinced that he would stutter if he changed. Nevertheless, he is an expert tennis player and his golf is Gene Sarazen-ish.





**IDA LUPINO**

Born Ida Lupino, Brixton, Eng., Jan. 1, 1914. Her father built a theatre at the bottom of his London garden, and there Ida and her sister proceeded to learn Shakespeare's major plays by the time they were ten. This early training led to Ida's playing the female lead in "Her First Affair" at the age of fifteen. She would rather dance than eat, plays a smashing game of tennis and plays "at" golf. She likes to disappear between pictures, and nobody yet knows how she does it or where she goes. Collects linen.

**JEFFREY LYNN**

Born Ragnar Godfrey Lind, Auburn, Mass., Feb. 16, 1909. Has four brothers and three sisters . . . used to be a track star and still runs before breakfast . . . loves the color blue and red, red roses . . . ambition is to be a really great actor . . . sings as a hobby . . . writes notebooks full of short stories, essays and beginnings of novels, a hangover from the days when he was editor of his college paper . . . pet aversions are roadside advertising and cats, particularly Persian cats . . . probably can consume twice as much Smorgasbord as anyone else.

**LENI LYNN**

Born Angelina Ciofani, Waterbury, Conn., May 3, 1925. Risked everything on a one night stand at the Troc . . . she arrived there friendless, without influence, and financed by the dimes of her school chums. After hearing her sing three songs, the major studios were fighting for her. She amazed everyone by being able to sing arias in French, Spanish and Italian without a lesson. Learned them from an old victrola playing Lily Pons' and Galli Curci's records.

**LYA LYS**

Born Lya Lys, May 18, 1913, in Berlin, Germany, of Russian parents. Appeared in Spanish, German and French films before coming to Hollywood. Claims she wouldn't go back to Europe for love nor money. Above all things she loves speed—automobiles, speed boats and swift planes. Her favorite diversion is putting on a pair of greasy overalls and retiring to the garage to tinker with her cars.

**JEANETTE MacDONALD**

Born Jeanette MacDonald, Philadelphia, Pa., June 18, 1907. Started her career as a model, but her love for singing was too great to keep that up long. When not working, she practices several hours a day. Has done more to improve musical culture in this country than anyone else in America. Never touches coffee for breakfast, drinks hot milk. Least extravagant actress in Hollywood. Hates night clubs and staying up late but loves to entertain at home. Nothing makes her happier than stowing away vast quantities of stuffed dates.

**DATA ON THE REMAINING PERSONALITIES WILL APPEAR IN SUCCEEDING ISSUES**

SEPTEMBER, 1941

# Young America Loves

## Lollipop and Butterscotch



• *Dancing by moonlight, "reviewing the troops" by day—you'll see the gayest feminine fingertips everywhere in Cutex raspberry Lollipop and honey-mellow Butterscotch!*

Cutex, of course, goes on like a breeze—dries hard as crystal. Wears amazingly long, resists chipping and peeling day after day! Every Cutex skin-and-costume-flattering shade is *porous*—lets the moisture through! And every Cutex Polish brush is made of even bristles securely set—made in U.S.A. Cutex is Young-American—All-American! Only 10¢ in the United States.

Northam Warren, New York



Cutex Oily Polish Remover contains no acetone. New bottle 50% larger.

*Tops for Fingertip  
Flair and Wear*



# "Soaping IS FINE, BUT NOT FOR HAIR!"



Soap-film dulls lustrous hair.

Try a shampoo with soapless Halo

THOUSANDS of women find Halo Shampoo the way to beautiful, radiant hair. Because Halo contains no soap, it can't leave a dulling soap-film like many old-style soap shampoos.

With Halo Shampoo you don't even need a lemon or vinegar rinse. And the new ingredient in Halo makes oceans of lather in hardest water.

So discover how really beautiful your hair can be with Halo. You'll find Halo Shampoo at any toilet goods counter. In 10¢ and larger sizes. Halo Shampoo is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



**HALO SHAMPOO**  
A product of Colgate-Palmolive-Pet Company

**Sell NEW Christmas Cards**

**EARN EXTRA MONEY** 21 FOR \$100

Can be personalized with FREE METALLIC SEALS

New idea! Season's most gorgeous box 21 Christmas Folders. Retail \$1. You make 50¢. We give extra Gold Color Seals free so cards can be individually addressed to Mother, Dad, Relatives and Friends. Also Personal Christmas Cards 50 for \$1—name imprinted, 10 other new Box Assortments, and Personal Stationery. Samples on approval. FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, 176 Adams, Elmira, N.Y.

**BE GLAMOROUS with GLAMA-PAK**

The 12 MINUTE Salon Facial!

Keep your skin glamorous and radiant... fresh-looking and in the 'pink' of condition with GLAMA-PAK the smart 'Salon Facial.' No mud packs or medications! GLAMA-PAK contains only nature's own vitalizers, EGG, MILK and OATMEAL ingredients—all three! There is no other facial like GLAMA-PAK—try one today!

In 10¢ & 25¢ sizes at leading 10¢ stores, drug stores & beauty salons.

GLAMA-PAK CO., 10 W. 36th St., New York City

# MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia).....	3★	Meet John Doe (Warners).....	4★
*Adventure in Washington (Columbia).....	3★	*Melody for Three (RKO).....	2½★
Affectionately Yours (Warners).....	2½★	Men of Boys Town (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M)....	C 3★	Million Dollar Baby (Warners).....	3½★
Back Street (Universal).....	3★	Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO).....	3★
Bad Man, The (M-G-M).....	C 2½★	Mr. District Attorney (Republic).....	2★
Bank Dick, The (Universal).....	3★	*Mr. Dynamite (Universal).....	2★
Big Store, The (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Model Wife (Universal).....	3★
Billy the Kid (M-G-M).....	C 3★	*Monster and the Girl, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Black Cat, The (Universal).....	2½★	Moon Over Burma (Paramount).....	2½★
Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia).....	C 2½★	Moon Over Miami (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Blood and Sand (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3½★	*Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Blossoms in the Dust (M-G-M).....	4★	Nice Girl? (Universal).....	3½★
Buck Privates (Universal).....	C 2½★	Night at Earl Carroll's, A (Paramount).....	2½★
Case of the Black Parrot (Warners).....	2½★	Night Train (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Caught in the Draft (Paramount).....	3★	No, No, Nanette (RKO).....	2½★
Charter Pilot (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	One Night in Lisbon (Paramount).....	3★
Cheers for Miss Bishop (United Artists).....	4★	One Night in the Tropics (Universal).....	2½★
Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★	Out of the Fog (Warners).....	3½★
Citizen Kane (RKO).....	4★	*Parson of Panamint (Paramount).....	3★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M).....	3★	*Penalty, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★	Penny Serenade (Columbia).....	3½★
Cowboy and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox)....	3★	People vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M).....	2★
Dead Men Tell (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Pot O' Gold (United Artists).....	3★
Devil and Miss Jones, The (RKO).....	3½★	Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
Double Date (Universal).....	2★	*Power Dive (Paramount).....	2½★
Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia)....	2½★	Pride of the Bowery (Monogram).....	C 2½★
Fantasia (Walt Disney).....	C 4★	Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Flame of New Orleans, The (Universal).....	3½★	Rage in Heaven (M-G-M).....	3★
Flight Command (M-G-M).....	3★	Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	C 2★
Flight from Destiny (Warners).....	2½★	Reaching for the Sun (Paramount).....	3½★
Footlight Fever (RKO).....	2★	*Reluctant Dragon (RKO).....	3★
Footsteps in the Dark (Warners).....	3★	*Repent at Leisure (RKO).....	2½★
Four Mothers (Warners).....	3★	Ride, Kelly, Ride (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Free and Easy (M-G-M).....	2★	Ride on Vaquero (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Road to Zanzibar (Paramount).....	C 4★
*Getaway, The (M-G-M).....	2½★	Road Show (United Artists).....	2½★
Girl, A Guy and A Gob, A (RKO).....	3★	Robin Hood of the Pecos (Republic).....	C 2½★
Girl in the News (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Rookies on Parade (Republic).....	C 2½★
Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★	Round-Up, The (Paramount).....	3★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★	Safari (Paramount).....	2½★
Go West (M-G-M).....	C 2½★	Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Great American Broadcast, The (20th Century-Fox)	3½★	Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO).....	2½★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists).....	3½★	Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Great Lie, The (Warners).....	3½★	Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★
Great Mr. Nobody (Warners).....	2½★	Sea Wolf, The (Warners).....	3½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Scattergood Baines (RKO).....	2½★
*Here Comes Happiness (Warners).....	2½★	Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO).....	2½★
Her First Beau (Columbia).....	C 3★	Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★	She Knew All the Answers (Columbia).....	3★
High Sierra (Warners).....	3½★	Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount).....	3½★
Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic).....	2½★	Shining Victory (Warners).....	2½★
Hit the Road (Universal).....	C 2½★	Sis Hopkins (Republic).....	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★	Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga (Universal)	2★
Honeymoon for Three (Warners).....	3★	Sleepers West (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
*Horror Island (Universal).....	2★	So Ends Our Night (United Artists).....	3½★
Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	South of Pago Pago (United Artists).....	2½★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M).....	2★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★	Spring Parade (Universal).....	C 3★
I'll Wait for You (M-G-M).....	2½★	Strange Alibi (Warners).....	2½★
In The Navy (Universal).....	3½★	Strawberry Blonde (Warners).....	3½★
Invisible Woman, The (Universal).....	3★	Sunny (RKO).....	3★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★	Tall, Dark and Handsome (20th Century-Fox)...	3★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★	Texas Rangers Ride Again (Paramount).....	C 2½★
It Happened to One Man (RKO).....	3★	That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists).....	3★
I Wanted Wings (Paramount).....	3½★	That Hamilton Woman (United Artists).....	3½★
*Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Paramount).....	3½★	That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Kitty Foyle (RKO).....	4★	There's Magic in Music (Paramount).....	2½★
*Knockout (Warners).....	2½★	They Dare Not Love (Columbia).....	2★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)....	C 3½★	They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
*Lady Be Good (M-G-M).....	4★	They Met in Bombay (M-G-M).....	3★
Lady Eve, The (Paramount).....	3½★	Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Lady from Cheyenne, The (Universal).....	3★	Tight Shoes (Universal).....	3★
Lady from Louisiana, The (Republic).....	3★	*Time Out For Rhythm (Columbia).....	2½★
Lady in Question, The (Columbia).....	3★	Tobacco Road (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M).....	3★	Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	C 3★
Las Vegas Nights (Paramount).....	2★	*Too Many Blondes (Universal).....	2★
Letter, The (Warners).....	4★	Topper Returns (United Artists).....	3★
Let's Make Music (RKO).....	3★	Trial of Mary Dugan, The (M-G-M).....	2½★
Life With Henry (Paramount).....	C 2½★	Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners).....	2½★
Little Men (RKO).....	2½★	Underground (Warners).....	3½★
Lone Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia).....	2★	Victory (Paramount).....	3★
Love Crazy (M-G-M).....	3½★	Voice in the Night, The (Columbia).....	3★
Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount).....	3½★	Wagons Roll At Night, The (Warners).....	3★
Mad Doctor, The (Paramount).....	2½★	Washington Melodrama (M-G-M).....	3★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M).....	2½★	Westerner, The (United Artists).....	C 3★
Major Barbara (United Artists).....	C 3½★	Western Union (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Man Betrayed, A (Republic).....	3★	Woman's Face, A (M-G-M).....	3½★
Man Hunt (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Man Made Monster (Universal).....	2★	You're The One (Paramount).....	2½★
*Man Who Lost Himself, The (Universal).....	3★	Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M).....	3½★
Meet Boston Blackie (Columbia).....	2½★		



## BACKGROUND FOR ROMANCE

(Continued from page 37)

room of the Morrison Hotel in Chicago, joined the band (Herbie Kay's), was a night club singer. If that wasn't the typical American girl success story, then his wise blue eyes had never seen one. Dorothy, with her blue-black hair, her throaty singing voice, her oncoming film fame, was the wish-fulfilment of tens of thousands of middle class American girls.

Then why shouldn't she dress the part? That's when the one-piece frocks with the buckled belts, the comfortable slacks, began to vanish from Dottie's wardrobe several years ago. The new Lamour wore white chiffons for evening, cut with an eye to line and eye-appeal . . . fox capes and ermine coats, too; and crimson suede dresses with dripping silver fox scarves and hats whose brims advanced and retreated like a military campaign.

The little Lamour was now a fitting symbol for all the working girls in America who dreamed of things like that happening to them. And all this was the result of shrewd planning by the thirty-ish young man who walked at Dorothy's side as they entered Ciro's that night in May.

And still she wondered whether the fun of being turned out as flawlessly as a Worth mannequin entirely compensated for the other things that she had had to give up. Things like love and domestic happiness. For Dottie, first, last and always, is a devotee of the domestic routine.

Up to that moment she had sacrificed one four-year marriage to orchestra leader Herbie Kay (Herbert Power Kautmeyer) for her career; she had tried to forget the ache in her heart and its emptiness by forcing an interest in other too-willing escorts. The resultant pub-



Warner Brothers' ex-Powers model, Lucia Carroll, wears Harlequin glasses for her active sports life.



## "A DARK SUSPICION HAS JUST CROSSED MY MIND!"

"WONDER IF GRANDMA could have forgotten the rub-down after my bath this morning!!!

"I'll admit I was still too worked up about the soap in my eye to worry about powder at the time . . .

"By Jupiter, though, come to think of it—I *didn't* get a rubdown! It was right out of the tub and on with my shirt! Not a particle of that delicious Johnson's Baby Powder did I have! Not even so much as a hasty dusting!

"I remember now—I thought 'This dressing business is going mighty fast' . . . *Fast*—I'll say it was!

"The idea of Grandma thrusting me into a romper without even one little sprinkle of Johnson's! I'd just like to tell her how smooth and slick and comfortable I *haven't* been feeling all day!

"Believe me—this is the last time I go visiting without a can of downy-soft, soothing Johnson's clutched in my fist. A baby can't be too careful!"



"No doubt about it—Johnson's Baby Powder is the loveliest stuff that ever soothed a baby's prickles! Fine for chafes, too. And really very inexpensive."

## JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

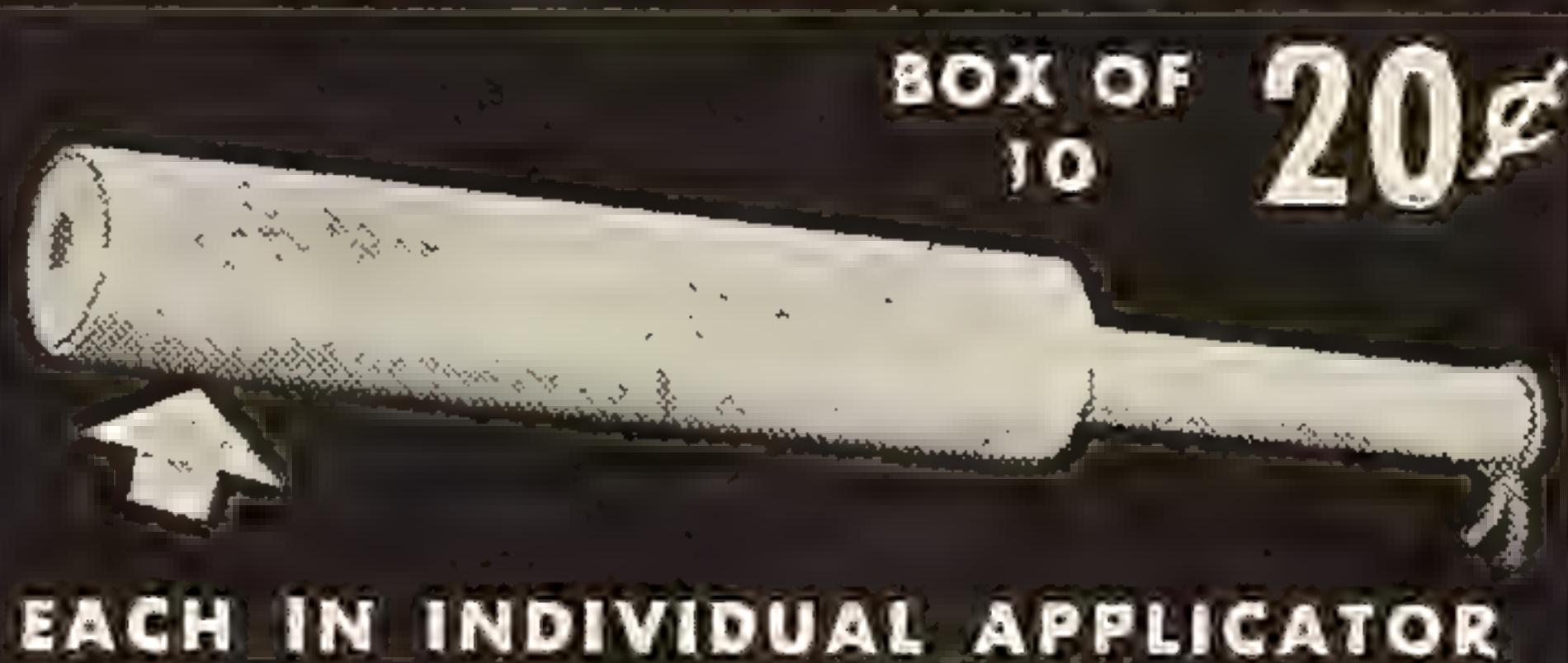


## Why I switched to Meds



—by a model

Even on those "certain days," I have to parade around and smile. I just couldn't do it without *internal* sanitary protection. So when Modess came out with Meds—a new and improved tampon—I bought a box quick! What a blessing! I never dreamed I could be so gloriously comfortable! Meds make protection so sure, too—they're the *only* tampons with the "safety center." And thrifty? Say, Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten—an average month's supply—or only 98¢ for a box of sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators are priced so low!



### Meds

THE MODESS TAMPON

### MAKE EXTRA MONEY NOW

**Sell 50 Personal Christmas Cards for \$1.00**  
Also 60 for \$1, and 30 for \$1. All beautiful double-folders with name inscribed. Big values. Liberal cash profit on every order. **5 different Portfolios FREE.** Also sell complete line popular Christmas Box Assortments. Write today. General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. P-806, Chicago, Ill.

## "The Work I Love"

AND \$20 to \$25 A WEEK!

"I'm a TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE, and thankful to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING for training me, at home, in my spare time, for this well-paid, dignified work."

YOU can become a nurse, too! Thousands of men and women, 18 to 60, have studied this thorough, home-study course. Lessons are easy to understand and high school education not necessary. Many earn as they learn—Mrs. R. W. of Mich. earned \$25 a week while still studying. Endorsed by physicians. Uniform and equipment included. Easy tuition payments. 42nd year. Send coupon now!



### CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 239, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.  
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

licity which backfired like an ancient Ford had wearied and hurt her.

There was no doubt that she was the victim of a "bad press." What she said was misconstrued. When she didn't say anything, her silence was misinterpreted. When she decided to stop all nonsensical rumors about her by not giving interviews, reporters declared that she was going "high hat." She was on the Hollywood merry-go-round and there was nothing she could do about it.

All this may make her like a figure in a great tragedy wrapped up in the inevitability of her fate, but that's all wrong, too. True—sometimes she would long for the early days when she was known as "Toozhie"—short for "Toujours" Lamour—when life was practically carefree. But music, laughter could make her brave, make her forget the sleepless questions of the night. "So what is fame?" "So what is all this business?" "So what—are you really happy?"

It may have been that the "so what?" voice was prodding her at the moment she turned to look up into Greg Bautzer's rugged face. Rocamora introduced them. There was mutual recognition of something that wasn't ordinary as Dottie smiled up into Greg's eyes.

Greg Bautzer is that rare Hollywood commodity, an eligible male. With the shortage of men in the film colony due to conscription both martial and marital, many a glamour girl would jilt her career to rate with Mr. Bautzer, whose handsomeness is marked with more virility than most of the Hollywood male pretties.

Without even half trying, Dottie held him willing captive for the evening. Although Greg had come with another party, and he looked over to his table during the evening, he remained as much a part of the Rocamora-Lamour twosome as the carnation in the host's lapel. After that, it was "Greg Bautzer with Dorothy Lamour" or "Dorothy Lamour and Greg Bautzer" in all accounts of the film colony's social doings.

On the surface this may seem like another torrid film romance. But it was more than that. Instead of being the coming together of two libidos on the loose, as is often the Hollywood case, this was a meeting of two people desperately in need of a companionship that would blot out memories of preceding unhappy romances.

Young Bautzer had also been the victim of a Hollywood blitz attack. He had been left literally "waiting at the church"—for Lana Turner had been reported his fiancée, had lavishly promised the "press boys" that she and Bautzer would have a church wedding when they were married. Instead, on February 14, 1940, she handed him a valentine in the shape of a headline screaming the news that she had eloped and married band leader Artie Shaw in Las Vegas, Nevada.

BEING the gentleman, the attorney and quite a scholar, if all accounts are true, Bautzer swallowed his pride, which must have been dented, and made a statement: "He is a lucky fellow," he said, referring to the groom. "I wish them all the luck in the world." This was a generous remark in view of the fact that he had been Miss Turner's accepted escort for over two years, that she had scarcely taken him into her confidence about her impending elopement, and that on the two nights before the runaway marriage Bautzer had been her escort to film affairs.

Just what was in her mind to prompt this whirlwind marriage—was it pique or was she swept off her feet by a romantic rip tide?—remains the secret of Lana, whose short-lived marriage came

to an end in August in the divorce courts. Anyway, her swift move left Bautzer quite Eve-less. But not for long and not in Hollywood. Bautzer, the eligible, was besieged by importuning ladies, and the powder rooms of movie mansions and film cafés buzzed with chatter about him.

To get a clear picture of Bautzer it is necessary to look at his background. After reading the film gossip columns it is too easy to brand him a cinema playboy. He lives the footloose life of a young bachelor who knows what fun is all about. His roommates, law-partner Bentley Ryan and Jack Huber, are epicureans from the same extremely robust mould.

Furthermore, the threesome occupies the home once lived in by that most redoubtable bachelor of them all, Ronald Colman. The little Spanish house, climbing down a hillside, set in tennis courts and pergolas and shade trees, lends itself to legend, which certainly enlarges the glamour surrounding any man-about-town.

But looking deeper into Bautzer's background, other things offset the surface legend. For one thing he is a capable attorney, whose capabilities started and sustained him in his career during the lean late thirties and Depression. He has been a partner of Ryan's for four or five years. Bautzer was born in Los Angeles County, which disproves the old one about a "prophet is without honor in his own—county."

HIS college days at the University of Southern California were marked by an ability to speak out, not out of turn, but in debating teams, and his forensic abilities carried him through thirteen intercollegiate contests. Once he represented USC in its annual tour throughout the Pacific Coast, and when an American debating team went abroad to joust theories and words with Old World teams, Bautzer was Captain of the American crew. The youngster (he is now twenty-nine or thirty) had an opportunity to visit Oxford University in England where his great grandfather Gregson, on his mother's side, once attended school.

Add this information to the stories of how he sold papers on the Los Angeles streets as a lad, and how he never fails, unless he has a fractured leg (as in 1940) or loses an appendix (ditto year), to be chief speaker at the Newsboys Club meetings, and you have all the qualifications of a pretty solid citizen.

It might seem to the outsider that such a team—the film star riding on the crest of the success wave and the well-established, not unworldly young attorney—might well unite for a long-term matrimonial contract. There should be no career conflict. Each is responsible to Hollywood for a livelihood. But in different fields. Each could zoom upward in his career without muscling in on the other's territory.

That may be why, when their vacations coincided, they decided that a month away from Hollywood, a month away from its clamor and diffused issues, would give each a chance to take a long look at their feelings for each other. So, equipped with standard chaperone, they made the excursion to Hawaii on the S.S. Lurline.

As you read this, their decision is known. If it was in the affirmative then Dottie's friends have already wished her all the happiness that she has always set her heart upon finding in marriage. If the decision was in the negative, then they are prepared, as always, to heartily agree that whatever the sarong girl does is all right.



## GLORIA THE GLAMOROUS

(Continued from page 30)

He bought everything new that came out. He was one of the first to own an early Edison phonograph. And my mother—her kitchen was jammed with time-saving devices. I remember the way it looked. Like a bad dream by Rube Goldberg!"

To fulfill this early ambition, we learned, Miss Swanson quit Hollywood temporarily just after the talkies came in, went to New York, invested wisely and was soon President and General Manager of Multiprises, Incorporated, manufacturers of plastics and hard metal alloys.

In this factory, our glamour girl interviewed wild-eyed inventors. She gave everyone with something to offer a hearing. One gentleman appeared with a new process for making plastic buttons. Another had concocted an alloy to draw wire. Soon, Miss Swanson was turning both products out in her plant!

She even went to Europe before the war in search of new ideas and keen minds. Brought back two foreign inventors, men who had life-saving devices to offer.

"A third gentleman I hoped to bring back had an invention—luminous paint for street signs—which was sensational. But before I could get him out, the Nazis demanded he do business with them. He refused." She frowned. "He's now in a concentration camp."

WE wondered aloud if, now that she was back in the art of picture-making she wouldn't forget about her factory.

"Forget about it?" she cried. "Now? When we're doing important National Defense contracts for the government? Why, my five office assistants (they call me the Little Chief) send me every letter, every contract, every document that's drawn up by the firm!"

We marveled, not alone at the fact that Miss Swanson could handle her firm's urgencies at a distance of 3,000 miles, but at the knowledge that she was capable of doing at least a dozen things at one time and well.

For aside from her pet factory, here she was on the set of RKO's "Father Takes A Wife." Working day and night enacting the role of America's most famous actress who, in the scenario, marries a millionaire shipping magnate portrayed by Adolphe Menjou and gets mildly involved, for the sake of an entertaining plot, with a Latin warbling protégé, Desi Arnaz.

And if the factory and the film weren't enough, here she was maintaining her reputation, intact for seven years, as one of America's best-dressed women. She showed us the little object slated to enhance her reputation. It was a white blouse with tattoo designs. Really clever. Its origin was interesting. For one scene in the picture, Gloria Swanson had to wear something nautical. She didn't want the usual anchors and life preservers. She desired something different. So she consulted Designer Rene Hubert, who has done her clothes for years. He went to a tattoo artist, a specialist with sailors, who tattooed his original salty designs on the blouse, and these designs were then stitched. Miss Swanson was pleased.

But her cleverness with clothes is nothing new. We recalled the sensation she'd once created in New York. Final proof that beauty—plus brains—can do anything. There was to be a big luncheon

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## SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"

at the Colony Restaurant to determine America's Best Dressed Woman. It was calculated to be a close contest, and Gloria Swanson was anxious to retain her title. Suddenly, in a moment of rare inspiration she got an idea.

The day before the crucial luncheon, Gloria Swanson appeared at the Colony wearing a hat especially designed by Valentina. Inside the hat was a concealed smokepot which sent up tiny clouds of perfumed smoke. This created a furor. The other women present, fearing this might win the contest for Miss Swanson the following day, raced out to have new hats designed. At the luncheon they all appeared—Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Mrs. Byron Foy, Mrs. Harrison Williams, Mrs. Woolworth Donohue—in odd hats. As a satirist put it, one of the odd hats even played tunes, another spouted flames, a third was topped by a live dove and a fourth flashed a neon light. Everyone waited for Gloria Swanson. They'd show her! Finally she arrived! And she was wearing another new hat! But it was a plain straw bonnet! That's all. Just a plain bonnet. It made the others appear overdressed. It made Gloria Swanson stand out. And thus, by a bit of handy brainwork she retained her unofficial crown of America's Best Dressed Woman!

Listening to Gloria Swanson, observing her, we couldn't help recalling how in many ways she'd changed. During the twenties when she was Hollywood's original First Lady, she was glamorous, too, but in a different way. She was in those years wilder, more hectic, somewhat unrestrained. Today she maintains her colorfulness with greater subtlety.

In the silent days when Gloria Swanson toiled for Cecil B. DeMille and for The Famous Players, she was a great feuder. Actually, those were the days

of feuds. She was on the outs, for example, with Pola Negri. And after Pola Negri pulled a trick on her, Gloria Swanson got even. She learned Pola hated cats, so she flooded the entire studio, the set and Pola's dressing room with kittens and toms of every meowing variety! And again, she feuded with Constance Bennett. That was a real bout—and the only thing they had in common was the same ex-husband, the Marquis de la Falaise!

Also, those were days when Miss Swanson, earning as much as \$12,000 a week, bathed in a bathtub of onyx and another of gold. And those were the days when she could see a jewel in a shop window at three in the morning, desire it and send ten miles for the owner to open his store in the middle of the night to sell her that jewel!

THOSE were the days, too, when she could confess, as she once did to an English novelist, that she lived by feel rather than by head. Emotion dominated her life. As she stated to the novelist at the time during a private luncheon:

"A woman asked me yesterday to define life. I said that life was emotion. She didn't understand. I corrected myself and said that emotion was the most important thing in life, and I gave her a simple example. I said, 'If you were to discover that a friend whom you had trusted had been stealing from you, which would have the greater effect upon you, the loss of the money or the emotion caused by its loss?'"

Which was extremely intelligent but was also revealing in displaying how Gloria Swanson thought and by what credo she performed socially some twelve or thirteen years ago.

Today, she has become too busy, too

immersed in more vital matters, too mature for the hectic and the wild. And today her very maturity has helped make her just as colorful as in the long ago.

During our conversation, Miss Swanson made a remarkable statement. She said:

"I've lived generations, thousands of years in fact, since I was fifteen years old and first broke into films. Why, I'll bet you I've lived more than my mother, my grandmother and my great-grandmother combined!"

For a clue to the present we delved more deeply into the past.

Her father was an army Lieutenant-Colonel. He named her Gloria after the heroine in his favorite book, Hall Caine's "The Christian." The Swanson was an Americanization of the family's Swedish name, Svenson. In fact, when she first reached Hollywood and won a job in pictures, Cecil B. DeMille took her aside and said, "Listen, honey, everything's fine about you except your name. Where in the devil did you ever dream up such a phoney stage name? Gloria Swanson. God! Who'll ever believe that?"

Her father wanted her to be a painter. Even sent her to the Chicago Art Institute. Her mother wanted her to be a musician. Even had her banging the piano. She just wanted to be alone and think. They got her a job at a department store notions counter. She was thrown out on her ear when the manager found her reading "Quo Vadis" instead of waiting on customers.

ONE day she saw a John Bunny comedy. He was the Abbott and Costello, all wrapped up in one, of his time. Mabel Normand was also in the film. So young Gloria Swanson decided she wanted to be an actress like Mabel Normand.

"I remember walking homewards from the theatre," she recalled later, "practicing the sort of faces Mabel had made on the screen. A cop stopped me under a street lamp and asked me if anybody had been bothering me. I blushed and said 'No,' but decided *that* meant I could act!"

Gloria Swanson's aunt took her to New York on a vacation. She tried to become an extra at the old Essanay Studio. While waiting in line, she was spotted by the studio's biggest star. He hired her for a two-reel custard-tossing comedy. It was pure slapstick. In the last scene she was supposed to bend down for a hankie, and the big star was supposed to kick her in the beam-end and send her on her face. She refused to be kicked.

She said to the big star, "I want to be an actress. I don't want to be a clown!" "Sorry," answered the big star, "but you're talking yourself out of a movie career!"

The big star, whose name was Charlie Chaplin, was wrong. Because, by persistently avoiding being smushed in the face by gooey pies, Gloria Swanson soon became Hollywood's biggest name.

Why, the time even came when she could make her own pictures. Once when on a reading spree she read the life of Napoleon Bonaparte's ex-laundress who rose to nobility, the fabulous Madame Sans-Gene. Gloria Swanson decided to go to France with her own cast and make the picture against the original setting at a cost of \$300,000. She expected to use the historic French palaces and parks for her sets. First she had to obtain a permit. So she hired a French interpreter, a charming and handsome nobleman who spoke five languages.

This nobleman took Miss Swanson to a cabinet minister. But there were difficulties about the permit. The interpreter



and the minister chattered endlessly in French.

Finally exasperated, Miss Swanson shouted to her interpreter, "Neither he nor you understands me!"

"He may not," admitted the interpreter, "but I do!"

And to show he did, he married her. He was the much-publicized Marquis de la Falaise. And P.S. he also got her the permit to shoot that picture in France!

Incidentally, the Marquis was Gloria Swanson's third husband. Previously she'd been married to Wallace Beery and to H. K. Somborn, who founded the Brown Derby. And in 1934 she divorced her fourth husband, Michael Farmer, the Irish sportsman. Today there's nothing too serious in the air. She has three children to keep her domestically occupied. Gloria, now twenty, is married. Then there are Joe and Michele.

Today brown-haired, blue-eyed, thoughtful Gloria Swanson insists she has no special ambitions. "I don't like to make plans," was the way she put it. "Sometimes I feel as if my entire life were written ahead, patterned by destiny, and there was no use planning. . . . But when I do work on something, I'm like a horse with blinders on. I can only see straight ahead at my immediate objective. This enables me to concentrate, forsaking all else."

Aside from tennis or long hikes with her dogs, her favorite recreation is to relax at an afternoon tea—"especially with creative people of every type"—and argue and learn.

"Once a writer friend of mine described me as a Mental Vampire. 'You enter a room,' he said, 'and sponge up all the information the best minds have to give you and then discard those minds.' And I suppose that's true. I presume I've been forever trying to compensate for having attended only one year of high school in my life before entering pictures at fifteen, and I've been anxious to catch up on my learning ever since."

Finally, we wondered about Gloria Swanson's tomorrows. Not her ambitions, but her tomorrows. We knew that she would always be glamorous and exciting because, well, her glamour depends not upon rapidly fading human beauty but upon more certain and dependable human brains. We remembered one thing she'd once said about her tomorrow. It was the key to her intellect. She'd said:

"When I grow old, I want to have an old brain as well as an old body. I shall pray for wrinkles in my spirit to match the wrinkles on my face. I shall pray for the fire to die down in my brain just as it dies down in my body. . . ."

#### Solution to Puzzle on Page 8

M	E	R	L	E	I	L	O	N	A	G	R	E	E	R			
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A	T	E	A	N	N	E	E	L	I	S	C	E	E				
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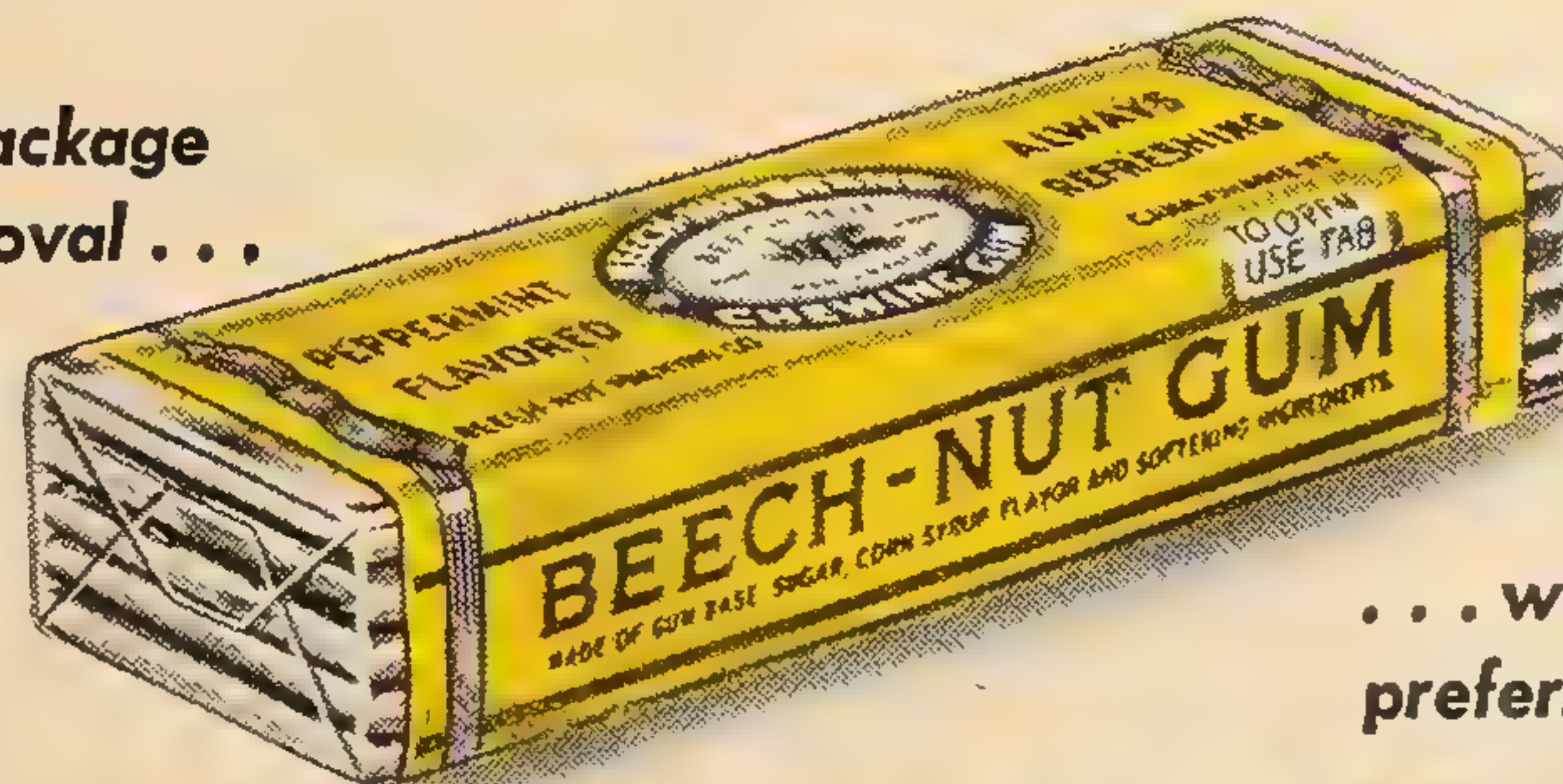
In a test, made by an independent fact-finding organization, 334 out of 509 softball players preferred the delicious flavor of Beech-Nut Gum.

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**CALL ME "DUTCH"**

(Continued from page 47)

or at sea you would be pretty sure not to hear a thing about it. It is in the records, for example, that in his twenty-seven years to date Reagan has saved the lives of seventy-seven people from drowning. But an astute publicity department generally gives this figure out as seventeen persons. "I guess they figure people wouldn't believe it if you told them a movie star saved seventy-seven lives," is the way Ronnie explains it.

There is hardly a young contract player who is not publicly dunked in a swimming pool the first few weeks he is engaged, but for some reason no one ever thought to do body art for Reagan. Then quite by accident, one of the publicity boys happened to spy Ronnie emerging from the surf at the Santa Monica Beach Club. The publicity lad couldn't help uttering a long, astounded, "Wheel!" And the next day there was an order for Ronald Reagan to make some pictures in trunks. Those shots brought oh's and ah's from fans the country over, as well as hundreds of offers for testimonials for everything from breakfast cereals to stretching gadgets for developing the Body Beautiful.

**I** DIDN'T know what that fellow was talking about that day down at the beach," Ronnie says. "I'd just come down for a swim, and he kept telling me that I should have told him I had a body. Well, what did he think I had anyway? I used to be a four-letter man at college, but I didn't think that that gave me an excuse to stick out my chest and expand my biceps publicly every time someone mentioned the word health."

Today, it must be told, there is more than a little chance that all this will be changed. Ronnie is married to Jane Wyman, and Jane is a little girl with a mind of her own and an aggressive ability that will be certain to leave its mark on friend husband. Besides, there are three Reagans and a fourth one reportedly on the way!

Just the other day something happened that would have been unthinkable last year. Ronnie had been called into Jack Warner's office for an important conference. Mr. Warner, the studio chief and the man whose say-so could rocket him to the top or doom him to another year or two of playing cops-and-robbers in the B's, was in a benign, kindly mood and was outlining his plans for Ronnie's future.

But did Ronnie pay grateful attention? No. All he kept watching was a clock on the boss's desk, eyeing it with increasing dismay as each minute passed. Finally he could stand it no longer. He stood up in the midst of one of Mr. Warner's sentences and said, "You'll have to excuse me, sir, but I can't stay a minute longer—I've got to go. You see, if I don't get home in fifteen minutes I don't get to bathe the baby, and that's my job. So long—I'm very late."

We asked Ronnie point-blank if he didn't think that being married to Jane had changed him a little. "I suppose it has," he offered tentatively, then deciding definitely, "I know it has. I used to be easy-going because I didn't have anybody to think of but myself. But now I always get to thinking about Jane and Maureen and, well, it does make a difference. You hate to let your wife think you're being made a chump of."

Ronnie is not ashamed to tell you that Jane is the first and only girl he has been

in love with. "From the time I graduated from college back in 1932, till we got married I was too busy to think much about romance. First I got into radio, and it was a hard grind for five years. I started with a little fresh-water station in Davenport, Iowa, not knowing a thing about sports announcing. Then the station got to growing bigger and bigger, and they towed me along. Then came the national hookups, the big football games, the Joe Louis fights, the World's Series—and I kept telling myself I wasn't good enough and being so worried I didn't have much time for girls."

"Then one spring I came out to California to watch the Chicago Cubs in their spring training and a Warner Brothers' scout screen-tested me, and before I could say boo I was playing in pictures! As my dramatic experience was limited to a couple of plays with the Eureka College Dramatic Society, you can imagine how scared I was. I was afraid that any moment I'd be called before someone, be told it had all been a dreadful mistake and get canned. It wasn't till 'Brother Rat' that I began to be sure of myself. And that's when I sort of started to take real notice of Jane. Oh, I'd seen her around, but I'd never thought much about her. When we were shooting 'Rat' I kept finding myself unconsciously on the lookout for her."

"Did she take to you at once?"

"Heck, no. She thought I was a snob. You see, I've got to wear specs because I'm so darned far-sighted I can't see anything less than a hundred yards away without 'em. Well, a couple of times I'd forgotten my glasses and had walked by Jane without so much as a cool 'hiya,' and for a while I was just plain poison to her."

"Then we both worked late one day, and we bumped into each other going home. I knew she hadn't had dinner so I suggested we have it together. I got to like her at once. So naturally at work the next day I suggested a return engagement and got an immediate booking. Then I found myself dating her every chance I got."

**W**HEN we finished the picture we were both in the mood for a long spree of dining and dancing and staying up till dawn. We'd both been working hard and needed a little bit of tooting around. I never had a serious thought about it.

"I think I began to realize I was in love when Jane went off to Santa Barbara with friends for a week-end and left me alone. I thought the world had come to an end. When she returned forty-eight hours later, I felt twenty years older. Soon after that we both got a chance to go on a personal appearance tour with Louella Parsons. Those weeks together cinched it. I was crazy in love and didn't care who knew it."

Jane, beside being wife and mother and actress in her own right, is now a combination of agent, business manager and publicity man for Ronnie. Given half a chance she is sure to tell you about her husband. He likes comfortable old things, so periodically Jane has to browbeat him into going to the tailor's and getting new clothes. If Ronnie thinks that nice banker-grey flannel in the corner is just the thing, not ostentatious and just right, Jane will tell the salesman in definite, firm tones that what the husband wants is a Glen Urquhart plaid and draped,



please, to show off that manly chest. The only thing that is Ronnie's domain without question is a threadbare armchair and ottoman that sits in a corner of the Reagan living room. The room itself is a decorator's item in dubonnet and yellow, and the sight of the faded, decrepit chair is a bit of a shock. But it's Ronnie's chair, and the earnest plea of no decorator is going to get it out, color scheme or no color scheme. As a matter of fact Jane tried once to get it recovered, just recovered—and had to call up to get it back untouched lest the master of the house really get angry.

This display of temperament and stubbornness, this evidence that Ronnie has a very definite mind of his own, is just what Jane is cultivating in her lord and master—and if it means a dirty old chair in the living room, why, so be it.

As we said, the Reagans now have a child, Maureen Elizabeth, eight months old. For the public enlightenment, it might just as well be given out that Maureen is the spittin' image of mother Jane, with the same wide, curved forehead and the same charming nose. Dad just beams at her. If you ask the he-man if he wouldn't have preferred a boy, he gives you an emphatic "no."

"You know, the nice thing about having a girl is that you have a sort of picture of the girl you married, the girl you're in love with as a child and a young girl—you kind of watch her grow up. I know it's silly, but it gives you a kick."

**R**ONNIE doesn't have any old-fashioned prejudices about his wife working. "I think the trouble usually comes from people resenting each other's success," he says. "This is especially true of actors. As for us, I can honestly say we share in one another's success, and we have fun talking about our work to each other."

The Reagans are both crazy about their work. Every so often they will get a yen to do the town, but mostly they spend their evenings in the movie houses. The big problem of their life is trying to find a picture they have not seen. The good ones they see two or three times (they love to watch the technique of a swell job of film-making), and the Bing Crosby pictures they see four or five times. Jane is an ardent fan of Bing's. (She owns every record he ever made.) Ronnie's pet enthusiasm is George Murphy, and at the last telling he had seen "A Girl, A Guy and A Gob" only three times less than Lord Beaverbrook has seen "Destry Rides Again," which, we are told, is thirty-seven.

The Reagans are sensible folk. They live on an allowance, and what they don't actually need goes smack into the bank every week and no nonsense. It makes it a little easier that Jane and Ronnie both work and they admit it. Those weeks when one or the other is on layoff, why, there's just that much less money to go into the bank.

The reason for all this saving is the new home they're building. Right now the Reagans live in a penthouse apartment off the Sunset Strip, but they are waiting for the day when their new house is ready for the moving in. Ronnie broke another precedent when he elected to build in Beverly Hills rather than the Valley where men's men are supposed to live these days. Doing the unexpected gives him a kick.

As for the future, it is right here in pictures. They are in his blood, and he knows of nothing so important or so much fun. The only thing that may get in the way is the United States Cavalry. Ronnie is a Second Lieutenant in the Cavalry Reserves, and he may be called

# "I don't care if you never come home!"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT WRECKED SO MANY MARRIAGES



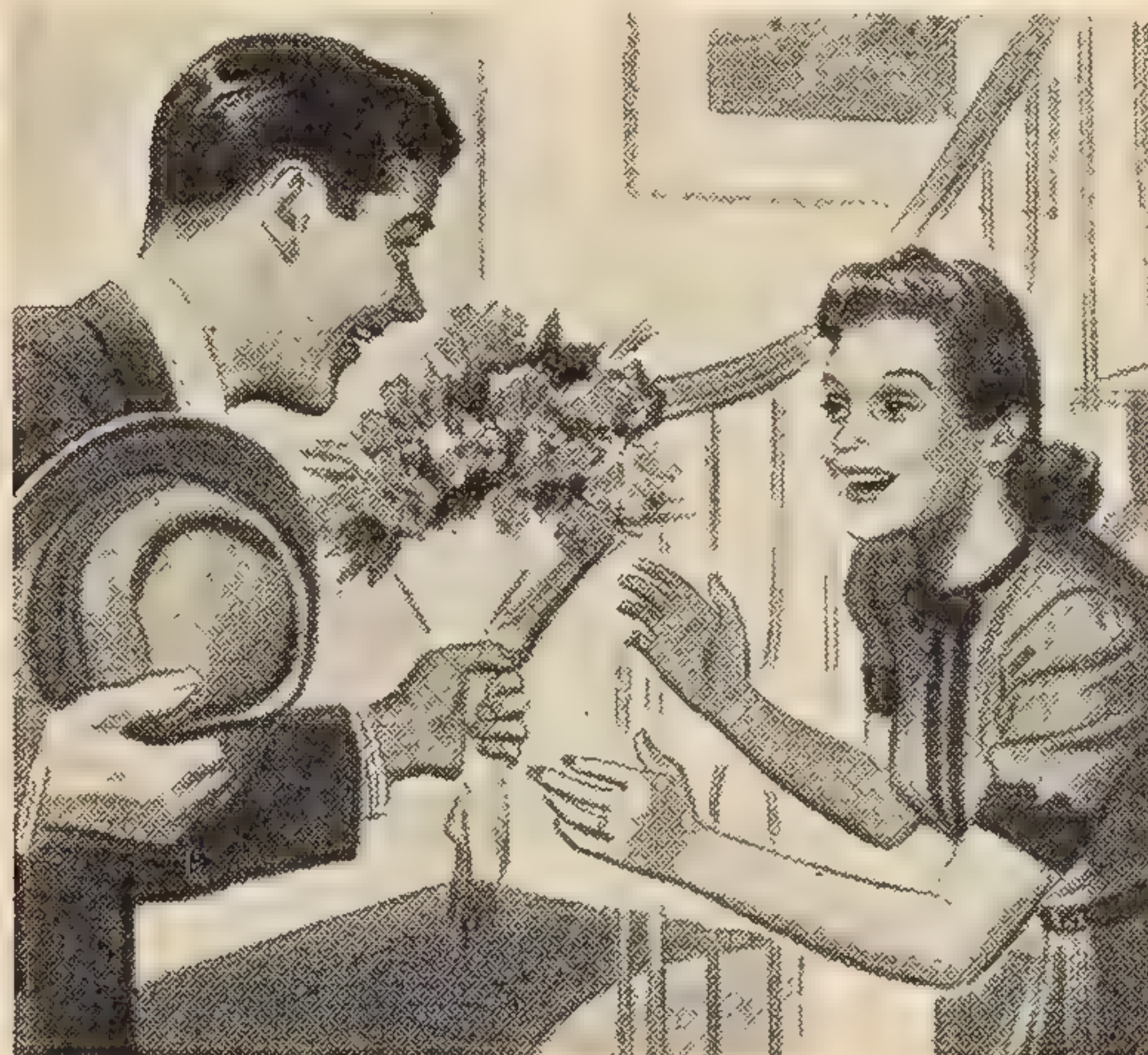
1. I thought my husband was all to blame. He'd been leaving me home alone night after night. Our once-blissful marriage seemed headed for the rocks. I was almost frantic.



2. In despair, I went to see my sister-in-law—Sarah's been so happily married for years. When I told her about our troubles, she said: "You may be the guilty one, Sis. Often a husband's love grows cold just because a wife is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene. It's one neglect few husbands can forgive."



3. "My own marriage was once in danger," Sarah said, "until my doctor set me right. He advised 'Lysol' for intimate personal care. He told me it does more than cleanse and deodorize. Being an efficient germicide, 'Lysol' kills millions of germs instantly on contact, and without discomfort to you."



4. I understand now why so many thousands of modern women rely on "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. It's gentle—yet so effective. And costs so little to use. I'll never risk losing my husband again. Yes, he comes home now—and brings me flowers!

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up for active service any day. Not that he is grudging in his willingness to go. Anything but. It may give the studio bosses nightmares to picture one of their brighter hopes spending one full year in maneuvers in the gentle way of the cavalry, but if the truth be told, Ronnie would love it if it were not for that year of separation from Jane and Maureen. Ronnie has always soft-pedaled talk of his commission in the cavalry because the studio would get frightened. The cavalry's idea of a ride is not a gentlemanly canter on a smooth bridle-path. What they like is a snorting, spirited charger that cannot stand still and a terrain that is uneven, hilly and full of hidden brooks. The cavalry loves those plunges down practically perpendicular ravines, those lunges across rivers that have swollen dangerously overnight. The cavalry has a way of seeing to it that army post hospitals do not contain too many empty beds!

Some chaps who possess one tired old mare take so many horsey pictures you get the idea they themselves sup on oats and mash. But Ronnie doesn't talk about his riding ability. When he was making "Santa Fe Trail" there was a scene that called for dangerous, tricky riding, and Ronnie was anxious to do it. But when they were ready to shoot it, there was a double ready for the take. Ronnie begged to do the scene himself. "We won't hear of it," he was told. "You might get hurt and hold up production. Besides this calls for really expert riding."

Characteristically, Ronnie said all right and let the matter drop. The next day he had to go to cavalry practice and they had a pretty hectic drill. Seven riders were hospitalized, and the way the troop rode made that scene in "Santa Fe Trail" look like a slow motion study of equitation for a middle-aged ladies' riding class.

But Ronnie is not going to make a fuss because they won't let him ride a horse. If he ever does get temperamental, you can bet that last dollar it will be over something worth getting temperamental about. When you love making movies the way Ronnie does and you plan to spend your life in the industry, you're bound to be a little sensible. "I'll spend my life in pictures whether as an actor or what have you," he says. It looks like he'll have a long time before he gets into the "what have you" class because his future as an actor is brighter and more promising than ever. For his work in "Santa Fe Trail" he got a real part opposite Priscilla Lane in "Million Dollar Baby," and the preview audiences were so enthusiastic that he was given the lead in the picturization of the best-seller, "King's Row," which promises to be one of Warners' extra-specials.

So it begins to look as though, in spite of himself and his modesty, people are beginning to find out about this guy Reagan. He'll never be found tooting his own horn, but from now on a lot of people are going to do it for him.

## GAY DIVORCÉE

(Continued from page 51)

present. I had a yearning to have all the floors covered in white because I think there's nothing like it to set off a woman's gown. I had white rugs in my apartment in London, but most of the mud on our guests' feet was off by the time they trailed upstairs to our door. Whereas, here they step straight in from the garden and leave the carpet looking as though horses had been led over it! The young men got so inhibited about my white carpets they wouldn't even come inside and took to saying good night to me on the front porch. In fact, we thought some of having paper slippers at the door. Just the other day," Greer laughed, "the tea wagon lost a wheel and dumped tea, cake and cucumber sandwiches all over the snowy rugs. The only person who enjoyed that accident was the local cleaner!

"Everything I do now," said Greer, "seems a pleasure. Even going to Adrian's for a fitting is fun. When I first arrived in Hollywood, I had a trunkful of gloomy black shoes and gowns. Now I go in for brilliant scarlets and jade greens in the daytime, white at night and glass ornaments and frivolous lacy gloves calculated to make a man want to kiss my hand. Believe it or not, I've even designed some of those insane hats I wear!

"I'm using make-up with a wanton hand. The other night as I was going out, Mother stopped me, her eyes bulging as if she had seen a zombie. 'Greer, what's come over you? Look in the mirror.' I looked and beheld something resembling a clown! I'd been so fascinated with the make-up we used for Technicolor that I'd bought some of the blue lights for my own dressing table at home. The blue lights had such a dimming effect on make-up that I put gobs of it on. But when I walked out into the

brighter lights, all I needed was a pink satin skirt and a hoop to jump through!

"I've become frightfully hair-conscious, too. I used to part it on the side, give it fifty strokes and let it go at that. Now I try a new hair-do every day. My new picture is responsible for that. It covers a period of thirty-five years, requiring a different hairdress for each era. It sort of got me!

"I take trips to Arrowhead Springs and go back to my girlhood wading in brooks and doing all those crazy things. I get a kick out of going to parties, especially intimate dinner parties and baby showers.

"I'm happy because I'm working myself to the skin and bone. I'm up at dawn and at the studio at eight. I never have more than twenty minutes for lunch and even then, there are bangs to be curled and dresses to be pressed and fitted. During the afternoon I try to call the house and check on dinner and messages, and I always plan to write letters between scenes. Charlotte, my secretary, sits all day with pencil poised ready to take them down, but I never get farther than 'Darling Eva—' My long-distance shopping on the sets is just as unsuccessful. I have things sent out from the Hollywood shops and back they go, unopened! I'm home by nine o'clock but never have time to read murder mysteries or work crossword puzzles. I don't suppose we've had guests for dinner more than a couple of times a year. We just don't have the time! One thing I insist on, and that's spending at least twenty minutes out of every day alone to think things over and completely relax. I guess it's the Oriental in me!

"And in these ways," Greer said, "I have changed. It's because I'm happy that amusing things happen to me; happiness is a magnet for merriment."



# SIXTEEN AND UNKISSED

(Continued from page 41)

so, when seven long months rolled by and Joan was still making the weary rounds, running through her repertoire of impersonations. But Director William Wellman finally broke the ice with a part in "Men With Wings."

You may remember seeing Joan after that in "Winter Carnival," "High School," "Two Thoroughbreds," "Nancy Drew, Reporter," "Susan and God"—all small parts, of course, but big enough to intrigue Warner execs. They tested her, signed her for six months, rechristened her Joan Leslie and let her mature slowly but steadily in "High Sierra," "The Wagons Roll at Night," "The Great Mr. Nobody" and "Thirty Days Hath September."

One good boost was all Joan needed at this point to bring stardom. And alert Warner publicity hawks paved the way by grabbing a Heaven-sent chance to match her against Paramount's Veronica Lake in a contest sponsored by Southern California's All-Year Club to find a "Sun Goddess." Joan won hands down, as you know, and the tidal wave of publicity that followed lapped from coast to coast convinced Warners that they had a new star.

NATURAL and unaffected as any normal, well-bred high-schooler, Joan violates Hollywood's tradition of Kleig-dazzled eccentricity by living modestly with her reunited family in a small Burbank home near the Warner studio. Though film roles have schooled her in realistic love-making, she's never been kissed off screen, still has her first date ahead of her. Studio school—the four daily hours that California requires—and dramatic lessons keep Joan's perky nose to the grindstone. And for relaxation, she has a healthy, 16-year-old preference for horseback riding, tennis, ping pong and bowling.

Clothes are not a major problem yet. Joan's mature and lovely 5' 4" and 120 pounds permit dress and shoe-swapping with her two pretty sisters, red-haired Mary (also under contract to Warners) and Betty, who wants to sing in radio. Newest additions to her wardrobe are two pinafore dresses, a red party frock and a gold-buttoned military suit on which she's sewn the honorary insignia recently given her by the West Coast Air Corps.

More important to Joan than clothes or the flattering stacks of fan mail that have begun pouring in from all unbombed parts of the world (one came from Australia addressed simply: "Joan Leslie, U. S. A.") is achieving Bette Davis stature as a real actress. And that's more than just a dream shared by a million other embryo Bernhardtts. Joan means it—with all the magnificent, sincere fervor of 16. If ambition, real talent and an eager willingness to work hard mean anything, you can expect her to be thanking someone for an Oscar three or four years from now!

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## GLORIFY YOUR HAIR

(Continued from page 57)

you may need an additional rinsing and soaping, but generally two latherings are enough. Rinse your hair repeatedly in clear water until every vestige of soap is removed and your hair fairly squeaks as you pull it through your fingers.

You can give your hair added lustre and sheen with a rinse. There are any number of flattering, inexpensive vegetable rinses for you to use whether you have blonde, brunette, red or white hair. They're absolutely harmless and can be washed off with your next shampoo.

The way you dry your hair affects its texture and softness, so don't leave it to dry by itself. First, remove excess moisture by rubbing it with a towel for a few minutes. Then remove all tangles with a coarse-toothed comb and brush it to its length with a firm-bristled brush. Shake it out and dry it in the sunshine or open air, if possible.

If you haven't been blessed with naturally curly locks, you can get the next thing to it with a really good permanent wave. Even if your hair has a slight curl of its own, you'll save many hours of needless fussing with your hair if you get the ends permanented. These take only a few curls which, of course, aren't as expensive as a complete wave.

If you start bargain-hunting for your permanent wave, you may end up with frizzled, dull hair that'll take months to restore to its natural bloom. Go to a beauty operator in whom you have confidence—even if the price is a little higher than those named by cut-rate places. You'll get your money's worth in a long-lasting, natural looking wave because reliable beauty shops use good materials and take extra time and precautions.

Before your hair is waved, insist that a test curl be made so that the operator will know how tightly your hair should be wound and the material and requirements for your particular texture of hair. He or she will also be able to suggest the type of curl that will be more suitable to you—the croquinole type (where the hair is wound from the ends toward the scalp) or the spiral type (where the winding starts at the roots of the hair) or a combination of both. The spiral wave is usually best for long loose waves and the croquinole gives short hair soft springy curls.

Generally a permanent wave is slightly drying, so if you want yours to be successful, be sure that your hair has plenty of elasticity and health before your wave—and that it receives special care afterward. Medium coarse, healthy hair takes to permanent waving like a duck to water, and fine and soft hair can be beautifully waved if it is done with care.

But it's almost impossible to insure a good, natural-looking wave with hair that is broken, over-stretched, dry and in generally bad condition.

If your hair is dry and brittle, begin at least three weeks before your permanent to bring it back to normal. Brush vigorously upward and outward every night for at least ten minutes. Then massage your scalp for three minutes with pomade or an oily lotion or tonic that will give your hair elasticity and lubrication. A hot oil treatment before every weekly shampoo will also help to restore your hair to resiliency.

AFTER your wave, your locks need attention if you want them soft and natural. Don't worry about brushing out your wave. It can't be done with a good one, so keep up your 100 hair strokes per night to make your wave lovelier. Apply brilliantine and pomade to the ends to keep them soft. Continue the massage and hot oil treatments to keep your scalp healthy. Use pins, curlers, wave set lotions, hair pins and cream wave sets to train your hair so you'll look like a natural-born curly top!

You can keep fly-away locks smooth and well-groomed when motoring, playing tennis or the like by wearing a net that matches your own hair. Nets are available in either hair or silk and come in every possible shade of natural hair color.

No matter what your hair style or whether you prefer to wear your tresses straight or curly, your hair needs to be clean, healthy and glossy. Many a plain Jane has won herself a reputation of glamour girl because of her beautiful hair resulting from faithful daily care.

No matter how entrancing your new hair style, it won't get the admiration it deserves if your hair is flecked with dandruff particles. You can get rid of this unlovely and dangerous scalp condition by using Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo frequently. It penetrates clogged-up pores and cleanses the scalp healthfully and thoroughly of dead tissue and dirt, giving the natural oil glands a chance to function as they should. Try Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo today for lovelier, dandruff-free hair.

Untidy, straggling locks and hair-dos that won't stay up are decidedly unglamorous, so tuck your rolls, side locks and the like firmly in place with Grip-Tuth combs. The teeth in these unusual combs are elliptical and hollow, specifically designed to grip hair tightly, and the combs themselves are curved to fit the head and come in varying sizes and colors. You can buy Grip-Tuth combs at your local syndicate store.

For waves that are soft, lasting and natural looking, try Lady York Wave Set. It's easy to use and can be applied to either dry or moist hair, leaving your waves with a beautiful lustrous sheen without a trace of flake or dust. Because it dries so quickly, it's just the thing for a rush job of hair setting.

A complexion that is lovely to look at requires frequent and thorough cleansing, so why not try "Hollywood Extra" Theatrical Cold Cream? Made of the purest of ingredients, it spreads easily and liquefies at body temperature to give your skin a thorough yet gentle cleansing, removing every trace of old make-up and dirt. You can use it as lavishly as you wish without feeling extravagant, for it costs only 25 cents for a ½-pound tin.

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# THE COUNTESS EXPLAINS . .

(Continued from page 27)

night from a date, somehow I'd find myself on the telephone calling up Oleg to tell him about it. I used to rout him out in the middle of the night. He was always polite, but," grins the Countess most charmingly, "when we moved into this house—it was his, you know—I found a long letter he'd written bawling me out for disturbing his sleep. He hadn't mailed it.

"He's wonderfully poised and polished, he's artistic, and he's terribly intelligent—at least, I think so. But above all, when I talk to him he understands. I've known lots of men I could love—but no one I thought I could both love and talk to and have him understand. He's also my best friend, I can depend on him. That's pretty important to me. Oh, hello, darling, you back?"

Oleg is indeed back and still smiling. He carries scotch and sodas. He is a wiry, well-knit man of twenty-eight with long, thick black hair and a thin aristocratic face. "Did you hear how Gene met the menace from Venice?" he chuckles. It was at a Hollywood party, rather a formal affair, those eight months or so ago. Gene was with one of her current suitors, and Oleg was with an Earl Carroll girl. Just why isn't quite clear, but he infers the Carroll belle was a little out of place. When after dinner she disappeared into the kitchen and returned with a can of beer and a banana which she placidly sipped and gulped among all the guests—well—he wandered. He ran right into Gene.

"I was in a mood," interrupts Gene

here. "I was unhappy. I wasn't having a good time. And suddenly this dark man was smiling at me and saying, 'You look like a lady. In fact, you look like the first lady I've seen in Hollywood.'"

Gene said she hoped she was. Whereupon the Count introduced himself, admired her dress, her jewelry, her coiffure and everything in general. Pretty soon the bad mood was a thing of the past. That is technique.

They saw each other the next night, and the next—but Gene had a social calendar at that point which looked like a debutante's time table. All the eager Beau Brummels of movieland stretched out in a long line—Burgess Meredith, John Swope, Tim Durant, Bentley Ryan, Barron Polan—a dozen more.

"I had to write her a letter to tell her I loved her," smiles Oleg.

"And I had to call Oleg up every night to find some one to talk to," confesses Gene. "I broke a date for a New Year's party and a lot of others just to talk to Oleg. But I couldn't break them all."

Now, when love on a telephone and mail-man basis can blossom to the point of elopement in Hollywood, in competition with all the romantic divertissements of that glamorous pleasure trove, that would seem pretty much the real thing. It did just that—one rainy night when both Oleg and Gene thought they were pretty sure about things.

They drove out to the airport in one of those rainstorms that broke a fifty-year record in Hollywood this spring. Paul Mantz, Hollywood's flying Cupid,

shook his head. The weather got damper and damper and cooler and cooler.

"So did our courage," smiles Oleg. "Then we had a leetle—what you say?—spat."

Now, perhaps the most healthy sign about all this Cassini-Tierney romance is that it has had its ups-and-downs. The course of true love you know. Theirs didn't run any smoother than the rest. It's not flowing along gently like Sweet Afton at this point, either, if you take in the Tierney clan tantrums.

The "leetle spat" is an understatement. It ended up in one of those never-again things, and the blackest mark against Gene Tierney's professions of love-from-the-start is that she upped and got herself romantically involved with Robert Sterling, a very charming young Hollywood actor. Gene was mad enough, or let us say, Bob was attractive enough to get them to the point of an elopement. At least there were strong rumors, and I eventually prod the Countess into a reluctant statement like this, "I don't know. I didn't know what I wanted. I wasn't sure at all. I was mixed up. And Oleg was already running around with some, some—gal!"

"I loved only Gene," states Oleg gallantly. "But she left me; she went to New York."

"I always go to New York when I'm confused," replies Gene.

I don't want to start something. I change the subject.

"Oh," Gene's round face cracks with a beatific smile. "The way we got to—



June Preisser, James Lydon and Mary Anderson appearing in "Henry Aldrich for President," a Paramount Picture.

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gether again? It was typical. You see, I got back from New York, and I went right out to a party. Everybody was dancing, and I couldn't think of anything but dancing with Oleg. But he wasn't there. So—"the Countess glances a bit archly at her spouse, "I went right to the telephone and called him up. I said, 'You're such a wonderful dancer. Please come on over and dance with me.' And he said—"

"—No thanks!" laughs Oleg. "That's the way, you see? Be indifferent. Only I wasn't."

"He was, too," contradicts Gene consigning another lengthy *billet doux* to the wastebasket.

"I wanted a church wedding," Gene sighs. "I wanted all my friends and my family there. Flowers, bridesmaids, train, champagne and everything. But—then my family started acting up."

Gene was living with her mother in Hollywood. Her father, Brother Butch, a Harvard student, and Sister Pat, in school in Virginia, have never met Oleg to this day. Only Mrs. Tierney has.

"I told Mother I knew I had found the right man," says Gene wistfully. "She always liked Oleg until she thought I was going to marry him. Then—"

"The temperature dropped," smiles the Count.

"I wrote my dad, too. We've always been awfully close. Dad's always been just like a boy friend. I wouldn't dream of putting anything over on my family. But they insisted on treating me like a silly child and—well—I'm not!"

WHAT Mr. Tierney wrote back was a tactful, fatherly letter suggesting that they postpone any rash action until fall. Gene replied that it wasn't rash action; she'd never been surer of herself. And that she could see through their stalling tactics. Then Papa T. wired her to come home at once. The battle was on.

Well, it waxed and waned for a spell. Brother Butch was readied to fly out from Harvard with a family ultimatum. "But I stopped that!" says Gene. Mama Tierney sided with her husband, and it was Gene versus the home team. "There is just a family complex about my getting married, that's all," Gene is thinking aloud. "It wasn't Oleg they disapproved of, just the idea of letting any man have me. Of course," she adds, "that's natural, especially since they've always doted pretty much on me. I'm the first child to marry. So I didn't blame them for that. But I do for not getting over it. After all, Mother was engaged three times before she got married. And she was just as young as I am."

Gene had almost a month to think things over after the family fireworks began. She never changed her mind—except about the wedding ceremony itself. With the family state of mind what it was, a wedding with all the trimmings was out of the question. It had to be an elopement or there'd be all sorts of scenes. So they did it as quietly as possible. They simply hopped a regular airliner to Las Vegas. It was in between retakes on Gene's first starring role, "Belle Starr." They sat across the aisle from each other as if they had never met before in their lives. Gene buried her nose in a book, and Oleg stared down at the clouds. "We had an hour and a half in the air for any last minute regrets," Gene is relating, "and the only one that popped up was the slight regret that I had to go and get airsick!"

The incognito wasn't quite so successful. When they alighted in Las Vegas, an airline official tipped his cap. "Hello, Miss Tierney," he grinned. Gene said she wasn't any such thing, but the flight



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man just went right on grinning. "My name's Tierney," he said; "and I've made a point of following your career. You can't fool me. Congratulations." It was about the only congratulations Gene and Oleg got.

A justice of the peace married them. Gene dressed, she says, "like a campfire girl" with a ratty old skirt. Young Lochinvar attired in a gabardine sports suit.

That night Gene made the supreme bid for her mother's good wishes. Instead of going with her husband, she went home to her mother. "I thought it would make her feel better about the whole thing," Gene explains to me, "but when I got home, she wasn't there!"

Now the funny part of all this Tierney family cold shoulder is that at first it wasn't quite that way. According to Gene and the Count, there was no hint of the frigidaire when they sent off the good news to the folks.

Oleg's phone call to Mrs. Tierney was quite a shock, of course, but she rallied, saying that if Gene was happy, she had her blessings. "Gene is a sensible girl," Mrs. T. told her new son-in-law. "I know she must have good reasons for this."

And the note Gene sent on to her Dad in New York got an answer like this:

DARLING YOUR LOVELY LETTER RECEIVED. I THINK YOU WILL AGREE I HAVE NEVER LACKED UNDERSTANDING OF YOU. YOUR HAPPINESS WILL ALWAYS BE MY JOY. WRITING FULLY. LOVE. DAD

What inspired the sudden change of family heart? I gather that it is still something of a mystery to Gene and Oleg. They have not heard from the Tierneys all huddled now in the East.

He says, "There is a complete silence."

She says, "All I know is what I read in the papers. But I don't believe half of that."

What Gene, as well as everyone else, reads in the papers, are things various indignant Tierneys have told reporters, or are supposed to have told them. Like: "Gene has gone Hollywood, I'm afraid . . ." and "Gene is just a misguided child . . . she has been carried away by this suave man of the world . . ." Also paternal hints that Nevada wedding laws are being looked into for annulment proceedings.

ABOUT these pretty definite opinions Gene tells me: "I don't think Dad said them. But if he did, he hasn't meant them the way they appeared. My parents had a chip on their shoulder about my coming to Hollywood in the first place. Naturally you can get a lot of support about Horrible Hollywood around New York. There's only one side. I intend to rise above it until everyone has met Oleg and gotten to know him. We're going to Washington later. There are some parties planned there for us. I suppose we'll go on to New York. But that's in such a distant future. Right now, Sir, we're on our honeymoon. How do you like the honeymoon house?"

Well, it's quite a place. It's high up in a Beverly Hills canyon, smothered by oaks and vines. It was Oleg's bachelor heaven before the elopement. The confusion which surrounds us is just bachelordom moving out and matrimony in. Already, though, the woman's touch has produced small miracles. So Gene leads us proudly around the rambling place, which she says she'll do over in Early American antiques with loads and loads of chintz.

"The Connecticut hangover," she grins.

There are a couple of items more which might as well be cleared up before we leave the happy couple. First, before Gene and Oleg flew to the altar, they trotted down to an old beau of Gene's, Attorney Bentley Ryan, and had him draw up an agreement waiving all rights to community property. That was Oleg's idea. Just in case someone cracked (as they have) that he was nothing but a fortune hunter.

Second—about the "Count" business. In two months Count Cassini will get his final U. S. citizenship papers. Then he'll no longer be a Count, and Gene can be plain Mrs. Cassini. That ought to settle pretty definitely any title hunting ideas about her.

As for Gene Tierney and her very flourishing career: She has just wound up "Belle Starr," which should live up to its title for Gene from all reports. And while we talk, the telephone jingles every ten seconds about her part in "Sundown" coming next at Walter Wanger's. In fact, it rings so much that Oleg sighs— "A fine honeymoon! Serves me right for marrying a movie star!" He's kidding, of course.

But I'm pretty certain the Countess Gene Eliza Tierney Cassini is definitely not, when she bids me good-bye at the door. I have a hunch the family feud will be clearing up, maybe before this gets in print, and say so.

"I hope you're right," replies Gene Tierney, and there's a wistful catch in her voice. But her eyes are pretty steady. "This isn't the way I want it. I love my family, and it hurts me that they won't understand. But there's something they've just got to realize."

She presses her husband's hand.

"They've got to realize," repeats Gene, "that now I've got a family of my own!"

TO 5 OUT OF 7 GIRLS . . .

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*"Don't tell me  
you're old-fashioned  
three days a  
month!"*



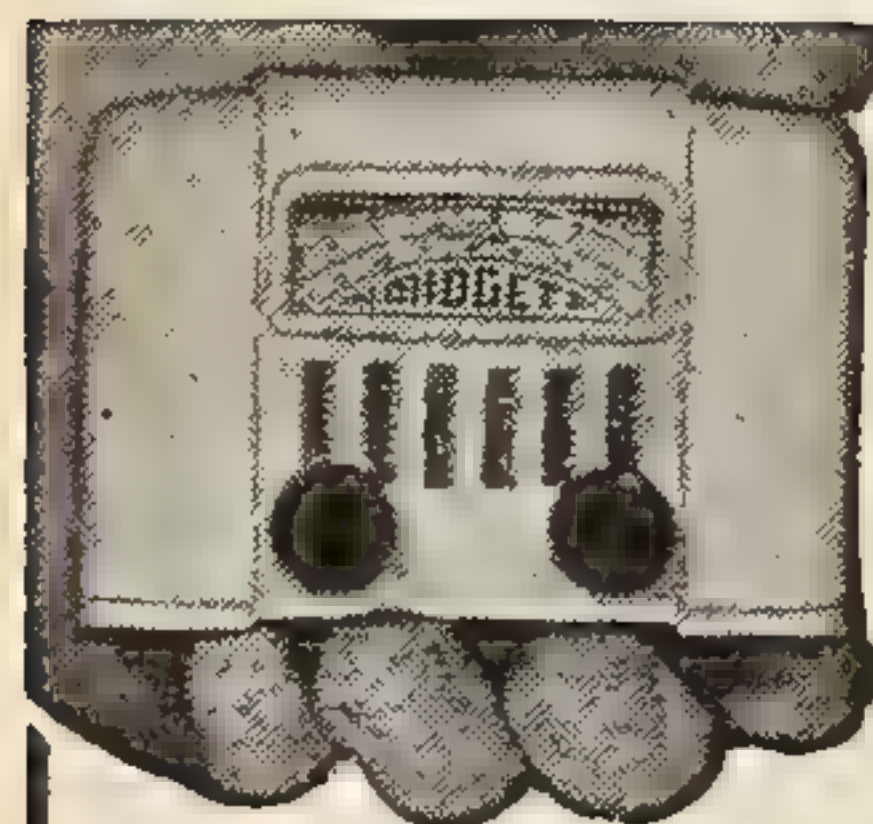
You're modern, young lady, so why should you be old-fashioned about menstruation? Those "lost days" are precious! Isn't it time you learned about Midol—and how it relieves that needless functional pain?

Many smart girls and women now go through their trying time actively, comfortably, often without a twinge of pain—by relying on these tablets. Among thousands recently interviewed, more reported using Midol for this purpose than all other preparations combined. And 96% of these Midol users said they found it effective!

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Small as cigarette package. Receives  
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AND SOAP

## GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 63)

### THEY'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

We aren't going to mention any names, but there are lots of young featured actors who had to leave their juicy weekly salaries to enter military service long before it was absolutely necessary. It was their own fault, though. During the past few years, when these boys were working in pictures with army, navy or air corps backgrounds, they chummed around with the service men on location. After a few beers and listening to glowing descriptions of life in uniform, they signed up as reserve members in everything from the National Guard to the Native Daughters of the Golden West Drill Team. Came the draft, and the boys had their names right up there in front. The only one who can sympathize with them is "Oomphie Annie" Sheridan. She was made an honorary officer in a New Zealand fighting division two years ago and last week was ordered to report for active duty at once!

### AGE BEHIND BEAUTY

After nosing about the huge indoor set at Sam Goldwyn's studio where William Wyler is transferring "The Little Foxes" onto celluloid, we can only report that Bette Davis, in the pompadour and velvets of Regina Giddens, has never been lovelier. One of her biggest problems, she admitted to us with plenty of those nervous Davis gestures, has been make-up. "A 40-year-old woman," she explained, "is one of the hardest ages to portray. You don't look old and you don't look young. And you can't pad yourself to add on a few years." (Bette's 32.) To make sure she looks right for the cameras, Bette's been getting up at 5 every morning to dash out to Warners for personal attention from Perc Westmore. It isn't make-up, however, that gives her that middle-aged veneer—it's all done by special lighting effects worked out by cameraman Gregg Toland, who did those miraculous things in "Citizen Kane."

### WIG WAG

If Orson Welles never makes another picture, he can still afford caviar and hand-tucked silk shirts for the rest of his life. All he has to do is say "yes" to the offers he's had to turn talent scout. Every one of the actors he introduced to the screen in "Citizen Kane" has been snapped up by studios for future film work, and Everett Sloan rates the honor of being the first member signed to a long term contract. Sloan had to shave his entire head for his part as Kane's manager, so during production he ordered a beautiful, bright-red hair-piece for social use to save wear and tear on his family's aesthetic sense. The first day he went to the beach he caused a sensation. He found that his carrot-colored topper was as eye-compelling as no hair at all, and every time he stood up, he felt like a stand-in for an airport beacon. Finally, the once-in-a-lifetime chance to jolt the gapers out of their skins proved too enticing. Jumping to his feet, he let out a cry that had years of Mercury Theatre experience behind it and ripped the annoying hair-piece from his head in one sweeping gesture! According to life-guards' reports that day, the "scalping" was responsible for more collapses than sun-stroke!

### PONY EXPRESS

Gene Autry likes to tell about the time he was driving through the Holland Tunnel on his most recent Eastern rodeo appearance. A police car picked him up on the Jersey side,



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tailed him for a few blocks, then caught up with him. Worriedly, Gene pulled over as a bull-shouldered individual strolled over and stuck his head in the window. "You're Gene Autry, aren't you?" he demanded. Meekly Gene admitted the charge. "Well," said the officer, "will you tell me when in Heaven's name Shirley Ross is gonna have her baby?" Turned out the chap's name was Patrick Dolan, head of Hudson County's police force—and uncle of Ken Dolan who is, as you know, Shirley's husband! . . . Gene, incidentally, who's busy looking for a spot around Los Angeles to stage that Fall rodeo starring most of Hollywood's outstanding cowboys, hasn't lost any of his b.o. appeal. Not long ago, he started to fly out for a personal appearance at the Detroit News Carriers Convention, was grounded by bad weather. When he didn't show up in Des Moines, delegates stuck his saddle (which had come out ahead by train) onto a horse, put Gene's name on it in big letters and put it right at the head of the convention parade.

## PAIR OF JACKS

Picking bona fide topnotch material out of Hollywood's current crop of white hopes is ticklish business at any time. Some swim in like cosmic nebulae under their own talented steam and take up permanent residence in the film galaxy. Others explode in a cloud of cooked-up publicity, end up in somebody's cocktail-hour reminiscences. Definitely in the former category are newcomers John Sutton and Jack Carson. John is deservedly headed for a big build-up after that fine supporting job you'll see him do in Twentieth Century's "Yank in the R.A.F." Though his biogs list John as an Orange, N. J., boy, he was really born in India, son of a British army officer. It was a cautious press agent who persuaded him to give the Garden State as his native locale, advising that American film-goers were surfeit with Thespian John Bullers . . . As for Carson, his stock is booming after stand-outs in "Navy Blues," "Love Crazy" and "New Orleans Blues" now in the making. Talked up as a possible team-mate for Jim Cagney, after that dilly of a job in "Strawberry Blonde," Jack's being considered for a "Male Animal" lead. An ex-vaudevilian, he once worked on a construction gang, sold pants hangers. His Signal Oil radio program, aired over 38 West Coast stations, has a higher rating than Fred Allen's.

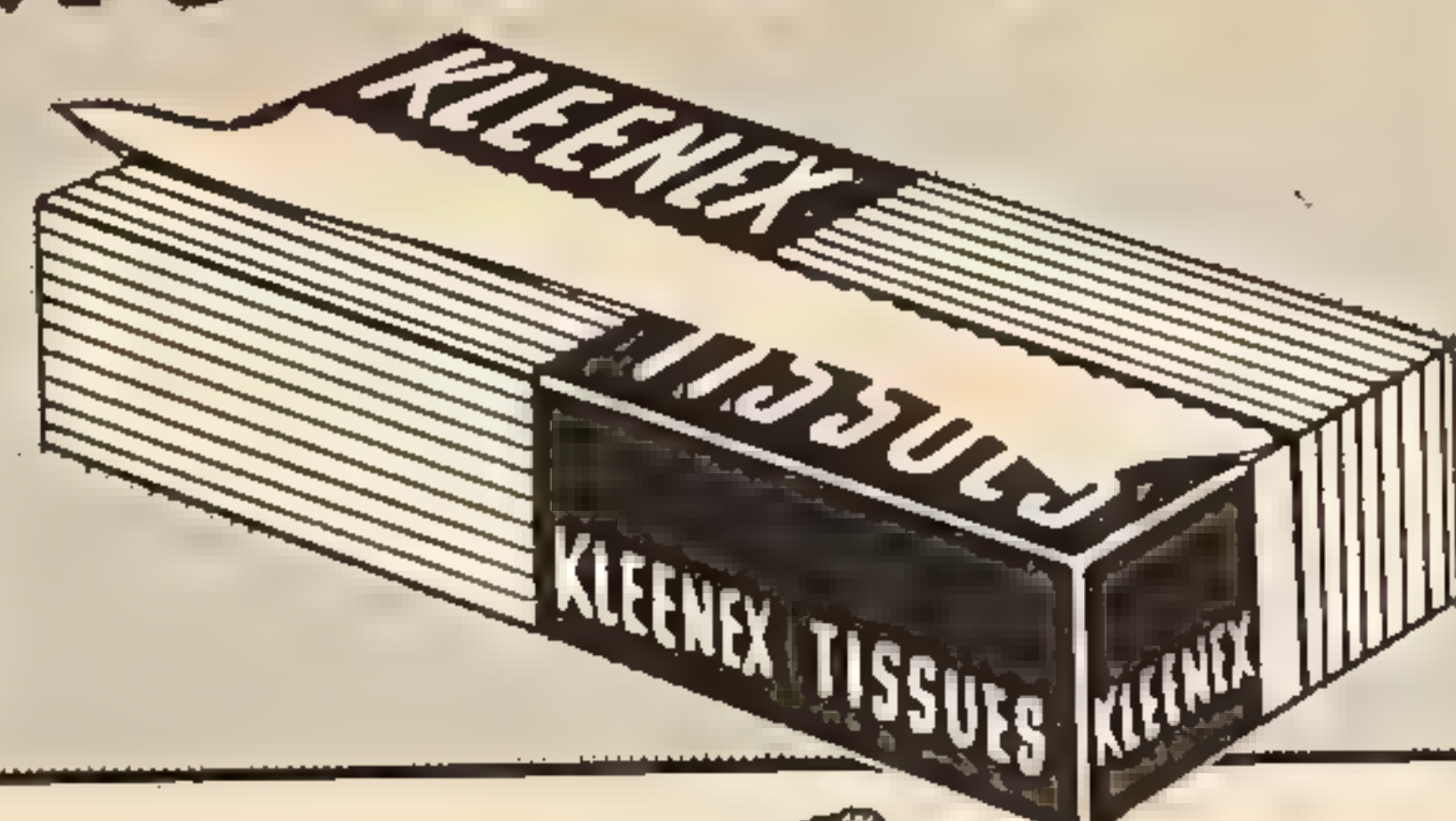


Charbert's make-up kit will go with Brenda Marshall on her honeymoon!

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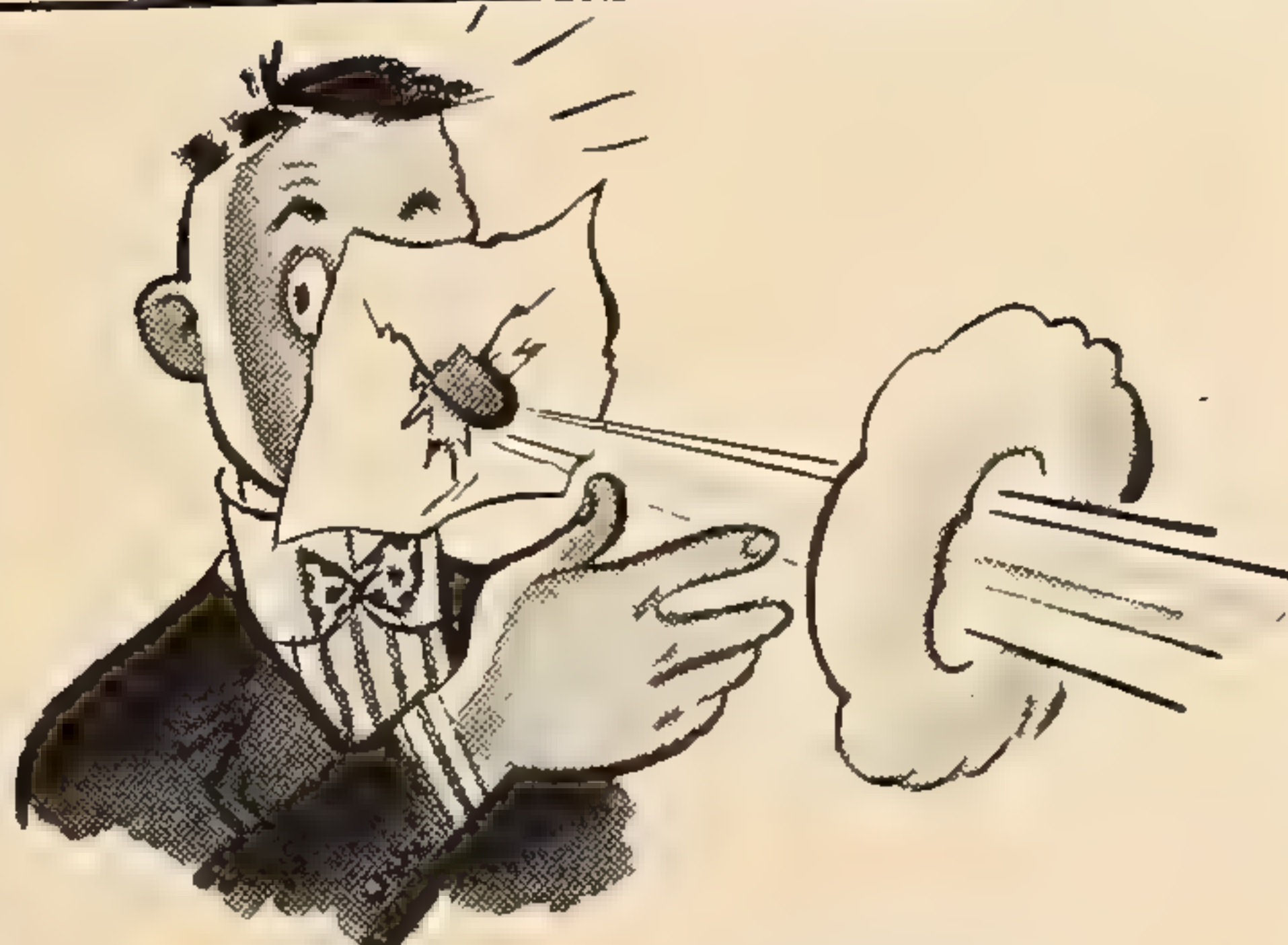
(from a letter by A. B., Marshall, Texas)



## Quick! The Butter Blotters!

WHEN YOU SERVE CORN ON THE COB SERVE **KLEENEX** TO CATCH THE BUTTER DRIPPINGS! SAVES NAPKINS, CUTS LAUNDRY COST!

(from a letter by M. J. W., Gary, Ind.)



## No More Blow-Outs

SINCE I STOPPED USING CHEAP TISSUES AND SWITCHED TO SOFT, STRONG **KLEENEX** FOR COLDS AND HAY FEVER.

(from a letter by L. C. H., Springfield, Mass.)



## Highways Are Happy Ways

...WITH **KLEENEX** IN THE CAR TO CLEAN WINDSHIELD AND SUNGLASSES, TO WIPE STICKY FINGERS AFTER A "SNACK".

(from a letter by R. E. K., Los Angeles, Calif.)

# ADOPT THE KLEENEX HABIT!

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# Torrid Test in Palm Springs proves a Dab a Day keeps P. O.\* away!

(\*Underarm Perspiration Odor)

This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficacy of Yodora—a Deodorant Cream that's actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

1. In the morning, Miss A.D. applied Yodora to underarms.
2. Played 2 sets of tennis—at 91° in the shade!
3. Examining nurse pronounced underarms sweet—not a taint of P.O.—Perspiration Odor!

Yodora gives positive protection! Leaves no unpleasant smell on dresses. Actually soothing. Jars 10¢, 25¢, 60¢. Tubes 25¢—handy for masculine use!

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1. **APPLY LIQUID NONSPI.** It acts instantly, dries quickly.
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**POWDER-BASE**  
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## FRED ASTAIRE'S "THREE LETTERS FROM LONDON"

(Continued from page 29)

gas and everything else that has been thought of.

Personally, I believe that after a feint attack farther north he will probably go out for Dover, Folkstone and Deal. He has the long range batteries on the French coast for covering fire, then he may use a path between mines and submarines for his fleet transports, thousands of dive bombers may try and keep our heads down and batter the tank traps flat, and parachutists may try and knife us in the back.

He is apparently quite happy to lose a million men trying it, and he may be able to get considerable force loose on the island, and enormous damage may be done before they are rounded up. We, of course, have got quite a number of new tricks to come out of the bag on the day, and our handicap has been coming steadily down since Dunkirk!

It's going to be a pretty little tea party once it starts, but we are all ready for it and can't start too soon for our liking. Once we have given them a first class tricking up here and sent them packing, Hitler will probably try and sit back inside the land he has already conquered and defy anyone to throw him out. We have an answer to that, too!

God! I am so longing to get back to sunny California. If I ever do, I shall never again find anything to complain about. Now I come to think of it, it is a marvelous life. Lots of friends, wonderful climate, a good contract, golf, skiing (water and snow) and innumerable flagons of rum at the Beachcombers.

Believe me, I shall be on the first boat (after the mines have all been swept up) after the war, and if war breaks out again, I shall pretend I was never told about it. Fred, suppose I don't get back for a couple of years, do you think I'll have any chance of starting in where I left off? Sometimes, being so far away, the whole thing seems like a dream that never happened.

Because we may finish the actual fighting off in a year, it's going to take a long time to get things running smoothly again, and we shall probably be used as police for a long time after it is all over.

Anyway I hope it won't take too long as all this bombing has aged your old chum quite a bit—C. Aubrey Smith parts if it lasts much longer!!!

We had a troupes concert the other night. Typical example of the wit from the Back Chat boys:

1. "I can't, you can't, Hitler can't."
2. "Can't what?"
1. "Milk chocolate."

I get very homesick every time I hear one of your records. Prim and I went to see "Top Hat" some little time back. Gosh, that was a swell picture. I am longing to see the one with Paulette. "The Dictator" is doing sensational business and breaking records everywhere. We have lost almost as many movie houses as we have churches through bombing, which is saying something!

Well, as housemaids say when they finish a letter—"I will close now—hoping this finds you as it leaves me." Best possible love to Phyl. God knows I miss you both terribly.

Yours aye,  
DAVID.

### LETTER NO. 2—

orchestra going full blast so you won't hear. So Foxie, Dotty, Greig and myself

got in a car and middled down to Lansdowne House—where your little Delly (scared silly) lay on the floor in the corridor of Dotty's flat from 12 until the all-clear sound about 5:30 in the morning. Honestly, Fred, it was terrifying. Incendiary bombs fell on this roof, and on Berkeley Square a bomb went off before, and the lights went out. Those screaming bombs are the most maddening things. I have never heard anything like them. You know how I even hate to hear a stage gun go off—

I finally got into bed, being too stunned to venture out (just around the corner to here) where I'm parked. And anyway, it's no fun in a "blitz"—alone—it isn't fun at anytime, but you know how misery loves company. Those lice made a wreck of things in this part, Ritz, St. James, etc.—I guess it was a reprisal for our work in Berlin recently.

The way people in Britain work together in times such as these is too awe-inspiring! They put out incendiaries by the thousands! But to hear the drone of the Nazi bombers for eight hours without ceasing—is nerve-rending. Today all is going on as usual, people going about their work and you hear casual reference to the night's raid as "pretty bad"—"nasty night," etc.

It is peaceful at home but we do hear the Nazi planes flying over us on their way to bomb some poor unfortunate town. Poor Manchester took an awful beating. Passing through it to get to my train from the airport, I saw many saddening sights. The theatre that we played at when we last appeared here was wrecked and it is just a shell. It is rather thrilling being in London again despite the "Blitz." I love seeing everyone. Ann Hunloke lives near here, too, and looks so smart in her uniform. She is a clever girl. And she is so thrilled getting the Nylon stockings that Phyllis has been sending her.

I was supposed to go to the dentist today but I'm too jumpy to sit for teeth. Don't think I'll stay here long—but it has been so quiet for the last few weeks, I thought it would continue. Well so long and will write later—just wanted you to know about my first raid!!! And I hope my last. Love to Phyllis and you.

Your  
DELLY.

P.S. Fred darling, mother is still elated over receiving those parcels of dried fruit from California—it is marvelous. Food is going to be scarce here, so it is grand to have such luxuries. Bestest love to all.

DELLY.

### LETTER NO. 3—

sounded. One fellow looked up and said: "The above have arrived."

I do think you will like this story. A party of children on the railway station waiting to be evacuated from London to Liverpool were very behaved, bar one who was very naughty. They got him on the train with plenty of trouble. Even on the train he was terrible. When they got to Liverpool they sent for a man to take care of him. The man said: "I think you are a most ungrateful child." The answer was: "Please, sir, I'm not a child. I'm a jockey and was on my way to Newmarket." I think that's pretty funny.

Went up to the West End last week to see some of the damage. Am sure if you were to see it now it would break your



# YOU GIRLS!

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which makes you  
**WEAK, NERVOUS—**

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## WHAT STAR . . .

gets 15 marriage proposals a week?

now thirty, still studies Latin?

and concert artist has a complete repertoire in Yiddish?

just gave \$300,000 to British War Relief?

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**THE ANSWER—**

## SCREEN ALBUM

NEW FALL ISSUE -- 10c

heart. Glass is all over the place. The — and — are both hit. Anderson and Shephards don't look very nice. It looked like they flew along every main street dropping bombs as they went. The — just ain't there. You would not believe the wanton and wicked damage they have done. I can see the only safe place is a military object. — is as flat as a pancake.

Could go on for weeks writing about different places bombed that you know. Just around the corner in Oxford street in — road there is a hole in the middle of the road you could put your house in. There are many streets closed and it looks like they will be for some time to come. I can't imagine our flying men doing such terrible things and I certainly hope they don't.

We have plenty of guns near here, and what with them firing and bombs dropping, one can't get much sleep. I counted — bombs coming down in less than five minutes one night. The fires light up the sky. I generally stay up late watching it all. But right now all are getting fed up so go to bed earlier. The streets are busy during the day but believe me at night they seem half empty. He can't make me run. In one way I wish he could.

It's just on three o'clock in the afternoon, and from my window I can see people going to the underground with all their bedding for the night. During the day down there blankets, etc., are there marking out different places that have been booked. Mother and father are very well, thank you. Yesterday they had only left the market when it was machine gunned. That's twice they have been lucky. Think I will close my letter now, wishing that you, Madam and the children are in the best of health. Do hope your mother is safe in California. Would write her a letter if I knew where she is living. Thanking you again, I am,

Yours very truly,  
GEORGE.

## BE YOUR OWN HAIRDRESSER

(Continued from page 55)

feather bangs like Greer Garson's, bangs massed in ringlets and many other variations.

Then there are the new close-cropped hair styles that are casual and easy-to-manage and enchantingly feminine with their flattering ringlets and waves. Carole Landis wears a sleek, flattering coiffure of this type for evening. Una Merkel favors a slightly longer variation with ringlet top curls and a smooth roll behind her ears.

Smart coifs for girls with longish hair or hair that's growing out has always been a problem. Lynn Bari's flattering halo arrangement can be achieved if you have very long hair or a false braid to exactly match your own locks. Another brand-new style for evening is to bring the back hair up into a high coiled bun tied with a ribbon or accented with an ornament or flowers. Your front hair should be thinned and shaped so the coif can be softened with top-notch curls, puffy bangs or a pompadour.

Why not sit down and experiment with Hollywood's hair-dos, trying all the new rolls, curls and twists that make modern hair styles so lovely? They're not hard to do with all the inexpensive aids so

*For the Love of Pete*  
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easily available everywhere—wave set lotions, hair lacquers, brilliantines, bob pins, curlers, tuck combs, hair pins and the like. When you find a style that suits you, let a professional hairdresser do the shaping and thinning so your hair will adapt itself more naturally to the coif you've chosen. If you have a thick, heavy bob, your hair will be particularly untractable and hard to arrange, so thin it out and shape it. You can make stubborn locks more obedient to your touch by nightly brushing, frequent shampooing and treatment with the special preparations that make hair softer.

Here are a few simple rules to guide you in selecting a flattering hair style:

If your face is a perfect oval (the ideal shape), be sure to keep your coiffure simple. Choose one that brings your hair off your temples and brows and emphasizes your oval contours.

If your face is round, you can add to its apparent length by building your hair full and soft above the ears with curls and waves following a curving vertical line. Avoid a severe hair style.

If your face is square, keep your hair soft and full at the sides of your face to soften the angle of your jaw. Loose fluffy waves will also offset angularity.

If your face is slender, you can achieve a more oval contour by a side part and by fluffing your hair at the sides to create width. Steer clear of top rolls and top-notch curls as they will accentuate the length of your face. Bangs are a flattering means of minimizing its length.

If you have a narrow forehead and broad jaw, brush your hair cleanly from your temples in an upward sweep and build width with curls or rolls. Keep all hair emphasis above the ears—and try a low side part to narrow your forehead.

But if you have a broad forehead and narrow chin, reverse the procedure. Keep your hair smooth on top, bringing the hair in slightly at the temples to minimize the width of the forehead. Then

start your waves and curls just above the ears with fulness near the chin.

If you have a diamond-shaped face (narrow forehead and chin and prominent cheek bones), keep your hair fullness both above and below the ears, dressing the hair close at the cheekline.

If you have a large face with well-defined features, use large waves and curls to give your face better proportion. Don't dress your hair close to your head or your features will appear larger.

If you have a small face with delicate features, wear a soft, fluffy coiffure with small waves and curls and avoid hard, sculptured hair lines. A close hair-do will make your head appear too small.

Why not step out tomorrow in a new hair-do that will do things for you—emphasize your good points and minimize your poor ones? It's a tonic to the spirits, too! Take a tip from Hollywood and reframe your face this fall.

To make your hair really your crowning glory, try Halo Shampoo. Its creamy lather cleanses your hair and scalp thoroughly and removes the dulling film that conceals the natural brilliance of your locks. Halo Shampoo is neither sticky nor greasy, but leaves your hair soft as silk, ready to set beautifully in place. And it's equally good for normal, oily or dry hair of any color.

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## THAT MEREDITH MAN

(Continued from page 43)

Buzz Meredith was back at Amherst. Though he speaks with pride of attending the place, he has always been publicly resentful of the school. For example, at Amherst young Meredith wanted to get into a fraternity. He was turned down. He was considered too eccentric. And then the final blow. He went out for the dramatic club. He was good, and he was accepted. But at the last minute he was ordered to quit by college authorities because his grades were too low!

That was the end of Amherst. Next our hero spent a semester at Saks-Fifth Avenue, New York, emoting in the fur department.

Finally he got around to acting. It happened like much else in Buzz Meredith's life—by inspiration. He was a sailor on a tramp freighter of the Munson Line. When the boat docked in South America, Buzz decided to skip. He was promptly and efficiently arrested, wrapped in irons and placed below. Find-

ing the situation mildly boring, he amused himself by reciting aloud. He also acquired a taste for ham. Which were the proper symptoms. So he vowed to become an actor once and forever.

His apprenticeship may now be found in histories of the theatre. In December of 1929, with a letter of recommendation he wrote for himself, he became an understudy in Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Company. Since he received no pay, he moved in on his married sister. His first official role was in "Romeo and Juliet." He was the lowly servant to Juliet's nurse and he gasped one line. After that his career spiral twisted toward the summit. There was summer stock. Then suddenly there was mental champagne—the lead in Albert Bein's "Little Ol' Boy," wherein Meredith portrayed a reform school outcast. It was a smashing critical success. George Jean Nathan tucked away his arsenic and raved. And Stark Young, the acid, wrote, "Burgess Meredith . . . as near perfection as could be imagined. Worth a hundred performances up and down the town." For this Meredith was paid \$225 a week. But the play ran exactly nine days!

IN 1934 our hero took on two jobs at the same time. He appeared on the stage in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." And on the air for a chewing

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gum concern, he enacted Red Davis, typical (and according to Meredith—loathsome) young American boy. This dual employment involved complications. The curtain went up on the play each evening just as the radio show ended. Since the radio paid Buzz \$350 per, he hired a private ambulance nightly at \$15 to rush him to the footlights. "In all my life," Meredith told me, "I never had an aversion compared to the healthy hate I had for playing Red Davis on the radio."

In fact, according to the story, one evening before his regular broadcast, Meredith wandered into a cocktail lounge and didn't wander out again. Red Davis didn't appear that night. Millions of American youngster went to sleep unhappy, Meredith retained a hangover—and the sponsor had to spend \$60,000 explaining to America that their Red Davis was ill in bed.

And then came "Winterset," written by Maxwell Anderson and produced and directed by Katharine Cornell's brilliant husband, Guthrie McClintic. And staged by Jo Mielziner.

"It all began when I was playing 'Flowers of the Forest,'" explained Meredith. "Maxwell Anderson came backstage. He said he liked my work. He said he would write a play for me. And as it turned out, he wrote three, all prize-winners. The first, of course, was 'Winterset.' To Maxwell Anderson and to Guthrie McClintic, the greatest director in the entire world, I owe almost all my theatrical knowledge and my present position in the profession!"

Today, Meredith considers Mio in "Winterset" the best part he has ever done. But on the stage he said it was really tough. "Poetic lines by a lowly person—difficult to make realistic." He was starred for the first time, and he immediately bought himself a miniature camera, and when he thought no one was looking, photographed his name in front of the theatre!

Meredith's greatest thrill? When the curtain fell on the opening of "Winterset." As he wrote later:

"The shrieking audience, their bravos, the many curtains . . . ecstatic and thrilling and good for the famine of an actor's ego. Then the hysterical dressing room scenes! Judith Anderson, Tallulah Bankhead, McClintic, Anderson, dozens all rushing in, some crying, all moved, all sure of our success! I opened a bottle of brandy and we drank."

The film version of "Winterset" added up to ten weeks of Hollywood at \$1,500 a week—ten weeks which have bled into five years.

Since that time much celluloid has gone under the bridge. Today Burgess Meredith is very frank and extremely modest about his cinema accomplishments.

"The first time I saw myself on the screen was in 'Winterset,' and that was a treat because it was a good picture." Meredith smiled. "The second movie was 'There Goes the Groom.' I was the first to enter for the preview, saw two reels and was the first to leave! Other of my pictures, I hasten to add, I have not seen. Nor do I wish to see them. They might discourage me sufficiently to drive me away from Hollywood for good!"

"Some people are always saying they want to go back to the stage. I don't say that. I say I want to go where there are good words to speak and good lines to read. It makes no difference if the medium be stage, screen or radio for the artist. The challenge and the choice remains in written words. If you look at a sentence and say, 'Will I be able to do

this well enough?'—you have a good line. But if you must say, 'How can I ever do this?'—you have a poor line and something to avoid, no matter the medium.

"Today, perhaps because of the war, I feel there isn't much fine language being written for the actor to read aloud. And if I must do mediocre stuff, I might as well do it where the gold is yellowest, and where I can make the best living. Which would be Hollywood. But there's no sense in being snobbish and saying the stage is better than the screen. Hell, I was just as satisfied with 'Of Mice and Men' on the screen as 'High Tor' on Broadway. So there you are."

During our conversation Meredith mentioned several of his leading ladies. I asked him for his favorite actress. He shook his finger at me.

"Oh, no, you don't. Not that question. Why, how can I possibly name my favorite actress? I'm such a pushover for each lady I play opposite—and I've played opposite so many—that the list would be too long to choose from, and even if I could, it would cause, er, slight complications."

**Y**ET for all his leading ladies, Burgess Meredith has never mixed business with pleasure. His two marriages were both outside his immediate circle. Early in 1932, while performing in summer stock at Cape May, N. J., Meredith was married to the late Mrs. Helen Derby Berrien on the stage of the Straw Hat Theatre. He was the star of the show; she took tickets at the entrance. A week before "Winterset" opened in September of 1935, they were divorced.

The second venture took place four months later when Meredith fell in love with Margaret Perry and became her husband at Sneden's Landing in New York.

Having heard that currently he was escorting Olivia de Havilland and other cuties about town, I asked Meredith if he had matrimony in mind again. He emphatically did not!

"You know, of course, I've been married twice already," he said. "Well, obviously, I'm in no hurry for a third try. I have no romantic plans. Look, I've been a bachelor for two solid years now, and while it becomes boring at times, it's safe. Though you never can tell. Sometimes I get frightened when I think I'm too ripe for matrimony, and then I don't see a woman for weeks!"

Aside from entanglements with blondes and brunettes, Meredith has a great passion for flying. He doesn't fly much these days, because RKO doesn't trust his eccentric barrel rolls and loop-the-loops. But he swears he's a corking good pilot, and if he is drafted, as he may be soon, he hopes to go into the Air Corps.

"I also like reading," he confessed. "And I have the best collection of first editions of Yeats in the country."

"However, I'm not at all the pipe, dog and fireside type of person. I like to hang around pubs or clubs or taverns or cocktail bars. It's the people you meet—and gossip with!"

A very candid and a very frank guy, that Buzz Meredith, with a very honest estimate of himself. That's what I told you in the beginning. And now you've seen for yourself. "When I didn't have a dime for a cup of coffee, I knew it wasn't going to last—And now I'm not so sure this is going to last either." That's what he said. Remember? But, of course, now you know that's hooey. You know that Meredith man, like the talkies, is here to stay.

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